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Our cover

● Australian actress Diane Cilento posed with her baby daughter, Giovanna, in London for this picture by George Konig. Diane is married to Italian writer Andrea Volpe. Giovanna was born in Brisbane on December 10 last year. Her mother's pet name for her is Gigi.

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The Weekly Round

● It's time to get rid of those extra pounds you've been hiding under a winter coat. Our Handbag Calorie Counter will help you in a diet programme. (See pages 31, 32.)

REDUCING weight nowadays is an exact science. Nearly anyone possessed of will-power and the capacity for simple addition can embark on cutting calories.

It wasn't always so — as we were reminded the other day when reading a review of a new biography of the poet Byron.

Leslie A. Marchand is the author of this three-volume biography.

It is well known that Byron continually starved to keep his weight down. Marchand has set out the details.

For instance, in 1806 Byron, aged 18, 5ft. 8¼in. tall, weighed 14st. 6lb. He lost over three stone in the following year, and by 1811 he had his weight down to 9st. 12lb.

But at what a cost! In 1811 he was trying to live on hard biscuits and soda water.

"In 1816," writes Marchand, "a thin slice of bread with tea at breakfast, a light vegetable dinner with a bottle or two of Seltzer water tinged with white wine, and in the evening a cup of green tea without milk or sugar formed the whole of his sustenance. The pangs of hunger he appeased by privately chewing tobacco and smoking cigars."

Marchand mentions also how Byron "hated to see a woman eat."

It occurs to us that a man on such a diet must have hated to see anyone eat.

And now — after reading his menu — you'll be pleasantly surprised when you turn to our diet feature. You'll find that the average man or woman can work out a ration of calories which, compared with hard biscuits and soda water, is positively luxurious.

★ ★ ★

THE pictures of Irak on pages 8 and 9 were taken by two lads, Albert Bozzini and Andre Horner, during a mammoth hitch-hike from their homes in Switzerland to Australia. Albert is working as an accounting-machine mechanic in Sydney. Andre has gone farther afield — to Siam.

NEXT WEEK

● An all-color fashion section will help you plan your spring clothes. There are 12 pages, and in them we show you the three main silhouettes, plus suits, dresses, evening dresses, and hats. We've included a color chart that will be useful in choosing accessories.

The long, complete novel in the issue is "The Heady Career of Samuel Watkins," by Edwin Lanham.

YOUR FAMILY **CAR COLUMN**

This week's guest writer is Mrs. J. Bloomfield of Bentleigh, Vic.

I've had 60,000 miles of worry-free motoring

— yet I don't know what goes on in the engine.

I'm a woman driver — and like most women I'm just not very mechanically minded. Cylinder, crankshaft, valves, compression — they're only words to me.

This could be a real problem because the Volkswagen is the second car in our family and my husband leaves all its care to me. But I can look after the VW much easier than I can keep our three-year-old son out of mischief. How do I do it? I have a VOLKSWAGEN passport to super-service — the Volkswagen Service Booklet.

Saves time, and money

It looks just like a cheque book—but actually saves money. Vouchers inside list all the maintenance and checking to be done at regular mileages (1,500, 3,000, 4,500, etc.). When the speedo clocks around to the next mileage listed in the booklet I simply run the Volks down to my local VW Service Agent. I hand him the voucher. He hands the car to his team of mechanics. And I usually have the car back the same day. VW prices are inexpensive, too, and they're quoted in advance on each voucher.

My VW service man always tells me what he has done. It's over my head, but it's flattering to think he takes the trouble.



VW Service Agents are everywhere

Last Christmas I drove the family from Melbourne to Sydney in our Volkswagen. As we skimmed along the highway we passed VW Service Stations regularly. The kids counted them — making a game of looking for that friendly blue VW Service Sign. It was comforting to know that service was right there at hand should we need it. But the Volkswagen took the long trip without giving us a moment's concern.

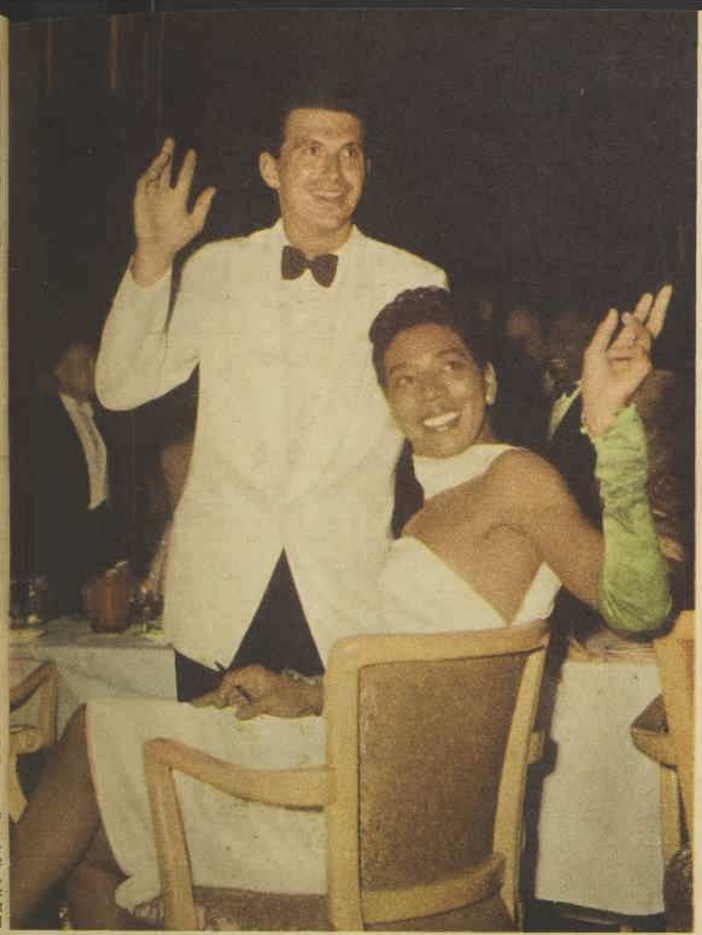
Before we left Sydney on the 600 mile return trip, we called at a VW service station. The booklet, as usual, worked like magic. No fuss! No bother! And every tiny detail was checked — with the same thoroughness and following exactly the same system as the VW service station in our own home town.

VW service looks after me *every* mile of *every* day — keeps my Volkswagen running as sweetly as the day we brought her home from the showroom.

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LEFT: A wave from the winners. Australia's Ashley Cooper, men's champion, and America's woman champion, Althea Gibson, wave to dancers in the ballroom of Grosvenor House Hotel. Following tradition, the couple opened the dancing at the ball.

ABOVE: Women tennis players at the Wimbledon Ball included Australia's Mary Hawton, second from left, and Brazil's Maria Esther Bueno (centre). The ball, following the championships, is now one of the social events of the London season.

Tennis stars celebrate

● The Wimbledon Ball, which originally began as a men's dinner on the final evening of the Wimbledon tennis championships, has now become one of the major social events of the London season.

By
MARY HAWTON,
an Australian who played in the Wimbledon championships

OVER 30 years ago it was decided to allow women to attend and make the function a dinner dance, and now it's become difficult to keep the number down to the specified one thousand.

Originally held alternately at the Dorchester and Savoy Hotels, the ball in post World War II years has been held at the Grosvenor House Hotel ballroom — the largest hotel ballroom in London.

Invitations for the ball, which is given by the English Lawn Tennis Association, are issued to all Wimbledon competitors and their wives, Davis Cup players, and 50 distinguished overseas visitors.

This year Australia was represented by Mr. and Mrs. Tomasetti, of Melbourne. Mr. Tomasetti is a member of the Council of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia.

If players wish to invite a friend, they must apply to the ball committee at the beginning of the tournament. Tickets are £3 each.

The stars of the evening are the men's and women's singles champions — this year Ashley Cooper, of Australia, and Althea Gibson, of America.

As the champions enter the ballroom, everyone stands and applauds until they have taken their seats at the official table.

There are only three speeches. The president, who is now the Duke of Devonshire, proposes the toast to the winners, who respond individually.

At midnight Scottish pipers arrive and the evening finishes with an hour of Scottish dancing.

At this year's ball, most of the women wore short evening dresses, with the harem-style hemline, and chiffon was the most popular fabric.

Perhaps the happiest Australian, besides Ashley Cooper, was Lorraine Coghlan, who played her first Wimbledon championship game just two hours earlier, when she won the mixed doubles with Australian Bob Howe.

Early next morning — a Sunday — the Australian men players were up early for the annual cricket match they have against an English village team in Buckinghamshire, 25 miles from London.

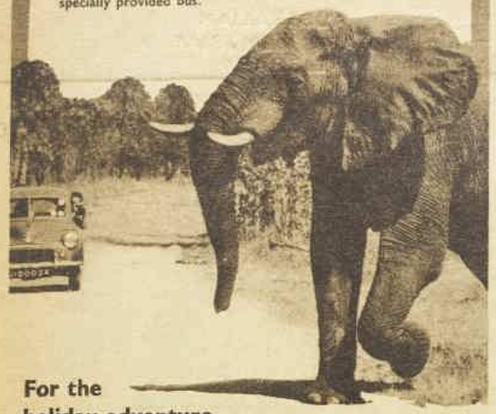
Australia won the match. Neale Frazer and Merv Rose, two left-handers, took most of the wickets, and Mal Anderson was star batsman, with Warren Woodcock shining in the field.



BALLROOM SCENE. With the gruelling Wimbledon championships over for another year, competitors and fans relax at the Wimbledon Ball. Originally held alternately at the Dorchester and Savoy Hotels in London, the ball is now held at the Grosvenor House Hotel, which has the largest hotel ballroom in London.

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HEADACHE BANDS— a la mode in Paris



ARE you wearing a headache band yet? If not, here are six ideas on the theme—and a few hints on how to wear it. In Paris there was a general trend for voluminous puffed-out hairstyles in spring fashions and a banded head was all the rage.

The band—it was mostly made in velvet or velvet ribbon—often served as the basis for a coiffure. I also saw bands used as anchorage for the maddest piece of fashion in decades—the colored wig.

A band can be individual and worn to suit the wearer's coiffure and style. The most chic version was placed on the forehead. The hair was cut in two lengths and brushed neatly forward, or dressed to look slightly dishevelled. The latter look was very youthful, the former more sophisticated.

It should be noted that the headache band is the perfect complement to a girl garbed in a chemise dress. Shades of the 'twenties—the vamp returns to 1958!

—Betty Keep

● *Bewitching head-in-a-band idea (above) and quite uncomplicated: one velvet band, plus one rose. Green roses are news in Paris.*





● *Romantic rose-trimmed late-day band (above) designed for the Jeune Fille. The new rounded bouffant hairdo is turned under, over the wearer's ears.*



● *Two ways to enhance a late-day coiffure. The bands are anchored to the head by narrow elastic at the back.*

● *Headache band (above) worn half concealed by a frilled halo of hair. Note how the two-length haircut is brushed forward. Coiffure by Peter Hanlon, of Sydney.*



● *Ribbon-bow hair decor (above) couldn't be prettier. The bow is made in coffee-bean-brown velvet. Dark shades of brown and olive-green are newer than black.*



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The painful facts about sinusitis



SINUSITIS is a distressing complaint with symptoms which show themselves like a bad cold. Over the face and round the cheekbones it gives a painful feeling of tightness.

● Sinusitis, the complaint which is no respecter of persons, from Royalty to commoners, is in the news today. In this article a Sydney specialist discusses the complaint, its prevention and treatment.

FIRST, the word "sinus" itself, which comes from Latin and means a "hollow."

It is the term applied to the air-conditioning cavities in our foreheads (frontal), at the base of our noses (ethmoidal), behind and between the eyes (sphenoidal), and inside our cheekbones (antrum or maxillary).

These air-filled sinuses, which give lightness to the surrounding bones, act as resonating chambers for the voice and are all connected to the nose through little openings.

Lined with shiny, thin mucous membrane, they are a barometer of general health.

How it spreads

For, if resistance is high — due to physical fitness, a good diet with plenty of fruit and green vegetables, and the habit of following a hot shower with a cold one — the germ which causes colds and subsequent sinusitis is easily repelled.

At the sign of a cold, the mucous membrane, with its defence mechanisms of tiny hairs, goes into action and repels the cold germ from the sinuses.

But run-down persons, who lack exercise or whose main meals are mere snacks of tea and toast, are most prone to pick up this droplet infection.

Whenever people speak, this droplet infection is round, particularly in crowds. In this way germs are spread by people with early colds and flu, who pass them on to the susceptible.

Usually with a cold there is some slight involvement of the sinuses, but when the cold settles down the sinuses return to normal.

The symptoms of sinusitis show themselves like a bad cold.

There's a feeling of tightness over the face and round the cheekbones, while the germs set up swelling in the mucous membranes, and pus forms.

Sometimes there is a nasty discharge; at other times the swellings block escape of pus, and resulting high pressure causes severe pain.

Often if the patient rests in bed, takes aspirin, vitamins, lemon and orange drinks, and has steam inhalations with menthol, these swellings disappear naturally, and the infection clears up.

Sometimes, however, the swellings do not subside, and other remedies may have to be used.

Treatments

First come treatments with penicillin, sulpha, and the new "broad-spectrum" antibiotics.

In persistent or severe cases the doctor may take a swab and send it to the bacteriologist to examine.

From this examination the bacteriologist finds which substance the sinus is sensitive to, and then the antibiotic with which to attack it.

Some people may also be given vaccine made from cold-causing germs.

Allergy to household dust, flower pollen, dog and cat hair, horse dander, and changes of temperature may aggravate sinusitis, and tests must be made to determine the irritant.

If sinusitis persists, X-rays may be taken to show the condition within the sinuses.

Sometimes surgical interference may be necessary.

And the simplest method is that of putting a hollow tube up through the nose to the antrum and syringing with a sterile, saline solution.

This, in getting rid of accumulated pus and discharge, allows the mucous membrane itself to expel any further discharge.

Rare cases

The frontal sinus may be reached with a curved, hollow tube, and even the more difficult-to-get-at sinuses may be treated in this manner.

This type of treatment may sometimes have to be repeated.

In very rare cases, where the mucous membrane has become so thickened and diseased that the condition is chronic, it may be removed by operation.

Very rarely, sinusitis leads to severe and sometimes fatal complications, but in these days of sulpha drugs and antibiotics such hazards are slight.

Britons debate why the Queen is suffering

● The Queen's Royal round of meeting people, receiving bouquets, inspecting coal mines, factories, and hospitals halted indefinitely on July 8 when it was announced that she was suffering from catarrhal sinusitis.



AT TROOPING THE COLOR (above) on June 12 the Queen spent an hour in pouring rain. Below: Obviously suffering, she returns to London on July 8 after cancelling the last days of her Scottish tour.



WITH her Scottish trip cancelled, the Queen returned to Buckingham Palace and called in her medical advisers—personal physician Lord Evans, Sir John Weir, and ear, nose and throat specialist Mr. Cecil Hogg.

On their advice she remained in bed, receiving treatment for the complaint.

Later she had an X-ray, followed by a minor operation to drain the affected sinus.

Though the cause of the Queen's sinusitis has not been stated, it's known that she has had five successive colds this year, and that through strain and overwork her resistance to infection was low.

Soaking rain

Britons were concerned when the Queen, taking the salute at the ceremony of Trooping the Color, sat her horse for an hour while rain poured down, soaking her tricorne hat and scarlet tunic, and darkening the riband of the Order of the Garter.

Throughout the country the news of her most recent illness brought comment from British doctors, as well as from the general public.

Some medical men stated that the Queen could be allergic to dust, that her trip down the Scottish coal mine could have affected her sinuses.

Others, going on the allergy theory, considered that flower pollen from the countless bouquets handed to Her Majesty could have been the irritant.

Causes?

Newspapers printed many comments.

Had the Queen's stringent diet — with its appetite-curbing pills — placed a strain on her health?

Could the hair of those Royal pets, the Corgis, have caused the allergy?

Only the Queen's advisers know. The rest is guesswork.

And the Queen has kept to her room in Buckingham Palace, resting, crossing engagement lists off her diary, and letting her husband, Prince Philip, deputise for her.

She was unable to see off her sister, Princess Margaret, when she left on the Canadian tour; unable to greet Empire Games athletes at the Palace garden party.

Soon, aboard the Royal yacht Britannia, the Queen will take an ocean cruise to convalesce in privacy.

Queen Elizabeth is not the only member of the Royal Family who has suffered from sinusitis. Others include her uncle the late Duke of Kent and his son, the present Duke.

When 15 the young Duke was forced to leave Eton and continue his education in Switzerland, where doctors thought the air would aid his chronic sinusitis.

Sinusitis became a topic of discussion in the House of Commons back in 1954, when Members of Parliament complained that drying of air in the Chamber caused sinusitis.

Not funny

There was laughter in the House when politicians wisecracked that fellow members radiated heat and hot air, but the laughter came only from those who had never had the complaint.

Those who were sufferers, who'd experienced the aches and tenderness of the illness, knew that sinusitis is no laughing matter.

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Woman helps run shipping line

Won job by smuggling refugees from Nazi Europe into Israel

By BARBARA WALLIS, staff reporter

● The "Odette" of Israel, Mrs. Ruth Aliav, came to Australia recently on a mission for her country—but a less dangerous mission than those she carried out in Europe during the war.

HEAD of the investments department of the Israeli National Merchant Marine shipping line, Mrs. Aliav is the only woman executive of the company.

She earned the position by her work with the underground immigation movement, which smuggled persecuted Jews from Europe to Israel.

Auburn-haired Ruth Aliav, the only woman among the 12 organisers of the movement, spent most of the war years in Europe arranging documents and transport for the refugees.

The work was so dangerous she was constantly changing her identity.

"I had so many names I sometimes wonder what my name really is," she said.

Mrs. Aliav is the heroine of a book written about her activities in Europe, "Secret Roads," by Jon Kemdie, in which she is called Ruth Kleiger.

Mrs. Aliav told me: "The movement was formed in 1933 to transport Jews to Israel.

"We would arrange for our people to be brought from Nazi-controlled countries to friendly countries, where we arranged transport.

"We couldn't use regular shipping lines, because the British mandate limited the number of immigrants to Palestine to 1500 a year.

"We set out to save more than 10,000.

"So we had to charter little ships which were scarcely seaworthy, but the risk from the ship was less than the certain death which awaited so many of the refugees in Europe.

Pirate crew

"For crew we employed pirates — or so they would have been called a century ago.

"They were men who had been discharged dishonorably from merchant or naval services.

"We told them this was a chance to redeem themselves — and they never let us down."

Mrs. Aliav said that King Carol of Rumania saved the lives of hundreds of Jews who were on the border of Rumania waiting for permission to enter.

"A ban was put on refugees at the last minute," she said, "after we had arranged to transport them through Rumania.

"They were ordered to turn back, which meant death for them.

"I had three hours to get the order rescinded. The Archbishop arranged an interview with King Carol and I got permission for the refugees to enter the country.

"On another occasion the Archbishop of Rumania saved my life. He got word that the Nazi secret police had discovered my activities.

"As the police came in the front door, I left by the back door in the Archbishop's car."

In 1948, when Israel came into existence as an independent State, the Israeli National Merchant Marine was formed, starting with three of the little vessels which had been used by the secret immigration movement.

"It was with great pride that the first of our vessels sailed to Cyprus to pick up refugees," Mrs. Aliav said.

"They had Israeli crews and proudly carried our national flag for the first time.

"We now have a fleet of 28 ships, totalling 200,000 tons.

"By 1960 we hope this will rise to 500,000 tons.

"Next year we expect our ships to begin calling at Australian ports."

Born in Russia

Mrs. Aliav was born in Russia, and studied law in Vienna before going to Israel 32 years ago.

She worked on a collective farm, looking after children in the nursery and tending chickens, before joining the underground rescue movement in 1938.

She lost her husband and other members of her family during the war.

She sees little of her home —a flat in Tel Aviv—because she spends most of her time travelling the world seeking business for her company.

Mrs. Aliav said women were taking a leading part in Israeli public life.

"Our Foreign Minister is a woman, Golda Meir, and Ada Maimon is the founder of our matrimonial laws," she said.

"We have four women high-court judges, all very young, pretty, and intelligent, and respected by both men and women.

"We also have a woman bridge-building engineer.

"Women serve two years in our Army, the same as our men. Army service has helped tremendously in assimilating peoples from 56 different countries who speak 56 different languages and have differing social backgrounds.

"We believe that if a woman can be a mother and run a household, she can well take part in running a country for its betterment."



ONLY woman executive in the Israeli National Merchant Marine shipping line, Mrs. Ruth Aliav, at work in Melbourne. She is head of the company's investments department.

He drills for water – in wool

● Like a milkman selling cream for the price of milk, Australia has been undercharging the rest of the world for its scoured and carbonised wool, which totals 10 per cent. of wool exports.

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

THE moisture content of this Australian wool is less than the accepted international standard of 16 per cent.

If the wool contained 16 per cent. of moisture, each bale would be heavier — and so would the price received for it.

But Australia has not been getting compensation for this, because there has been no public testing service recognised overseas.

To provide a comprehensive and accurate moisture-testing system in all States, the Australian Wool Testing Authority has now been established under a Federal Act passed last year.

The Authority will test all wool and issue certificates stating the percentage of moisture it contains.

These certificates will be recognised legally in Australia and overseas.

This will enable brokers to adjust the price on the true weight of dry wool in the bale.

The result will be a considerable increase in the amount Australia receives for its wool sold abroad.



NEW coring device developed by the C.S.I.R.O. being demonstrated by Dr. Dixie, right, to Mr. Les Harwood, secretary of the new wool-testing authority, who is using an orthodox drill corer to get a sample from a bale of wool.

Young scientist

The Authority will also eventually develop into a body protecting the high standard and good name of Australian wool abroad.

A young New Zealand scientist, Dr. Alec Dixie, will lead a team of experts in this twofold purpose as the newly appointed director of the Authority.

The wool industry will be represented within the Authority by nominees from the Australian Council of Wool Buyers, the National Council of Wool Selling Brokers, the Wool Scourers, Carbonisers, and Fellmongers' Federation of Australia, the Australian Wool Bureau, the C.S.I.R.O., and the Department of Primary Industry.

Based on private enterprise, the Authority will be independent and impartial. Clients will pay for the testing service.

The Authority's first laboratory is being established in a gracious nineteenth-century house in Royal Parade, Parkville, Melbourne.

Its next-door neighbor is the C.S.I.R.O., which will share some of its facilities with the Testing Authority.

Dr. Dixie said that the Authority would not process the wool in any way.

Testers, using a coring device, take a sample of wool, weighing about an ounce, from the centre of each bale tested.

The sample is placed in a moisture-proof plastic envelope and sent to the testing laboratory.

There it is placed in a "conditioning oven," which makes it bone dry in forced draughts of hot air.

The sample is weighed before and after it is dried, so giving the operator the percentage of moisture in the bale from which the sample came.

Dr. Dixie spent the war years with the N.Z. Air Force, then completed his degree in chemistry at Canterbury College, N.Z., and joined the N.Z. Defence Science Corps.

He was one of a team of scientists from this Corps sent to England on textile research and at Leeds University he gained his Doctorate of Philosophy in textiles.

He also did some research into military cloths for the British Army, and, back in New Zealand, used much of this research to improve military clothing there.

His Yorkshire-born wife played her part in his experiments by making up skirts and trousers in the cloths for their young children, Christopher and Anne.

She washed them to his directions and reported on their wearing qualities.



HOME TESTS: Dr. Dixie at home with his wife, who "tests" fabrics in the clothes of son Christopher and daughter Anne.

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IRAK—Centre of Mid-East Turmoil

● Irak, flash point of the Middle East crisis, is a land of unbelievable contrasts.

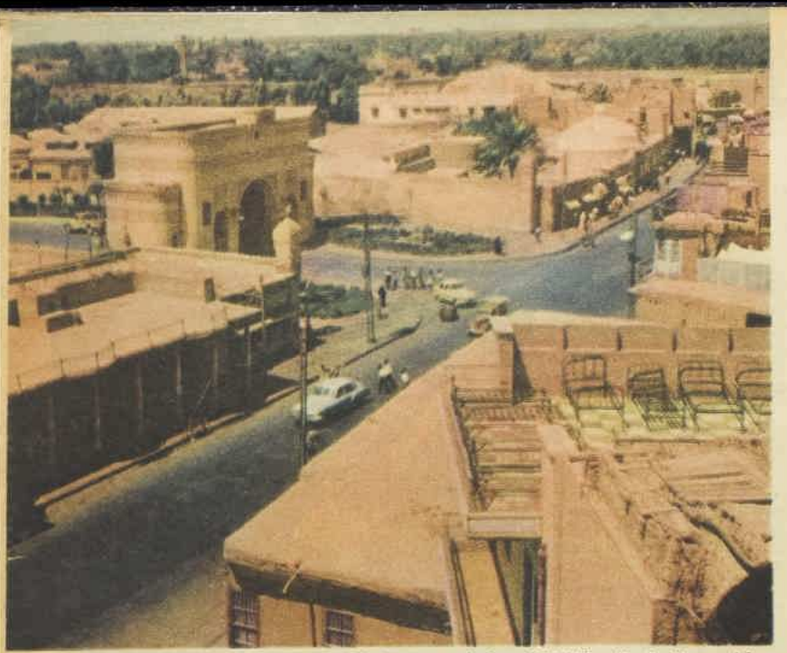
THE junction of three continents — Europe, Asia, and Africa — this land of the Arabs is where East literally meets West.

Bagdad, the capital, is growing into a modern city on the rubble of the past —not many miles from the legendary site of the Garden of Eden in the Euphrates Valley.

The longest, lushest American cars purr along the narrow streets of the evil-smelling Casbah.

Nomadic shepherds pitch their ragged tents not far from the £12 million palace the young King Feisal was building for the bride he was about to marry.

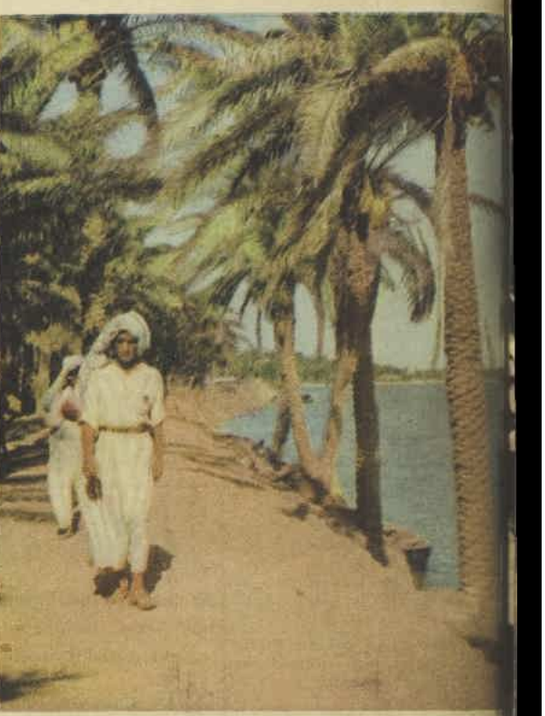
All this is financed by Irak's only real asset—the basins of oil which have accumulated under the sand and the rock since the days of Adam and Eve.



ENTRANCE to Bagdad's Ministry of Defence, one of the key points seized by the rebels last month. Picture was taken from a mosque overlooking a hotel where guests sleep on the roof during the hot summer nights.

BELOW: Food-sellers without shops squat on Bagdad footpaths. These rich cakes rest on wooden platters.

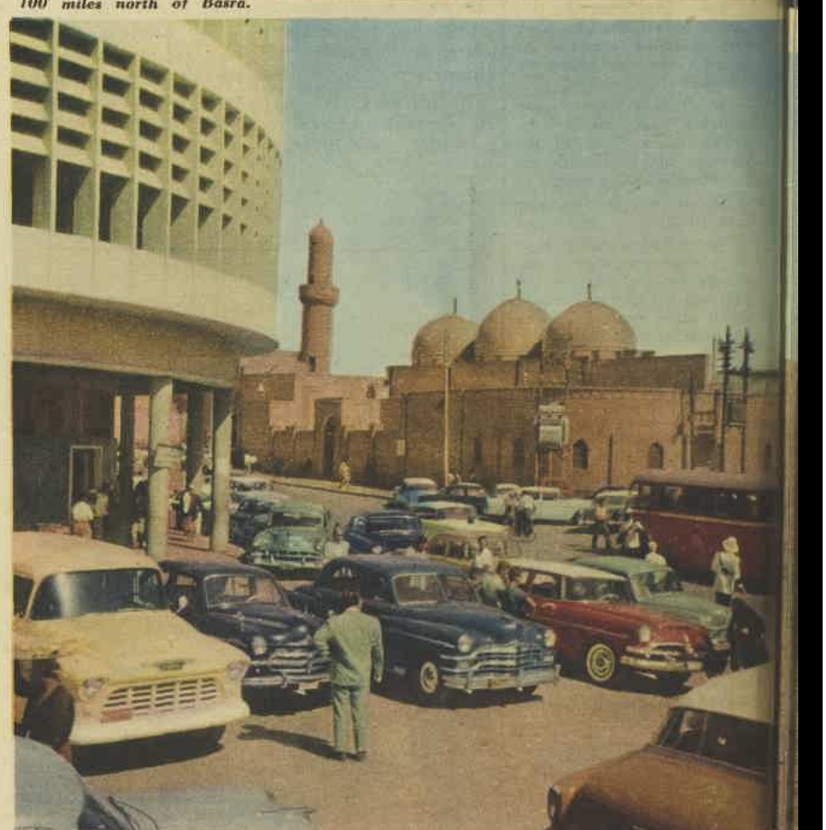




DATE PALMS (right) line the banks of the Euphrates River for hundreds of miles. This scene is near a village 100 miles north of Basra.

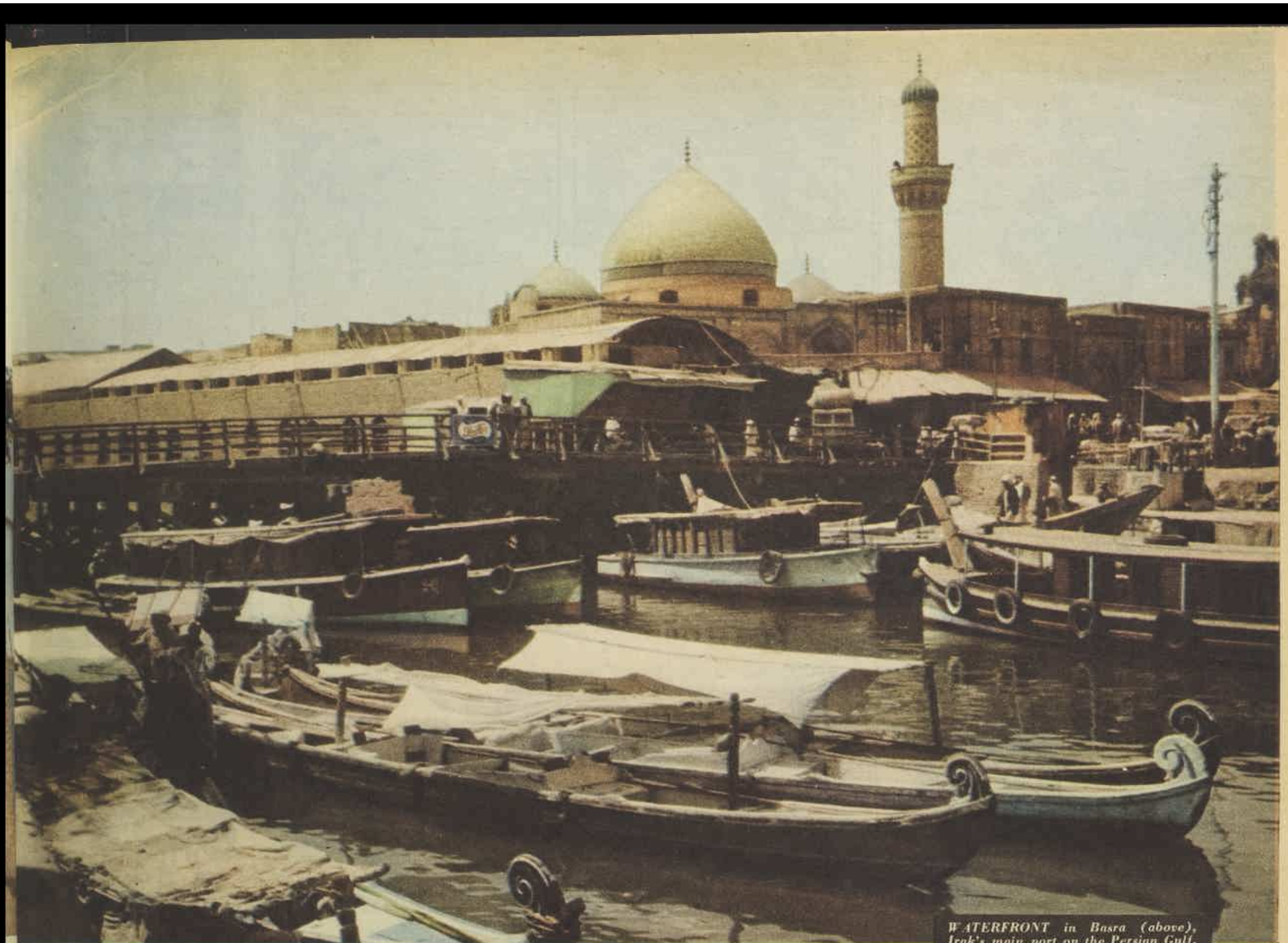


LEFT: An oil well 50 miles north of Bagdad recently brought into production. The earth in foreground is damp with oil seepage.



ABOVE: The latest American cars, modern office buildings, and ancient mosques bring old and new together in Rashid St., Bagdad.

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WATERFRONT in Basra (above), Irak's main port on the Persian Gulf. In front of the mosque is the city's main market. The boats carry passengers through the city's canals.

NOMAD shepherds (below) 50 miles south of Bagdad are typical of those throughout the barren countryside. They have to keep on the move to find enough fodder for their flocks.



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Hands that wash dishes need soothing **NIVEA** *care*

Modern detergents dry out natural skin oils, leaving hands rough and chapped. Eucerite, the nearest thing in this world to natural skin oils, contained in world-famous Nivea Creme, replaces these oils, returning hands to their natural beauty. Start using Nivea today.

NIVEA Creme

SKIN needs NIVEA

Available in tins or tubes and Nivea Skin Oil in bottles. Obtainable everywhere.

choose Rosella soups everytime

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VEGETABLE
CREAM OF CHICKEN
PEA with HAM
MUSHROOM
MULLIGATAWNY
SCOTCH BROTH
ASPARAGUS -
OX TAIL



AND delicious CELERY SOUP

ALL DOUBLE STRENGTH of course

FATHER



"Now, isn't this better than spending a lot of money on lawn furniture?"

MOTHER



"I think my cold is going to take a long, long time to get better."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Dix

AMONG the odd crumbs of comfort that people offered to one another in the past few weeks was the pronouncement "The Middle East may be only another Korea."

The implication of the "only" was that Korea didn't much inconvenience the rest of the world. The makers of such statements overlook the point of view of those who fought there, and of the inhabitants.

But even from that detached standpoint there is no truly valid comparison. Korea represented a military base and prestige. The Middle East with its oil is a far greater prize.

Having set down the above few sentences I may as well leave them, but judging from my own reactions there is not much point in a woman's expression of opinion on the prospects of war.

I've noticed in myself a tendency in the past couple of weeks to canvass the possibilities of war with any man who appeared to possess the simplest intelligence.

If his view was hopeful I felt temporarily comforted.

This is undoubtedly some hangover from primitive times, a residue of the belief that men, as the fighters of wars, knew all about them.

Unfortunately it is a belief which history has already proved false.

* * *

A SPECTATOR at a recent football match reports the following, adding that it is a pity we aren't still running that contest "Just Like a Woman."

The match was between North Sydney and Western Suburbs. Because it was played at North Sydney there was a majority of home-ground fans.

A woman arrived late, peered short-sightedly at the scoreboard and then turned to two young girls beside her. "Can you tell me the score for Wests?" she asked.

"Oh no," said one of the girls. "We're not interested in THEM."

* * *

THE other day I bought a two-pound packet of plain flour and found that the top of it was a coupon.

"Save 60 of these," said the label, "and you can exchange them for a handsome present."

I use about two pounds of plain flour a year.

By the time I'm ready to collect that handsome present I'll be fully occupied giving interviews to the newspapers on how to live forever.

* * *

WHEN talking on the telephone (so a home efficiency expert advises in an overseas magazine) keep a duster handy and dust the phone.

Why stop there? Buy yourself a set of earphones, keep both hands free, and peel the potatoes.

You can use the time you save to go and see the doctor about your nervous breakdown.

THERE have been some sweeping changes in the past few years and none more startling than those affecting banks.

I was brought up to regard banks with respect, even awe, and I cannot get used to the new informal approach in soliciting custom.

Ten years ago you felt some diffidence in opening a cheque account. The bank, you believed, was doing a favor to accept the care of trivial amounts of money.

Now the humblest customer is regarded as a prize.

Lately I've had a couple of letters from the manager of a bank newly opened in my suburb.

These are evidently part of a direct-mail campaign for custom. They are individually typed and signed, not those old roneoed things.

The first spoke gently of the pleasures of having a cheque account and issued an invitation to step in for a talk.

The second remarked that income-tax refunds ought to be coming along soon and why not use mine to start an account?

Such letters deserve a friendly answer, something like: "Dear sir, I did enjoy your nice letter, but I already have a very amiable bank manager who is always happy to assign an offsider to help reconcile my cheque butts with statement. I hate to disappoint you, but unless you are offering free samples of your wares there doesn't seem any point in chopping and changing. Regards from . . ."

This solicitude for all-comers is very charming, but I don't care for the architectural developments which go with the new-style folksy bank.

Not far from this office is a new one with glass walls. Every time I pass it I flinch.

When cashing a cheque or writing a withdrawal form I like to hide behind a pillar, fearing that someone will tap me on the shoulder and say, "What do you want that for? You drew money last Tuesday and this is altogether too extravagant."

The thought of being exposed to the public while engaged in such activities is too much.

* * *

DISCUSSING the effect of weather on human health and spirits, a Sydney psychiatrist has described July as a "morbid month."

Farewell July, though still there blows
The stings of winter's icy blast,
A new day dawns and hope revives,
My tax return is lodged at last.

Oh, cold July, you go unwept;
A happier spirit August greets.
(And next year, maybe, we'll avoid
That nightmare scrabble for receipts.)

Ahead lies spring and life is tinged
With promises of brighter hue,
Of warmer days, of singing birds,
And joy of joys, a refund, too.

HERE'S HOW TO END A COLD



At the first sign of a sneeze or a sniffle, get busy with Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine (L.B.Q.) Tablets. Feel colds break up quickly, easily, thanks to L.B.Q.'s effective 4-way action:

1. Reduce nasal stuffiness.
2. Bring fever down.
3. Relieve headache.
4. Fight muscular aches and pains due to colds.

Be ready when cold strikes. Keep a supply of (L.B.Q.) Tablets always handy. 5/9 at all chemists.

GROVE'S G.7.5A

L B Q

Laxative Bromo Quinine
Potter & Birks Pty. Ltd., Sydney

A USEFUL GIFT

You Can Pin EVEN HEMLINES
Easy — Accurate — Quick
Fsy-Hem SKIRT MARKER



Use Fsy-Hem Skirt Marker for your fashion-right hemlines. Pint lace through fabric four times — won't fall out. Used by millions of satisfied home-sewers and professionals.

AT ALL LEADING STORES

MARIGNY Smart Set

The only setting lotion that gives brilliant highlights as it sets your hair.

3/9 everywhere

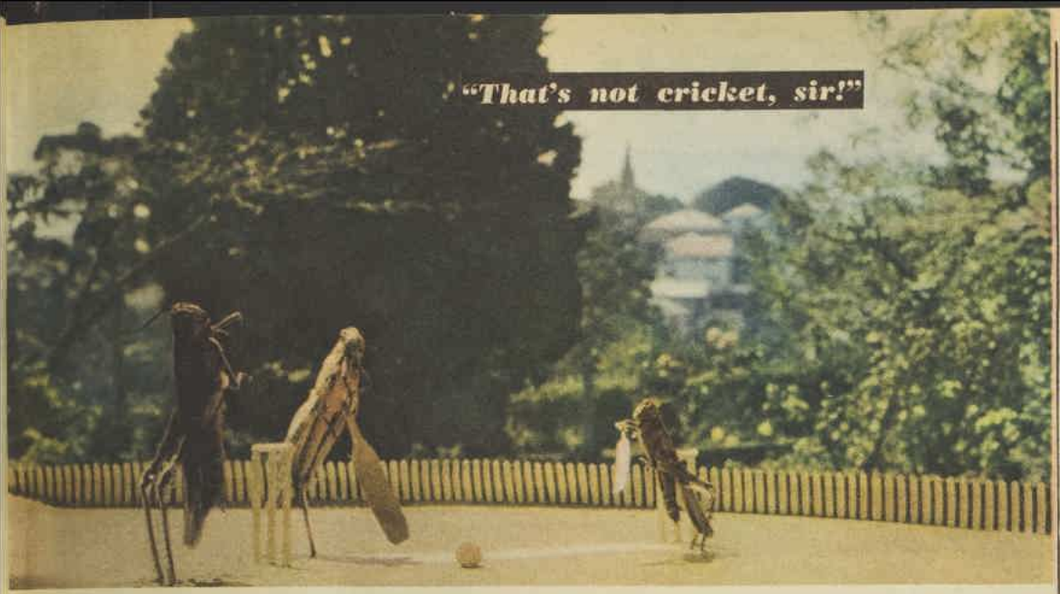


5407

Relieve Torture of BACKACHE

Are YOU tormented by backache, rheumatic pains? Doan's Backache Kidney Pills can bring you prompt relief. Rheumatic pains, headaches, puffiness under the eyes, disturbed nights, leg pains, are often a sign of sluggish kidneys failing to carry out their vital job of removing waste matter from the blood. So follow the lead of sufferers all over the world. At the first sign of kidney upset get DOAN'S. Doan's should bring you swift, blessed relief, and set those lazy kidneys back to work again.

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"That's not cricket, sir!"

Her models were 14 'hoppers

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

● A photographer who had never used a camera until four years ago has already become a champion at table-top photography.

SHE is Miss Phyl Jarrott, of Brisbane, winner for the past two years of the story section of the Brisbane Camera Group's annual competitions.

Her first success was an imaginative treatment of the Story of Creation, detailing six epochs from the beginning of time until today.

She got magnificent effects by photographing white wax and cardboard models with light projected through out-of-focus color transparencies.

Her second win was a series on a "highly civilised" family of grasshoppers, four of which are reproduced on this page.

Miss Jarrott used a cast of 14 grasshoppers and props made by her nephew, agricultural scientist Ken Moir.

Ideal relaxation

Grasshoppers were Miss Jarrott's first experience with "live artists." While she worked they lived in a cardboard box with perforated holes.

She anaesthetised them with brief spells in a glass screw-top jar containing cotton-wool sprinkled with chloroform, and fixed their poses with cellulose tape.

Miss Jarrott, a pay clerk with an insurance firm, finds table-top photography an ideal way of relaxing after a busy day.

"And it is much more convenient to capture a sunrise scene at night after a good dinner, experimenting with novel lighting effects on white wax, than to get up before the crack of dawn," she said.

"And photographing china ducks swimming in a make-believe pool on the dining-room table is less frustrating than trying to make real ducks 'hold' a good composition in a real pond."

Her sister, Miss Jean Jarrott, said: "The whole household is disrupted when Phyl is in a creative mood.

"Sometimes the dining-table is littered with props for a week when she is 'on location'."



Ho(p)spitality



Duet in slumber



Doctors prove PALMOLIVE can bring you a lovelier complexion in 14 days!



YOU, TOO, can look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

★ *Fresher, brighter complexion!*
★ *Less oiliness!*
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This is all you do. Simply massage your skin twice a day with the extra-mild pure lather of Palmolive—then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin.

Use Palmolive . . . it's so mild—so gentle . . . that's why Palmolive is by far the largest selling toilet soap in Australia.



DISCOVER NEW COMFORT IN HIGH HEELS



Dr Scholl's SUPER SOFT BALL-O-FOOT* CUSHION

Imagine a cushion of soft, soothing latex foam nestling beneath the ball of your foot. It's a delight you mustn't miss. A wonderful comfort with *all* shoes, a necessity with high heels, a boon if you suffer from callouses. No fitting problem — simply loops over toe. Only 5/9 pr., for men and women at Chemists, Stores, Shoe Dealers, Scholl Depots.

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Take De Witt's Pills for quick relief from



RHEUMATISM and JOINT PAINS

THOSE who are plagued by rheumatism and joint pains know only too well the agony they suffer, but many don't realise that this pain is mostly caused by faulty kidneys.

When kidneys become inactive, toxins and body waste clog up your system, and then pain starts! The way to stimulate your kidneys, clear these poisons and get fast relief from pain, is to take De Witt's Pills. World famous, sure acting De Witt's Pills go to work stimulating and cleansing your kidneys immediately and give you visual evidence of this within 24 hours. Don't suffer a day longer. Buy a bottle of De Witt's Pills from your chemist or storekeeper.

Economy Size (100 pills) **8/-**
Regular Size (40 pills) **5/-**
New Trial Size (20 pills) **3/-**

Mr. W., North Adelaide, S.A., writes:—
"... *after the first few ... De Witt's Pills I have not had a recurrence of the trouble ... rheumatism is now a forgotten nightmare.*" (The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office).



De Witt's PILLS

For Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Joint and Muscle Pains



Where's the WETTEX!

Shopping list Don't forget

PHILIPS LAMPS for better LIGHT

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P431.58

Churchills celebrate:



THE YOUNG MARRIEDS. This picture shows Winston Churchill, the junior Minister, and his wife, Clementine. This year on September 12 they will celebrate their golden wedding. Always on this date they lunch together at London's Savoy Hotel, and order the same simple meal of oysters, roast beef with all the trimmings, and strawberries.

"Let us go forward together"

● This line, taken from one of Winston Churchill's great speeches of World War II, might well be an extract from his wedding-day speech on September 12, 1908. Though guests at fashionable St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, whispered that his marriage to Clementine Hozier "will never work out," it has proved one of the greatest and happiest matches in history.



ABOVE: A wartime reunion of the statesman and his wife. They have always hated separations, and Clemmie accompanied her husband on his war missions wherever possible.



RIGHT: The Churchills in the early post-war years, when the nation had temporarily rejected Winston as Prime Minister. Clemmie was Churchill's strength and often his adviser.

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Fifty years of a great marriage



● "He's not the marrying kind," said those who regarded young Churchill only as a careerist, while others remarked pessimistically of his wedding 50 years ago: "Neither of them has a brass farthing."

In those grand Edwardian days it was important in aristocratic marriages that one side at least should have money.

Yet the tempestuous and brilliant young man with expensive tastes who could hardly manage on the then meagre pay of a Cabinet Minister married a girl as impecunious as himself, and, in his own words, "lived happily ever after."



THE Churchills have had 50 years of such complete happiness that their love story has been taken very much for granted.

References to his wife in the Churchill memoirs are fleeting though affectionate.

The great man, however, has by no means taken his Clemmie, as he calls her, for granted.

Whenever she has been absent or abroad his family has seen him roaming lonely and lost without her.

Without doubt, the great credit must go to Clementine Churchill for making their marriage such a success.

She admits she's been married to a volcano for 50 years, but right through those 50 years she has remained serene.

How different history books might be if Winston Churchill, who professed dislike for the social whirl, had turned down a dinner invitation from Lady St. Helier in 1908.

There he met Clementine Hozier, Lady St. Helier's niece and a granddaughter of the 9th Earl of Airlie.

The young couple appear to have fallen in love at first sight. They had eyes for none but each other all that evening, and Winston even sidetracked an admiral so that he could sit next to her.

Pagoda proposal

Within weeks of first meeting Clemmie Winston proposed to her in a lakeside pagoda at Blenheim Palace, home of his Marlborough ancestors.

Years later, Clemmie was asked if she had thought him extremely handsome then.

"Handsome? I thought him extremely interesting," she replied with a diplomatic skill Churchill himself might envy.

Though she traced her ancestry back six generations, Clementine Hozier was a poor relation of aristocrats.

She had been brought up in a household fighting to maintain its position on about £9 a week.

For cheapness they lived in France, where Clementine, a good linguist, studied at the Sorbonne, and helped the family budget by giving English lessons.

Clemmie was a classical beauty of 23 with ash-blond hair when she married Winston Churchill, 10 years her senior, at fashionable St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on September 12, 1908.

King Edward VII, of the jovial bearded face, dominated London in this expansive Edwardian era, when even the penniless of good families were married in lavish style.

Lavish wedding

More than a thousand guests attended the wedding and special police held back the crowd that milled round the famous church.

Social writers filled pages describing the beauty and charm of the bride, her gown, and her retinue of bridesmaids, and the list of gifts filled a page in "The Times."

Winston gave his bride a fine ruby-and-diamond cluster necklace with ruby-and-diamond drop and a pair of diamond-cluster ear-rings.

King Edward sent the groom a malacca cane with a massive gold knob.

From the day of her marriage Clementine Churchill was caught up in the struggles that absorbed her volatile husband.

Her task was to tame a volcanic genius and live happily with him, but she showed quickly she was not prepared to sink her personality in his.

As Home Secretary, Winston had to suppress the suffragettes. Clemmie showed her sympathy with them by attending every prosecution of suffragette leaders.

Then she demonstrated political loyalty when she packed her bags and stalked out of Blenheim Palace one evening because Winston's kinsman the Duke of Marlborough spoke slightingly at dinner of her husband's leader, Mr. Asquith.

Clementine, however, was at heart a wife and mother.

In the first 14 years of their marriage she had five children — Diana, Randolph, Sarah, Marigold (who died at two), and Mary.

The early years were not always easy for Clementine.

Her husband, stormy petrel of politics, always in the limelight, was often away, so wrapped in political strife that "he never writes, never phones, and doesn't cable. ALL I know of his movements is what I read in the papers."

He was unpunctual, obstinate, fastidious over food, untidy, rebellious against the normal household rules — yet he was still, wrote Lady Cynthia Asquith, "one of the most considerate husbands I have met."

Clementine helped him serenely through all the fluctuations of their life.

She controlled his soaring optimism in success, strengthened him when to the jeers of his enemies he was driven into the political wilderness and despaired: "There is no place left for me in political life."

Through all these years their love grew stronger and they spoke the "language of eyes."

From the early days he would seek her eyes across the House of Commons, where she sat in a gallery, or from the platform after a public speech.

Eyes of love

At a dinner, formal or informal, their eyes would flash smiles to each other across the small-talk.

This habit helped to deepen and mature their great love and happiness, said son-in-law Vic Oliver in his book.

Clemmie, however, has always had a practical streak to her affection.

She always gave him a good dinner.

"His dinner is a very important item in his routine," she told Prime Minister Lloyd George. "First and foremost, if you want to keep your husband happy you must feed him."

She was always glad to get him home from abroad, however, to check him when he groped for too much food and drink that did not suit him.

Clementine was the strength behind Churchill when the Battle of Britain brought his and Britain's "greatest hour."

She shone as a competent and tactful hostess who could keep the conversation alive when Winston fell silent, gloomy, or angry while entertaining very important guests.

She was a shrewd adviser, and once, according to the late Lord Norwich, gave Winston a lecture on the importance of not quarrelling with General de Gaulle.

When in the brighter days with victory in sight he was inclined to speak grandiosely, she pulled him down to earth with her own formula.

"Winston, you have forgotten to feed the goldfish." He knew what she meant.

Once when urged to stop her husband flying in wartime, she replied: "Lots of young men are at this moment risking their lives. Winston will do his duty whatever happens."

She herself flew across occupied Europe in an unheated plane in midwinter to nurse him when he was taken ill near Carthage.

Clementine, in Moscow checking "Aid to Russia" supplies when the war in Europe ended, wept unashamedly as she heard her husband's voice announcing victory to the world.



What made their marriage such a constant love story?

Clementine gave part of the formula at a girls' school speech day.

"Never be aggressive with men," she said. "She who forces her point of view loses the advantage her sex gives her.

A wife's formula

"A woman gains more by quietly holding to her convictions. Above all, be good-humored."

There was, of course, more to it than that. Clementine was always dignified, elegant, attractive.

She followed a strict slimming diet—no salt, no fruit, no alcohol, little starch, and only four cups of liquid a day — whenever she thought she was putting on weight.

There is a story that Sir Winston, inspired by his wife's slimness, decided to go on a slimming diet himself. It lasted exactly seven hours.

Whatever the truth of the story, it is a fact that he was about to help himself from a tempting tray of sandwiches at a Buckingham Palace garden party when he caught his wife's eye, hesitated, shrugged, and left the sandwiches strictly alone.

Once, when praised for his great achievements, he replied, turning to his wife: "You have forgotten my most brilliant achievement — persuading my wife to marry me."

Family jokes kept the happy marriage going.

"You carve, Clemmie. He was a friend of mine," he said once when he found difficulty in carving the goose.

She was the first to smile, too, when he advised young married men: "Never have breakfast with your wife."

In spoiling and cosseting this great man, supporting him, and giving him her strength and sympathy when he was down, and keeping him to earth when he seemed to soar above it in success, Clementine gave his genius stability.

Her greatest happiness through the years has come "from the little things he says, the grip of his hand when he is sorry, his utter dependence when he is tired and sick."

And what does Winston think of Clementine? Here is his tribute:

"I could never have succeeded without her. My marriage has been the most joyous event that happened to me.

"What can be more glorious than to be united through life with a being incapable of an ignoble thought."

Beatrice Webb wrote of that marriage 50 years ago: "It is by no means a great match."

The Churchills have lived to prove it one of the greatest in history.

AT LEFT are Sir Winston and Lady Churchill as they farewelled the Queen and Prince Philip, who had been their guests at No. 10 Downing Street on the eve of Sir Winston's retirement as Prime Minister in 1955. On September 12, their golden wedding will mark another chapter in the brilliant Churchill story. Lady Churchill is ten years younger than Sir Winston, who will be 84 on November 30. Here are his own words on old age:

"Let us be contented with what has happened to us and thankful for all we have been spared . . .

"Let us accept the natural order in which we move . . .

"Let us treasure our joys but not bewail our sorrows . . .

"The journey has been enjoyable and well worth making—once."

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KING SIZE FLAVOUR, TOO!

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Compare the Flavour

Famous for high bids at American tobacco auctions, Rothmans pay top prices for the world's finest Virginia leaf. Because these tobaccos are imported to Australia exclusively by Rothmans, no other cigarette can offer the KING SIZE Flavour that has made Rothmans KING SIZE FILTER Australia's largest selling filter cigarette.

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The extra length of fine tobaccos gives greater smoothness than is possible with any other cigarette. Rothmans invented the first KING SIZE cigarette in the U.S.A. in 1937 and the first KING SIZE FILTER cigarette in 1951. Despite attempts at imitations, Australia's most wanted cigarette is undoubtedly Rothmans KING SIZE FILTER.

Rothmans King Size Filter — Australia's most wanted cigarette

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Holiday in the Snow



APPLAUDING A GOOD JUMP at the Kiandra Ski Club's championships are (from left) Willy Kater, of "Swatchfield," Oberon, Rosemary Till, a member of the Kosciusko Alpine Club, and Peggy Hutchinson.



TWO ON ONE PAIR OF SKIS. Peter Fountain, president of the Kiandra Club, and his wife, Phila, who helped organise the championships.



WHILE THE BILLY BOILS in the snow at Kiandra, Heather Roder (left), Keith Perry, and Gypsey Taylor take time off for lunch during the championships.

AT RIGHT: Mark Glasson and Mrs. Thyne Reid travel to the top of Crackenback Peak in the new chair lift. These pictures were taken by Douglass Baglin.





ON THE SNOW-COVERED BALCONY of the new Roslyn Lodge in the Thredbo Valley are Dr. Peter Blaxland, of Bellevue Hill, and his wife, Anna.

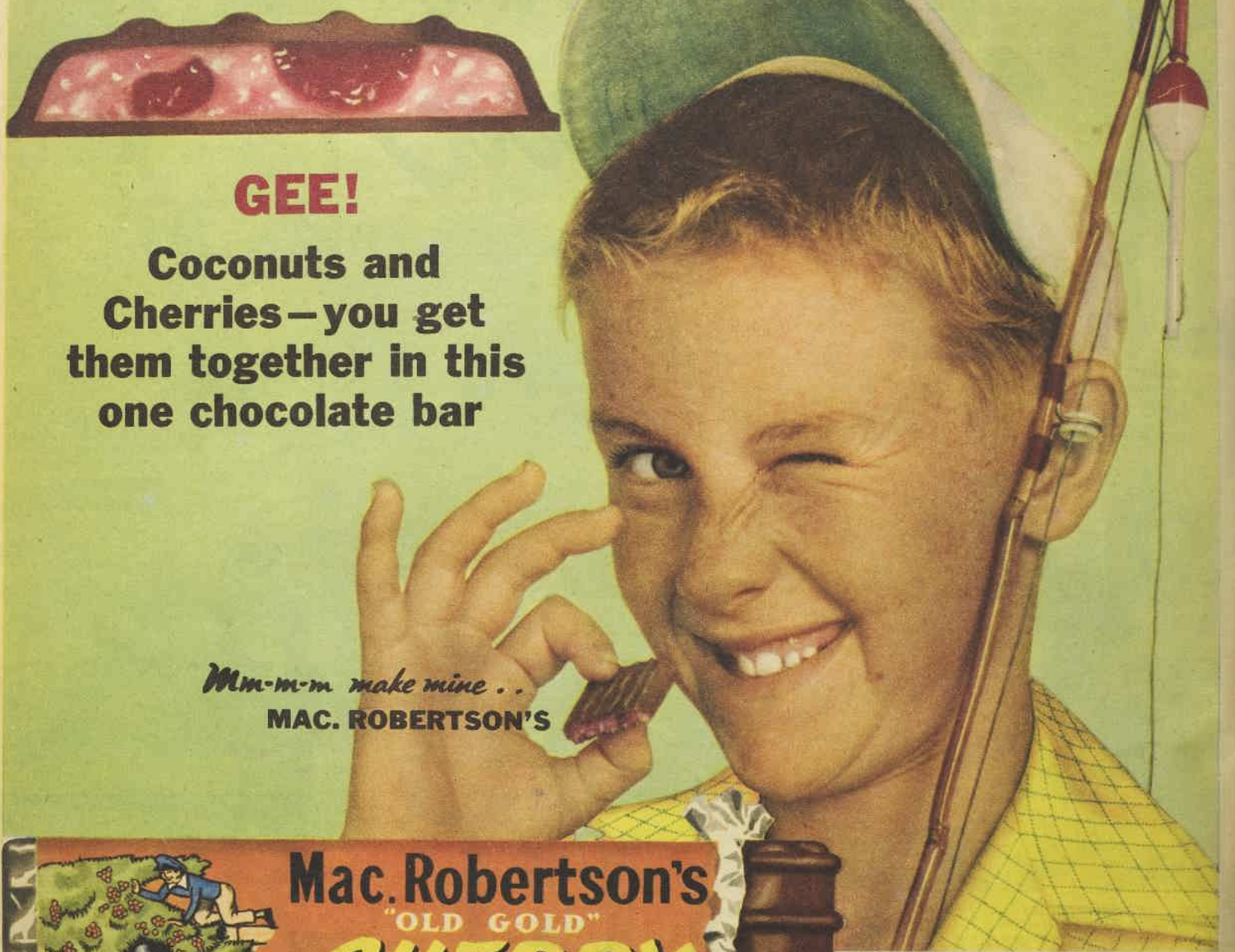


A HELPING HAND from pretty Sylvia Lance, of Milson's Point, when blizzards snowed-in Les Robson's car at Kiandra and he had to dig it out, using a ski.

ENJOYING A PIE, Mrs. Mackenzie Munro, of "Gaerloch," Cooma (right), with ski champion Christine Davy and Malcolm Painter in the new tow hut at Kiandra.



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GEE!

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Mm-m-m make mine . .
MAC. ROBERTSON'S

Mac. Robertson's
"OLD GOLD"
CHERRY RIPE

ONLY 8D

Ripe, real cherries
Pure milky coconut
Coated all over
with fragrant
"Old Gold" chocolate





ANOTHER REASON YOU'LL SAY
Mm-m-m make mine . .
MacRobertson's

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Jersey says it with flowers

RANKING with the many famous floral festivals held annually overseas is the Jersey Battle of Flowers, a popular event in the Channel Islands. As these pictures show, floats are varied and elaborate.



ABOVE: "The Debutantes" was the name of this magnificent float in the Battle of Flowers.



RIGHT: Not even "the one that got away" could compete for fish-story honors with this giant.



"LET BEAUTY REIGN," one of the most lovely and elaborate floats in the long procession, was entered by the Jersey Swimming Club. On a base of blue hydrangeas, a real fountain plays among colorful masses of golden dahlias and wine carnations.



WORTHY WINNER of the Prix d'Honneur was "Roman Splendor," a creation of St. Saviour's Athletic and Social Club. In this imaginative float, three imposing horses of massed white asters pull a vivid chariot of statice, dahlias, and calendulas.

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When the big wash is OVER...

a dirty spot's not funny!



Just a touch of good golden SUNLIGHT before you wash, means no dirty spots after!

Extra dirty spots need SUNLIGHT'S EXTRA WASHING POWER



SUNLIGHT— PURE AND MILD AS SOAP CAN BE

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A FIGHT TO MAKE HER HUSBAND PROUD



By ANNE BRADLEY, staff reporter

● When attractive former model Mrs. Viki Cook, of Lane Cove, N.S.W., contracted poliomyelitis nearly five years ago and was warned that she might never walk again, she felt that she had nothing left to live for.

WHEN she came home from hospital she was paralysed except for her left arm, which was weak but not useless.

Today Mrs. Cook is like any other happy young housewife, and in addition she runs weekly deportment classes.

Looking too young to be the mother of Graham (13), Keith (9), and Darlene (2), Mrs. Cook says that willpower and enthusiasm for living went a long way towards returning to a normal life.

"It was my husband who gave me the will to get well," she said. "He used to be so proud of me and liked to take me out. I made up my mind he'd be proud again.

"I made my first move in hospital when I asked to do some occupational therapy.

"They almost laughed at me at first, for what could I do?

"But they saw I was determined, and let me make a cane basket. It had to be started for me and finished off, but I made it — five minutes each day for months."

When Mrs. Cook was allowed to go home after more than six months in hospital she was told that she might never walk again.

She could not even feed herself at first, and her husband had to carry her whenever she wanted to move to another part of the house.

"But even then I insisted on being taken into the bathroom when it was Keith's bathtime. Though I could only use my left arm and hand I would bath him before being carried away.

"I just wouldn't give up. Later, when I was able to get round the house but not up or down steps into the garden, I heard Keith crying outside.

POLIO victim Mrs. Viki Cook, who does all her strength allows, tucks daughter Darlene (2) into bed.

"I knew I just had to get down to him, so I held the rail and just let myself fall down the half dozen steps.

"My other boy, Graham, was wonderful, and but for him I would never have got up the stairs again.

"There were many things I couldn't do until I had to. And when once it's done, the next time is easier."

Two years ago Mrs. Cook discarded the spinal brace against her doctor's advice—and got back into ordinary shoes—flatties, not spike heels.

"He warned me that I shouldn't. Well, maybe I shouldn't, but a spinal brace doesn't do much for a girl's figure, you know."

There appears to be nothing wrong with Mrs. Cook's figure, but she usually wears slacks because one leg is thinner than the other.

"I used to model swimsuits, but I wouldn't let anyone see me in them now.

"That's why my husband built our tiny swimming-pool so that he and the children can swim with me instead of leaving me at home when they go to the beach."

Mrs. Cook admits that she has done too much too soon, "and because of that I spent six months in bed again last year. I realise now that I attempted too much.

"I'm not completely well by any means," she stressed, "but the point I want to make is that most adults who get polio resign themselves to a semi-invalid existence when with a little determined effort they could return to a practically normal life.

"Two hours is the longest I can be up and about, then I must rest for an hour, otherwise I get dizzy and collapse."

Mrs. Cook's latest venture in her fight for a normal life is her deportment school conducted each Monday night at Chatswood.

"My husband drives me there and picks me up afterwards, and I always have time for a 10-minute rest before the pupils arrive. Apart from my own modelling career, the physiotherapy I've had is a great help in seeing when they're shirking any of the exercises!"



MRS. COOK (left), a well-known model before her marriage, with three of the pupils of her department school. From left: Misses Margaret Milham, of Forestville, Fay Ianson, of Crow's Nest, and Graeme Wallis, of East Lindfield.

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Women labor to build church

● Every Saturday morning a group of Sydney housewives swap their brooms and dust-pans for wheelbarrows, brick hods, and shovels to become builders' laborers for the day.

By ANNETTE FIELDING-JONES, staff reporter

THE housewives are Mormons, members of the Sydney branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

With their husbands, brothers, and sons, they are helping to build a new chapel, classrooms, and recreational hall to be their headquarters at Greenwich Point.

Dressed in their working outfits, the women builders have stopped a lot of Saturday traffic passing down Greenwich Road.

The £104,000 building will consist of a chapel seating 350, with the adjacent recreational hall extending the seating to 1000, plus 12 classrooms for Sunday school, a centre garden courtyard and a kitchen.



MOTHER and daughter. Mrs. Harold Bell, of Chatswood, gets help from her seven-year-old daughter, Kerrie-Ann, as she wraps window frames in newspaper to protect them during building operations.

The Mormon headquarters in Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A., will pay 70 per cent. of the cost and the other 30 per cent. will be met by Australian Mormons.

"The amount of voluntary labor we put in will help pay our 30 per cent.," explained Sydney branch president Les Jarman, of Naremburn.

"Our man-hours, estimated at 8/- an hour, will be deducted from the cost. We are putting in about 1000 hours—that's £400 off the bill — each month."

"We call it unskilled labor, but the members have done a great deal of the really hard work, such as digging ditches for the foundations," said big, bluff, crew-cut American Les Hawthorn, who is building supervisor of the project, which employs a team of professional builders on ordinary work-days.

The voluntary labor rolls up on Saturdays, complete with picnic lunches packed in hampers, and bottles of milk or soft drinks. (Mormons do not drink tea, coffee, or alcohol.)

The men, women — and sometimes even children—put in a hard day's work, as their religion forbids them to work on Sundays.

"We've also got a gang of men who work by floodlight at night, including several skilled church members who are carpenters and builders by trade," explained Mr. Hawthorn.

The chapel has prefabricated laminated trusses of oregon pine which make it look like the skeleton ribs of a boat upside down in a shipbuilding yard.

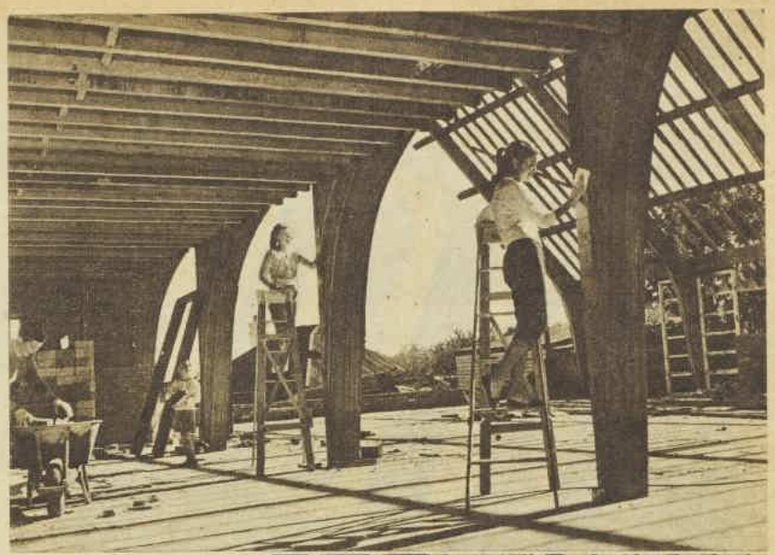
Family from U.S.

Les Hawthorn, a 43-year-old Mormon builder, gave up his business in Los Angeles to come to Australia for two years as a labor missionary.

With him came his wife, Edith, and two younger daughters, Barbara, aged 17, and pony-tailed Janey, a gum-chewing 12-year-old, who wears lipstick at weekends, but wipes it off when she attends classes at Willoughby Girls' High School.

Apart from the Greenwich chapel, Mormons have built or are building 19 chapels throughout Australia.

Among the voluntary laborers at Greenwich is a great - grandmother, Mrs. James Parton, aged 68.



GIRLS in pedal-pushers. Onita Ermann, 11 (left), and American teenager Janey Hawthorn, 12, sandpaper the soaring trusses which roof the Mormon chapel. Looking on is five-year-old David Moore, while Janice Ermann stacks bricks into a wheelbarrow.

Youngest helper is five-year-old David Moore, who "tidies-up" by picking up debris.

District president Henry Ermann has his whole family working on the project — his wife and two daughters, Janice, 16, and Onita, 11.

Two young American helpers are Allen Erekson, 18, and Tom Erekson, 15, sons of Zelph Y. Erekson, president of the whole Australian Mission.

Though the building has progressed rapidly since the site was dedicated on March 9, the voluntary builders plan to work even harder, because they intend to have it completed on September 26.



STACKING and cleaning bricks are, from left, housewives Janet Batchelor, Mrs. James Parton (a great-grandmother), Margaret Bellot, Shirley Moore, and Beverley Cook.

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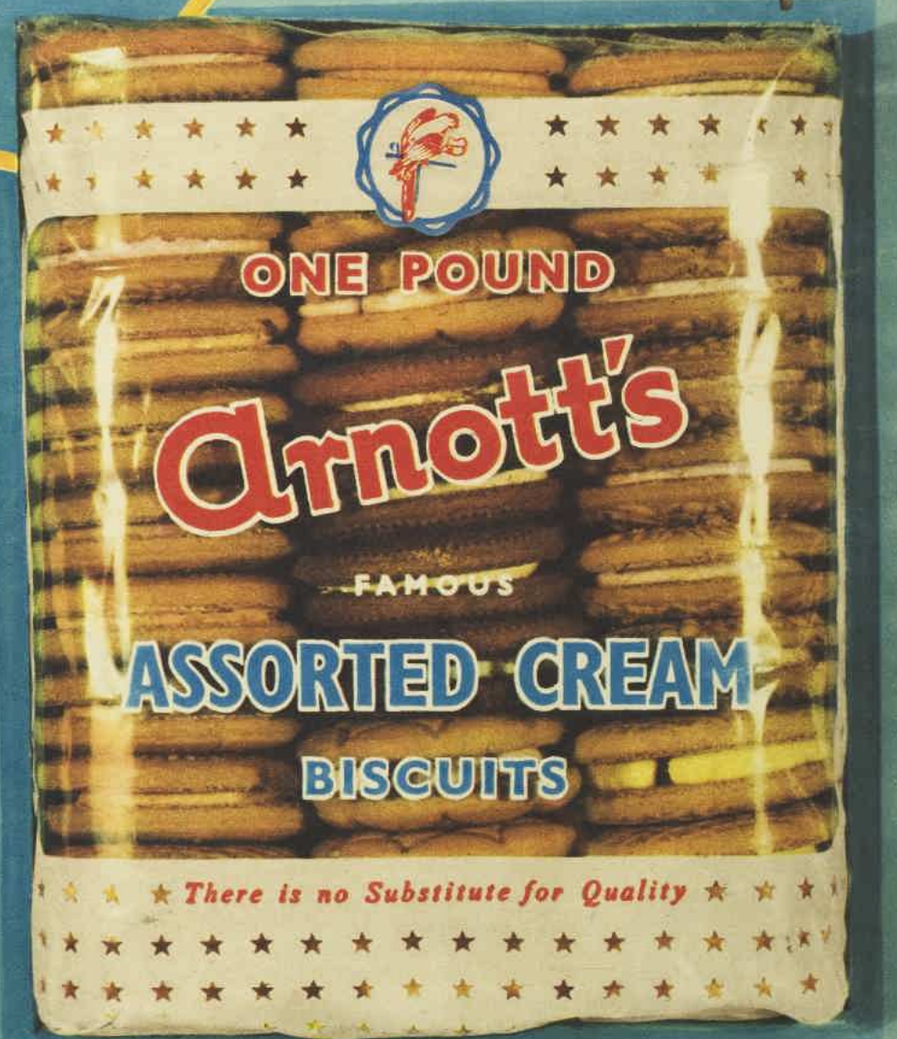
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THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

● The breakers roll in at Greenmount Beach, Coolangatta, the most southern of the Gold Coast resorts that every winter attract thousands of visitors who "follow the sun" to Queensland. With southern capitals only hours away by air, the winter tourist season is very popular in Queensland, and resorts suit almost every taste. Coolangatta, which is at the Queensland-New South Wales



border, is a playground for those who enjoy swimming, boating, fishing, water ski-ing, or just sitting in the sun. Gold Coast resorts —including Tugun, Currumbin, Burleigh Heads, Broadbeach, Surfers' Paradise, Southport — stretch along the ocean for 20 miles, backed by the blue peaks of the Macpherson Range in the Lamington National Park. This picture is by G. Fenton, of Sydney.

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N151

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

LET'S have a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Adults! Its aims would be to give us a fair go at such social functions as dances, cocktail parties, late picture-shows, etc. What bliss to see a good film without someone just behind saying, "What's he doing, Mummy, what's he doing?" all the time. Imagine, too, the joy of a party where the main performers are not children — not to mention being able to get a plate of salad at a wedding reception before someone drops their dummy in it! I'm all for having children and I adore my two, but I think their place is at home in bed after 8 p.m., and I wish everyone else felt the same. Then adults could enjoy one another's company free from distraction.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Joan Law, c/o Department of Civil Aviation, Derby, W.A.

EVERY husband should allot, at the beginning of winter and summer, money according to his means to his wife for her new season's wardrobe. Some wives practically go on their knees begging for money for a new hat or frock. The husband eventually gives in, grudgingly, for the sake of peace. No woman should have to humble herself before her husband for things she needs — which, as wife and mother, are her right.

10/6 to Mrs. C. Murphy, Houghton, S.A.

MAY I suggest a "jar evening" for brides-to-be? As a newlywed I was constantly looking for jars and bottles for jams, preserves, chutneys, and sauces. The guests could bring several empty jars and perhaps one filled with their favorite home-made product and the recipe for same. In these days of rising costs many wives try their hand at these things, and the jars and recipes would be most acceptable.

10/6 to Mrs. S. Smith, 16 Trimmer Terrace, Unley, S.A.

ONE of the impressions formed during a recent visit to Singapore was that Australian shopkeepers and assistants could learn much in civility and service from Asians. On entering Asians' shops you are first shown to a chair and then invariably asked if you would care for a cool drink. When you are at ease, it's down to business. How different here, where I have often stood for some minutes before an assistant finally condescends to come forward.

10/6 to Mrs. Dorothy Brown, 122 The Strand, Bedford Park, W.A.

IN summertime we see a bevy of neat, smartly attired women hurrying off to tennis, their crisp white frocks or shorts just right for the day's sport. But what happens in winter? The most oddly clad players appear — in slacks, heavy skirts, jumpers, even overcoats. Are our sportswear designers so lacking in imagination that they are unable to come forth with a suitable warm outfit?

10/6 to Mrs. M. Curson, 45 Corea Road, Sylvania, N.S.W.

SOME parents put all the onus of education on to the schoolteacher. Good manners, courtesy, punctuality, cleanliness, and respect for elders should be taught at home as soon as a child is able to understand. Many parents have no sense of responsibility or the duties of parenthood.

10/6 to Mrs. Nicholas Stanley, Parklands Ave., Somers, Vic.

MAY I plead with people answering the phone at home please to give their number or say "this is the residence of so-and-so" instead of just saying "hello." Then the person with three pennies trembling at the point of no return has a chance of retrieving them if the dialling has been incorrect. There is nothing so infuriating as to lose the last of one's pennies merely to have a stranger admonish: "You have the wrong number." The call could be urgent, so — number, please!

10/6 to E. Mavis Riding, c/o Mrs. J. R. Vagg, 28 Ireton Street, Malabar, N.S.W.

Gloves For Men

IN reply to "Teenage Dancer" (16/7/'58), who suggests men should wear cotton gloves at dances. Recently at a private party one lone boy wore such gloves and was criticised by many of the girls for being unorthodox. One lass even asked whether there was something wrong with his hands. It is a pity that a boy's thoughtfulness should be dampened by such an ill-mannered group of girls.

10/6 to Mrs. W. Knight, Tinamba, Vic.

Family affairs

I HAVE found that my three children, aged 5, 4, and 3, often become too tired by evening to do their little chores good humoredly, so recently I introduced the old game "Simon says" with great success. I start off with a few easy ones, such as "Simon says hands on heads," etc., then pop in a chore, "Simon says put your bikes away," and so on until the chores are done. The children like a turn at being "Simon," too.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. G. Kirkbride, 56 Burns Street, Hamilton, Vic.

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

I WATCHED two teams of insurance office girls playing lunch-hour basketball yesterday.

Some lively girls from a life-insurance company defeated some fiery girls from a fire-insurance company.

They looked very cute, capering about in their short skirts.

I noticed that most of the spectators were men — all keen students of basketball, no doubt.

The insurance companies take a great pride in their basketball teams.

There was a stir lately when Universal Mutual lured Dolly Leaper, a star forward, away from Gibraltar Fire and Accident. They gave her a top job in their burglary department with free hair-sets.

At Mammoth Life any girl who plays basketball can get special insurance for her relations.

They issued a policy on Marlene McShute's Uncle Charlie (she is their leading goal-thrower), although his intemperate habits made him a bad risk.

He died three months later, but the company didn't worry, as Marlene was in top form.

LIFE AND FIRE

Jupiter General paid a big transfer fee for Poppy Darting. They have given her a job in the Pluvius branch, although she barely has enough sense to come in out of the rain.

The sheer energy of these girls is



what compels my admiration.

How wonderful to be able to play a strenuous game in the lunch-hour, then go back and cope with insurance policies. Ah, youth! Ah, basketball!

I was talking about it to some friends of mine who have lunch in a hotel bar near the office.

"It might do us good to play basketball in the lunch hour," I said.

They looked at me as if I had gone mad.

They said I couldn't stand up to it, and perhaps they were right.

I can picture the editor of The Australian Women's Weekly sending for me one afternoon.

Her secretary returns, white-faced: "We can't wake Mr. Campbell. He's lying slumped over his typewriter. He's all in after his lunch-hour basketball."

"I do wish he'd give it up."

"But the firm needs him! He's our best dribbler."

A doctor is called. After examining me he says gravely: "I'm afraid you will never play basketball again . . ."

Still, I intend to keep it up as a spectator sport.

I am backing Jupiter General to beat Austral Marine and Fire tomorrow.

Poppy Darting, the Jupiter star, is in great fettle.

She is being coached by her department manager, who is an expert at the underhand pass, and her guarding is very good. It has to be.

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The Dark Enchantment

WITHOUT expecting any reply, HARRIET GODDEN answers an advertisement which appears regularly in a London paper. It sounds almost too good to be true: "Gentleman requires companion for wife. Every comfort, lovely surroundings. Car provided. No housework." Her application is accepted and with certain misgivings she leaves London for the country, where she meets MAJOR CHARLES STEWART, known as Lead, who takes her to the comfortable farmhouse where he and his wife, LIANE, and his aunt, MRS. ANSON, live.

Harriet is surprised that Liane is only 20 and very beautiful. Lead tells Harriet that she was badly shocked in a car accident in Ireland in which her father, an impecunious but famous Irish poet, was killed and that she is not allowed to drive. Harriet finds herself mystified by the strange household and finds even stranger her duties. She is told by Lead that she must watch Liane continuously, and never let her out of her sight, for she has a habit of running away. Lead and Liane appear to be perfectly devoted to each other, although Lead treats her like a child. However, Harriet is astonished to notice that he does not reproach her when she is openly rude to MR. EDWARDS a frequent visitor to the house.

Harriet finds that time drags heavily. Writing letters to FAY PETERS the girl with whom she shared a flat in London, is one way of passing the days. Harriet and Liane also work at embroidery, but one afternoon while they are sewing Harriet falls asleep and when she wakes up Liane has disappeared. NOW READ ON:

Second instalment of our dramatic serial

By AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP

AT first I was not over-anxious. She often went up to her room. I had only to call after her and remind her to come back and she dutifully reappeared. But that day because I had fallen asleep I had not told her to return. After about three-quarters of an hour I went to look for her.

I went to the kitchen first. Cook was red-faced from the heat of the range, and her child was teasing a box full of kittens between the table legs. He was a sly-eyed, witch-faced child.

"Have you seen Mrs. Stewart, Cookie?"

"Not since she came in for coffee, miss."

I tried the lower part of the house. Then I went upstairs. I looked in her bedroom, in Lead's, which adjoined hers, in Annie's room, and in mine. I even went up to the loft. The sleepy stillness about Shap Hundred gave it a hollow feeling. I began to be slightly uneasy. When I met Annie returning from shopping I began to grow really afraid.

She made no effort to hide her alarm. Her voice sounded sharp and her vagueness was gone.

"My dear child! You haven't let her go?"

I told her what had happened. I had never heard her speak sternly before. "You've been exceedingly careless. The first place to look is the garage. Heavens, if those cars weren't locked! It's the Jaguar she tries to get at."

"But, Annie, would she . . ."

"She's not allowed to drive. That's why Lead keeps the old Ford going. Even so, he keeps the keys pinned in his pocket. But if ever he was forgetful she couldn't get much speed up in that. The keys of the brake and the Jaguar are usually locked away."

Both the cars were safe in the garage and Lead himself had gone out in the Ford. "Thank heavens," Annie said. "Now where do you usually go for your walks?"

"Down by the church and the mill-stream, and Chafers Hill or to Box Copse or Winfield. We don't go much farther than that."

"All right. I'll get hold of Stevens and Perridge to do Chafers and Box Copse and you and I will tackle Winfield."

I said, "But, Annie, surely she'll come in for lunch."

Annie shook her head. I followed her down to the kitchen with a nasty little fluttering round the heart. She sent for the gardeners, Stevens and Perridge, and she sent cook for some stable lads. "Tell them to comb the grounds thoroughly, Cook."

Cook looked at me reproachfully and her witch-faced child just stared. Then we set off for Winfield. My legs felt as if I had not used them for a very long time.

"We must get her back before Lead comes in, my dear. He's gone to Stretfield, hasn't he?"

"Yes, I think so, Annie."

"Good. Well, we've got some time. We'll do the village last."

Hicks Stanton was a grey little bundle of cottages, so small that they might have been a collection of stones that had tumbled off the church tower and clustered round about it.

Annie was trying to talk cheerfully. "She's probably gone down to Kinnismere Row. She's got some buddies there. She loves talking to country folk."

"Then why don't we try them first?"

"Because Lead doesn't like it. He hates people to know that we're looking for her, especially people near home."

I was a very fast walker, but Annie outpaced me easily. I had to jogtrot to keep abreast.

"Annie — in what way is she likely to come to any harm?"

"She's a beautiful girl," Annie reminded me. "Lead is afraid for her on the roads."

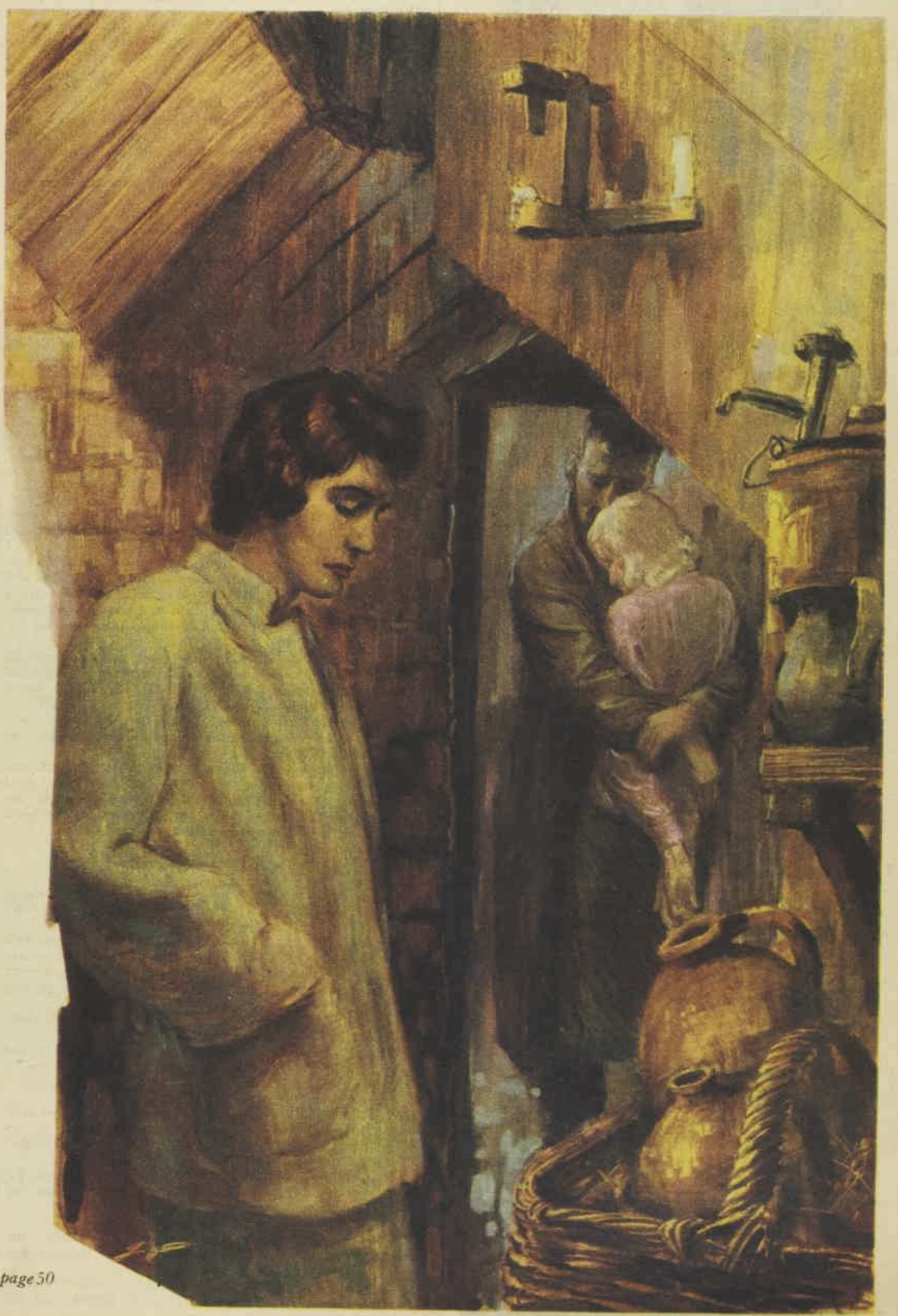
"Yes, I know, but I mean — well. Major Stewart told me she loses her memory sometimes. But surely someone in the village would see her home."

"She goes too far afield for that.". There was a look of reproach from Annie then.

The sun was quite strong on the road and a lark was singing.

"That man Edwards is coming for lunch. Lead won't forgive us for that."

I thought it was kind of Annie to include herself. I must



Harriet averted her face in embarrassment when she saw Liane held fast in Lead's affectionate embrace.

To page 50

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MONEY IN THE BANK

The trouble all began when George suddenly won thirty thousand pounds and started spending it

GEORGE STREETER took the call in the manager's office. Mr. Truman was watching and listening, though he pretended to have his eyes fixed on the sales floor, where another assistant was now trying to sell the bedroom suite which George had been eulogising when his wife rang up.

Mr. Truman said mildly, when George put down the receiver: "As you know, we don't encourage private calls, but your wife said it was urgent. No trouble, I hope?"

"Trouble?" said George Streeter. "No. I've just won thirty thousand pounds."

"Oh dear!" Mr. Truman said.

George sat down. Mr. Truman said: "Oh dear!" again, then rubbed his chin, breathed on his glasses, and opened a small cupboard beside his desk. He took out a bottle, carefully poured two half-glasses, waited a decent interval till George was capable of drinking, and then said: "Well, cheers!"

"Happy day!" said George.

"I don't have to wish you that," Mr. Truman told him mournfully. "Money is said to be a great evil, but we have to take the experts' word for it. Few of us can say from personal experience." He gave George a cigarette. "I realise it's early yet to ask, but will you be leaving us?"

"No," George said. "I know just what I'm going to do. I've had it worked out for years . . ."

George went home by bus at the usual time. He lived in a terrace house with four square yards of sooty garden in front and ten square yards behind. He opened the door and sniffed. Being a careful man, he ate midday sandwiches at a milk-bar and had a late meal on returning home. The sniff, an habitual one, told him it was ready.

Jess was standing just inside the sitting-room. Like George, she was in the middle thirties, though the rich red of her teens had turned rusty-grey. Her pleasant face was curiously flat and expressionless.

"I thought you'd have come home early," she said.

"Why?"

"Well, it isn't every day——"

"No," said George, "it isn't, but I've had everything worked out for years. What's to eat?"

He munched for twenty minutes, staring at the tablecloth. Then he got up and looked at himself in the mirror. He was a pale, slight man, and he seemed to have left his youth a long way behind. He stooped a little, and he was a bit short-sighted. He was the sort of man nature turns out by the million.

But he wasn't like the other nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand-odd any more. He was worth thirty thousand pounds.

He realised it now for the first time. He whirled round and grabbed Jess' shoulders. "It's true?" he said hoarsely.

Jess nodded. She was crying. George dropped into a chair. "I've known ever since Saturday night there'd be a bit," he said. "But thirty thousand . . ."

The door opened and Maureen slipped in. They had decided to tell her nothing yet. There was no point: she'd be too young to understand. Maureen was six years old, too pale, perhaps a little too thin. Now, George thought, they'd be able to get out. Some place with a nice garden. That would be good for the girl.

"You've not said anything to Mr. Prossor?"

Jess shook her head.

"Don't. He'll find out soon enough. We'll see to things tomorrow. I'm taking the day off. I told Truman I wouldn't be in."

George was staring at the tablecloth again. For years he'd stared at it when he'd been filling in his coupons. He'd said to himself defensively: Well, somebody's got to get it, haven't they? He'd planned that they'd have a nice house, a nice little car.

He began making notes with shaking fingers. After a while, Jess asked him what was wrong.

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing much. But you'd be surprised what a big hole it makes."

"A big hole what makes?"

"All the things we've talked about."

"You can make a big hole in all that money," Jess said, "and it will still leave a nice bit round the edges."

"We'll have a word with Tenter first. The bank manager. He'll advise us what to do."

"There are one or two things I would like, George. I'd like a perm, and I'd like to . . . do something about my face."

"What?" asked George.

Jess started to reply but didn't go on. It was funny, she thought, how quickly a man forgot what he married you for . . .

It was after nine o'clock when Mr. Prossor came in. He ate with them and slept in the top attic. It helped, and his pension just covered it. Mr. Prossor had been a shipping clerk, but that was a long time ago.

He was wearing his old, greenish coat, and carried two books. He must have borrowed half the books in the public library by now.

"It's a nice evening," Mr. Prossor said. "You can feel spring in the wind." His moustache and eyebrows seemed to merge into a mask as he smiled. It was a smile for Maureen and she responded quickly to it. She ran across the room and pressed against Mr. Prossor's coat and he smoothed her hair.

George Streeter watched uncertainly. Then he glanced at the books Mr. Prossor had brought: "Travels In Tibet" and "Moral Consequences of Economic Theory." He didn't understand old Prossor, and he wasn't sure that he liked Maureen being so fond of him. That was another good reason for getting away.

George and Jess went out next morning as soon as Maureen left for school. By now George was fully alive to his good luck. He was a man with thirty thousand pounds in his pocket. In fact, if it hadn't been for an odd twinge of doubt at the back of his mind, like an unscratchable itch, he could have thought it was the happiest day of his life.

They went to the bank first and George arranged for the manager to call on them that evening to discuss the question of investment. Their next call was at Rustington and Bramleys, the estate agents.

"It's about a house," George said brusquely. For years he had imagined himself saying that to an estate agent one day.

"Ah, yes!" Mr. Rustington gave George a keen glance. "A moderately priced semi, perhaps? I've several on the list, sir. Good mortgages can remain on most of them, of course. Now——"

"I'm not interested in mortgages," George said. "If you've any doubts on that point, give Mr. Tenter at the Urban Bank a ring."

"Ah, Mr. Tenter!" Mr. Rustington's glance was not so keen now. It was appreciative, understanding. "I see I'm talking to a man after my own heart. Who wants a monkey on the rent for twenty years, eh?"

George and Jess, talking things over the night before, had agreed that two thousand was a reasonable sum. Certainly not more than two and a half. George told Mr. Rustington that now.

"And it's got to be in a decent district," he stipulated.

"Moor Edge, perhaps? Or Westwood? We've some nice places at Canby Woods, too—a trifle on the large side, perhaps. We've also got a most desirable country property—paddock, orchard, well-stocked garden."

"I don't want to be too far out," George said.

A quarter of an hour later Mr. Rustington marched smartly up the gravel drive of the Westwood house and opened the front door. "Couldn't have anything much more compact than this," he said. "Lounge commanding spacious view, commodious dining-room, well-fitted little kitchen . . ."

Their footsteps rang hollow in the empty rooms.

"I don't like the way it faces north," Jess said.

"Useful place for coals, outdoor toilet supplementing the one upstairs adjacent to the bathroom," intoned Mr. Rustington. He opened and closed the back door as if anxious to prove that it worked.

"North winds," said Jess, "are treacherous."

"Half-landing — the bathroom through to the left. Linen cupboard — you'll appreciate the way they're situated, madam."

"I never did like a place exposed to the north," Jess said.

The house at Moor Edge was built of red brick and had a soggy garden.

"Usefully stocked with soft fruits and berries," Mr. Rustington said brightly.

"And nettles," George added.

"It doesn't look like it does in the picture," Jess said.

"It's a knock-down price," Mr. Rustington murmured.

"I still don't like it," Jess objected. "I just don't see our Maureen here . . ."

At Canby Woods the gardens were all they should be. There was a school nearby; or, as Mr. Rustington said, conveniently adjacent. The best of the available properties faced south, the price was four thousand five hundred.

They settled for 6 Brook Drive, Canby Woods.



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Appealing story of a young couple and their unexpected wealth . . . By THURMAN WARRINER

They had lunch at the Queen's. It was the first time they'd ever done that, and the coffee was extra. Then they decided to look at cars.

"What I have in mind," George said, "is a good second-hand model."

"We must study running costs."

"That's right. Not too big."

They were met in the marble-floored glass-walled car showroom by an urbane gentleman who washed his hands in invisible water.

"I want an inexpensive little car," George said. "Nothing flashy. Something I can use at weekends."

They strolled towards the used-car department. They looked at a dozen, lifting bonnets and peering into boots.

"Say what you like," George said, "I'm still struck on the first one we looked at."

"You certainly can't go wrong with it, sir. Not at that price."

"I don't like the look of those tyres," Jess said.

"A nice roomy car, madam. Plenty of space for the family."

"We've only got one, George, look at those tyres before you decide."

George got down on one knee.

"Tyres, of course, can be replaced," the salesman said.

"They're certainly showing a bit of wear," George agreed.

"And a new set of tyres — well, I might as well get a new car and have done with it."

"There's something in that, sir." The salesman brightened. "When all's said and done, a new car is an investment, whereas a used one . . ."

They came out of the showroom at half-past two, and the salesman placed a large sold ticket on a brand-new duck-egg blue saloon at one thousand two hundred pounds.

Meanwhile, George and Jess were heading for the toy shop in High Street. They went into the basement.

"I've had my eye on this for months," George said. "Always thought that if I dropped in for a packet I'd buy it for Maureen."

It was an enormous rocking-horse, a veritable war-horse of a rocking-horse in plastic and chrome. You sat on it, pressed a button, and the horse began to rear and buck most realistically.

"I can just imagine our Maureen on that," Jess said.

"Can you deliver it in half an hour?"

"We'll send a van right away, sir."

They got home at half-past three. Ten minutes later the delivery van stopped at the door and the horse was carried into the front room. It was all ready for action when Maureen came in.

She looked at the horse in awe.

"Get on," George said. "Climb up on its back."

She climbed, very carefully. He hoisted her over and told her to sit tight. Then he pressed the button and the horse began to rock and buck, while George laughed loudly.

"Bet you've never seen anything like that," he roared. "Sit tight, Maurie!"

Up and down, bumpety-bump. George didn't hear the door open behind him.

"George!" shouted Jess. "Can't you see she's crying? Turn the thing off."

Behind Jess, Mr. Prossor was standing in the doorway.

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Jess and George watched as Maureen hugged the book which Mr. Prossor had given her.



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"Every school day's a washday for a mother of ten"

Says Mrs. J. Charlton, of Beverly Hills, N.S.W.:

"Getting ten children out of the house each morning is quite a task," says happy little Mrs. Charlton. "And of course I can never expect the youngsters to look neat and tidy when they come home."

"Naturally there's always washing to be done . . . and every day I'm thankful all over again for Rinso. I can count on those wonderful suds to get everything as white and bright as can be — and clothes wear so well, too, when they're washed in Rinso."

You'll love the brand-new brightness Rinso can put in everything *you* wash, too. It's those richer, softer Rinso suds that do it . . . your wash is simply dazzling with cleanliness. Yet mild Rinso suds keep your hands soft and pretty, always.



BRAND-NEW BRIGHTNESS WITH RINSO's RICHER, SOFTER SUDS

RINSO IS THE ONLY PRODUCT RECOMMENDED BY THE MAKERS OF ALL WASHING MACHINES — AND THAT'S A REAL GUARANTEE!



Best for clothes . . . Best in your washe

Richer, softer Rinso suds give best results i your machine . . . and they give your precio washer the gentle care it deserves.

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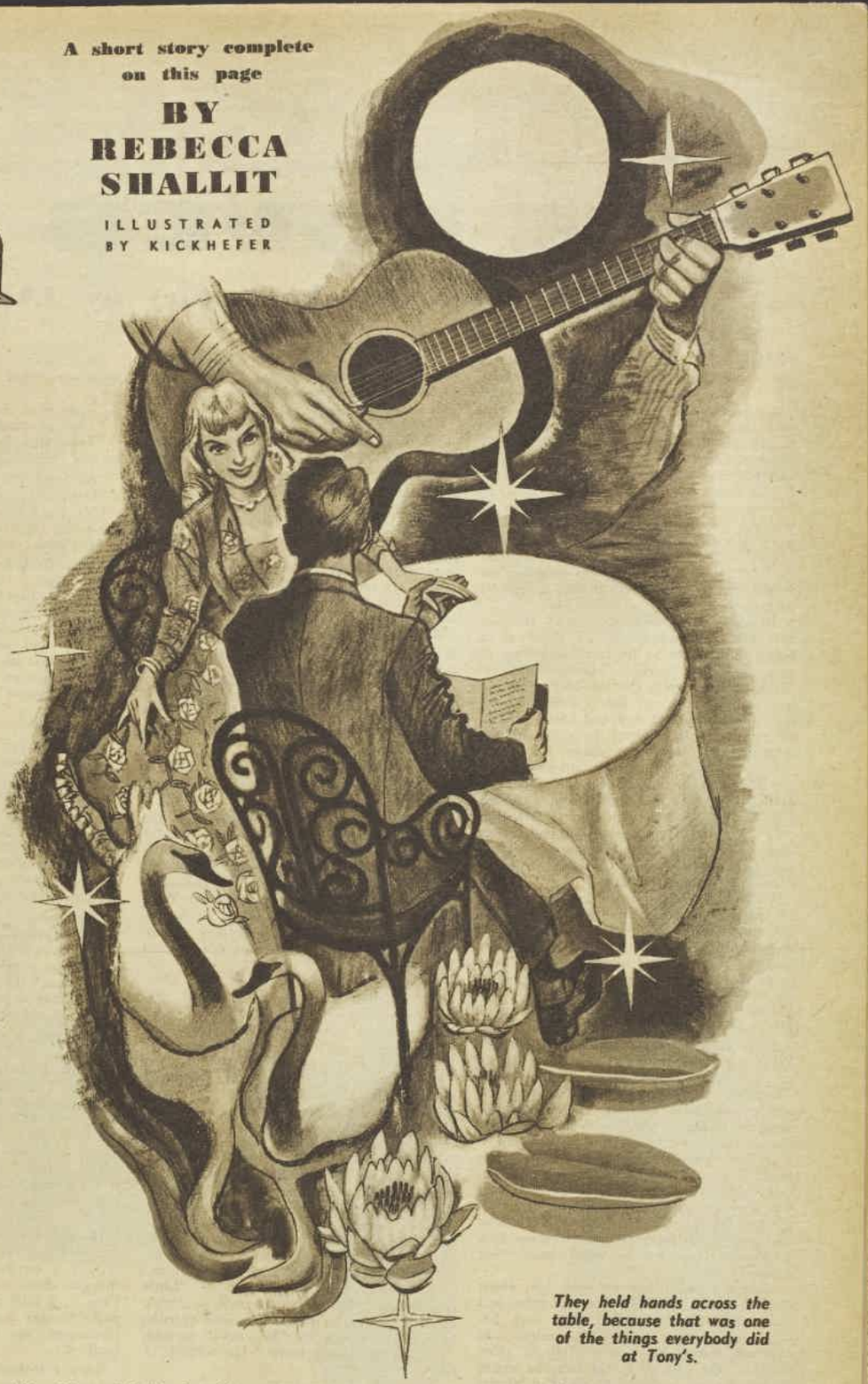
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Viewing the moon

A short story complete on this page

BY REBECCA SHALLIT

ILLUSTRATED BY KICKHEFER



They held hands across the table, because that was one of the things everybody did at Tony's.

THE headwaiter bowed as though they were old customers and ushered them to a table for two with a view of the lake. Marny pulled off her gloves one finger at a time and glanced around. The hillbilly guitarist was roving the room singing softly of Barbara Allen. Candle flames glimmered at the tables. And in the lake among the water-lilies the white swans fed, their feathers reflecting pink light from the setting sun.

It was all exactly the way the older girls had described it.

"Old Man Almanac promises a moon tonight. After all, when you come to Tony's you don't want to miss the moonlight. Right?" Johnny Woods said, with the air of one who had been here before. He watched the white swans feeding.

"Pretty good view of the lake from here, huh?"

"Terrif," Marny said. She folded her hands in her lap and stared with self-conscious rapture at the view.

The waiter brought them bread sticks in a woven basket. Johnny Woods broke the top bread stick in two and handed half to Marny.

"Saludos!" Johnny Woods said. Solemnly they crossed bread sticks.

This is the way it begins, Marny thought. Coming to Tony's with a boy. Crossing bread sticks together. For luck. And later, maybe, holding hands across the table while the sunset dissolved into moonlight . . .

Viewing the Moon, the older girls called it. Not that there actually had to be a moon in the sky the night you came to Tony's with a boy you liked.

It was just a phrase, the older girls said. But once you had Viewed the Moon, they said, you knew simply and suddenly what it was all about. And until that had happened you were strictly an infant and still belonged with the hopscotch and jumping-rope crowd.

Marny took a deep breath to calm herself. Sometimes, when she got too excited, she couldn't eat. And the older girls raved about the food at Tony's.

Johnny Woods consulted the menu. Briefly. Either you'd been to Tony's before and knew what the older crowd always ordered or you hadn't.

"You—you want the lobster dinner, Marny?" he asked her.

"My mouth drools at the very thought," Marny said. She hoped the older girls were right when they said a lobster wasn't as hard to crack as it looked. But when she peeked at the price of the dinner she almost fainted. She faltered and glanced at Johnny Woods. He looked a bit pale, too. But he had already summoned the waiter.

"Two lobster dinners," Johnny Woods said.

"You want two lobster dinners? Complete?" the waiter said. He leaned a confidential elbow on the table.

"Listen, sonny. Why don't you kids split an order between you? I bring hors-d'oeuvre, ravoli, soup, two vegs, the lobster, all the etceteras, you order another dessert and coffee and you're all set. Only difference, it costs less. Get it?"

Marny wanted to die. The waiter was treating Johnny Woods like a—kid. Too young to bring a girl to Tony's. But Johnny merely smiled.

"Pops, when I bring a girl to Tony's, I'm prepared to pay the price. Get it?" Johnny Woods said. "The order stands."

"Okay." The waiter shrugged. "What you want for the first course?"

Blindfolded, Marny could have ordered. The onion soup, natch. The lobster, absolutely. And Tony's famous lime chiffon pie for dessert. The waiter wrote it all down and departed.

The sun disappeared behind the lake, and the hors-d'oeuvre came to the table. The ravioli followed.

Moonlight shone silver upon the lake, and the onion soup appeared. Marny sipped carefully. She guessed you had to get used to onion soup.

Then the lobster arrived. Broiled and brilliant, split down the middle, the biggest lobster Marny had ever seen—except for the one staring up from Johnny Woods' plate.

"You have to admit they don't stint on the food here," Johnny said.

"They—they certainly don't," Marny said. After that, they hewed the rest of the way in silence. The waiter cleared away and brought the lime chiffon pie and coffee, and the hillbilly guitarist strolled over to their table and sang of Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy Bell.

Johnny Woods and Marny held hands across the table. Because that was one of the things you came to Tony's for. And whatever song the troubadour sang that night, you and the boy who had brought you always called that "our song" forever afterwards.

Marny sighed. Her head was beginning to ache. She had crossed bread sticks with a boy and held hands by moonlight and they had a song to remember.

But whatever it was you were supposed to know, suddenly and simply, at such a moment Marny guessed she'd never find out.

She looked at her lime chiffon pie rising like pale green foam out of its pastry shell, and turned pale green herself. An older girl she knew passed by their table. She took one look at Marny's face and stopped.

"Why, hello there, Marny," she said. "You're just the girl I want to see. Come along and let's powder our noses."

She led Marny to the powder-room. "Butterflies roaming around inside? Wash your face in cold water and put on fresh lipstick and you'll be all right." She waited while Marny obeyed. "Better now?"

Marny nodded. "I guess maybe a whole lobster was too much for me."

"You mean nobody tipped you off about splitting an order when you come to Tony's?" the older girl said. "Oh, well, cheer up. There has to be a first time for everything. But what were you two infants doing here?"

"Viewing the Moon, I guess," Marny said dully.

"Oh, Marny baby!" the older girl said. "Don't you know you can't just decide to View the Moon? It's something that just—happens. When you're ready for it. And when it does, you don't have to guess. You know."

"Oh," Marny said. "I've been foolish, I suppose. I had just naturally thought that when a boy asked you to dinner at Tony's it meant he wanted you to be the one to—" and her voice just trailed away into the wadded handkerchief she held to her eyes as the tears spilled over.

The older girl patted her shoulder and muttered, "Never mind, Marny. One day it will all come right. Come along now, Johnny will be wondering what's happened to you."

When she came back to their table, Johnny Woods was sitting with his chin slumped in his hands. So she knew some older boy had wised him up.

She wished she could think of some way to comfort him. Because she did—like Johnny Woods. A lot.

"Johnny?" she said softly. "I—I think it was terrif of you to order a whole lobster dinner for me, just because it was my first time here. But I'm petrified at what it must have cost!"

"What's a lousy couple of bucks?" Johnny Woods said. But he looked up. She saw that his eyes were overbright. "Listen, Marny, don't you know I'd—I'd personally fish up every lobster from the bay for you? If that was what you wanted?"

"Would you, Johnny?" she whispered.

"Yeah, I sure would, Marny," Johnny Woods said.

They looked at each other, Marny had never known the moonlight could be so beautiful. And all the love songs of the world were in the ballad the troubadour was singing.

"So, next time I bring you to Tony's I'll know enough to split an order between us," Johnny Woods said, grinning. "Now how about eating some of that nice expensive pie?"

Marny ate her pie. It tasted divine. And when she looked at Johnny Woods her veins sang with the knowledge of what it was all about. But for some crazy reason her throat suddenly felt tight with nostalgia for that younger Marny who had come here tonight.

Because she knew something else now, too, that the older girls hadn't mentioned. Even if you wanted to, Marny knew now, you could never go back to the hopscotch and jumping-rope set—once you had Viewed the Moon.

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SHE LOVES ME...
SHE LOVES ME NOT

A lighthearted short story by JANE and GLEN SIRE

THE day I came home and found Marsh Hammond sitting on my front porch I was wearing my terrible jeans and Sammy's old sweat shirt. It seems to be one of the absolutely dependable rules of my life that whenever anything exciting happens in it I am wearing my terrible jeans and Sammy's old sweat shirt.

This time I was also carrying an enormous bag of groceries, of all repellent things (I had just been to the store for Mother), and when I came around the corner and saw Marsh sitting there, I quietly went right back around the corner again and sank weakly down on the kerb behind a friendly palm tree.

It was partly shock and partly the fact that Marsh Hammond is not the kind of boy a girl wants to be carrying a bag of groceries when meeting. Marsh Hammond is, to put it simply, the best-looking boy I have ever seen in my life. I couldn't have been more surprised if I had found Ulysses sitting on my front porch in a loincloth. I mean, I had never met either.

I simply sat there for a moment, letting the full shock of it spill over me, and wondering whether I had lipstick on. (Though I have been in love with Sammy Hastings for many years, there is a certain basic effect that a boy like Marsh Hammond has on any girl, if she is a girl.) Then I peered cautiously around the palm.

Maybe, I thought, it's a hallucination. (Marsh Hammond was the type of hallucination any sensitive, normal young girl might very easily have.) But he was still there, lounging magnificently across our front steps in an Ivy League jacket, a deep tan, and an air of negligent amusement. Just looking at him was an experience, and for a moment I just sat there, sort of drinking him in.

Then a new thought struck me. Sammy! What would he think? Nervously I peered past our house to the Hastings', next door. There was no sign of Sammy, but he might appear at any moment, and suddenly, beautiful as Marsh was, I wished passionately that he were not sitting on my doorstep.

In the week that he had been at Glendale High (his family had moved over from the other side of town) Marsh Hammond had had a violent and rather terrifying effect on the love life of the entire school. Girls who had gone steady for years had taken one look at Marsh Hammond and gone quietly but definitely ape.

Norma Gillison had followed him about the halls for three days at a slow dogtrot, and when Tom Lea, who had gone with her since junior high, finally got jealous and objected, Norma had absent-mindedly given him his ring back and told him she would always think of him as a friend. And Norma and Tom weren't the only ones, either.

In the past week three different couples had broken up in fights over Marsh Hammond, to say nothing of those who were still going together but not speaking. If Sammy came out and found Marsh Hammond sitting on my doorstep, he would absolutely flip.

Actually, I had no idea why Marsh was there—I didn't even know him—but Sammy would never believe that. He would kill me!

Just thinking about Sammy was enough to make up my mind. I picked up my groceries and hurried back around the corner and down the walk. Marsh Hammond, I decided firmly, would have to go.

I came briskly up to the house, smiling a cool, unwelcome smile, and trying to look poised, or as poised as possible, while glancing nervously over my shoulder at the Hastings house.

"Hello," I said.

He didn't get up, just grinned up at me. "Hi," he said, in the lazy, don't-care way of a man who is sure he is so attractive that it doesn't matter the slightest bit what he says.

I climbed the steps, my legs practically brushing his nose, but he didn't move. I looked down at him. "Are you tired?" I said politely.

He just laughed.

"I don't mean to pry," I said coolly, "but do you mind telling me what you are doing on my porch?"

Marsh climbed gradually to his feet. "I'm Marsh Hammond," he said simply, as though it explained everything.

"That's nice," I said. I waited.

He looked at me curiously. "You know," he said, "I get the feeling that you don't like me much." I could see that, to him, it was an astonishing thought.

"Well," I said, "I wouldn't worry about it. I'm sure dogs and children are crazy about you."

I turned and swept haughtily into the house, which would have been quite effective if I hadn't tripped on the step and practically fallen on my face, except that actually it wouldn't have been my face but the other way around, if Marsh hadn't caught me. Well, it is hard to be haughty when a man is holding you in his arms, especially a man like Marsh, so for a moment I just relaxed and enjoyed it.

It was a fascinating moment when absolutely anything could have happened, and then something did.

"Hey, man!" said this familiar voice. "She seems to have given you quite a tumble."

I gasped. There, not six inches away, was Sammy's interested, freckled face, peering at me over Marsh's shoulder!

"Oh," I said, rather weakly, I suppose. "Oh—oh, hello, Sammy——" Then I struggled to my feet. "Sammy," I said frantically, "Sammy, this is Marsh Hammond. Marsh, this is Sammy—Marsh just happened to be dropping by," I babbled—then I stopped. Nobody was paying any attention to me.

"Hello, old buddy," Sammy was saying to Marsh, grinning.

"You're late," Marsh said reproachfully.

"I know," Sammy apologised. "Little trouble with the bomb," he said, gesturing towards his car, in which, I realised dazedly, he had just driven up. "Say, man," he said, "you got the wrong house." He nodded. "I live next door."

"Oh," Marsh said, looking at me, "a fortunate goof, I must say, old man. I thought this was your mother." He grinned. "She has such an open, welcoming face."

Sammy patted me casually on top of the head. "No," he said, "this chick is more than a mother to me." He looked at me. "Marsh and I are working out at the Y pool," he explained. "Like to ask you along," he said, "but I'm afraid it would give the squad quite a shake——"

"Thanks just the same," I said coldly, realising with shock that Sammy didn't seem the least bit perturbed at having found me in Marsh's arms. There was, I decided grimly, little need to worry about Sammy's jealousy.

"Well, then," Sammy said to Marsh, "I guess we better motate. Time is running out."

"Time is of the essence," Marsh said.

"Time is money," Sammy said, nodding.

"Time must have a stop." Marsh turned to me. "Shakespeare," he explained.

"An English poet," Sammy added kindly.

"Dead now," Marsh said.

"See you," Sammy said to me as, with a wave, he clattered down the steps.

They both got into the car and drove away.

I just stood, for a long time, staring after them. What, I thought, has Norma Gillison got that I haven't got? At least her boyfriend had shown a little human emotion. Sammy simply didn't care. I picked up the groceries and went into the kitchen and dumped them on the table. My sister Andrea was crouched on the kitchen stool, her nose squashed against the window over the sink, peering out.

"What are you doing?" I said.

Andrea turned reluctantly away from the window and got down. "Just tell me one thing," she said, in a slow, reverent voice, "was that a high-school boy?"

"Yes," I said "Marsh Hammond, he's new——"

"Poor old Sammy," Andrea said, "I'll bet he was absolutely wild with jealousy . . ."

"He fought it down," I said shortly, starting out of the room. Then Mother came in.

"Hello, dear," she said. "I see you remembered the celery," burrowing in the shopping-bag. She pulled it out and began rinsing it. "That was a nice-looking boy on the front porch, dear," she said. "Is he new? My goodness, I imagine poor Sammy was simply sick with a good-looking boy like that around."

"Not yet," I said rigidly, "but he's going to be."

I walked slowly up to my room, thinking. Sammy, I decided grimly, was taking me much too much for granted. Otherwise he'd have kept Marsh Hammond off my front porch if he'd had to use a flame-thrower to do it. I thought about how I would have felt if it had been the other way around—if I'd found Sammy with his arms around some beautiful girl. I'd have died, I thought, I'd have simply died. But not Sammy.

He didn't think he could lose me, or—I paused, my eyes widening—he didn't care! It was a terrifying thought. The more I thought about it, though, the surer I was. Face it, I told myself firmly. If you can't make Sammy jealous of a boy like Marsh Hammond, you might as well shave your head.

Then I looked at Sammy's picture, smiling out at me from my dresser, and I thought about how sweet Sammy is, and how much I loved him, and I made up my mind. I'd make Sammy jealous of Marsh Hammond, I decided, if it broke every bone in my body!

I waited until Sammy got back from the pool, and then I wandered out to the backyard. Sammy was out in his backyard.

"Hi," I said, leaning against the fence and looking into Sammy's eyes. "Sammy," I said, "I love you, and all that, but that Marsh Hammond is the most adorable boy I have ever seen." There, I thought, that ought to do it. I watched Sammy closely.

"Yeah, he's built for action," Sammy agreed. "Good swimmer, too. Little weak on the butterfly, but a terrific crawl man. He's a good guy," he said. "He liked you, too."

"He did?" I said blankly.

"Yeah," Sammy said. "Said it was the first time a woman hadn't fallen all over him, drooling. Thought you were a real neat chick."

This was better, I thought happily, than I could have dreamed. "Yes?" I said. "Well?"

Sammy looked puzzled. "Well, what?"

"Well, what did you say?" I prompted.

"I agreed," Sammy said, looking baffled. "What else?"

I sighed. "I guess," I said slowly, "that's just one of those things that if you don't know, nobody can tell you." I felt very depressed. Maybe, I thought, it's already too late. Sammy was talking again.

"I said," he said patiently, "how about a movie tonight?"

"Sure," I started to say, then I stopped myself. "No," I said, "no, I don't think so, Sammy. I really ought to study tonight."

"Study!" Sammy said, looking stunned.

"Well," I said evasively, "you know how it is. Daddy has been after me again." I patted Sammy's cheek. "I'll see you tomorrow," I said briskly and went into the house. Sammy was still standing at the fence, looking after me in a thoughtful way. There, I thought with satisfaction, that ought to be working.

I went straight to the phone before I had time to change my mind. I never call up boys, but this was an emergency.

"Hello?" I said, when Marsh answered. "This is Laurie. Laurie Merritt—you remember, the one with the open face——"

"Well," Marsh said, sounding pleased but not surprised, "how are you?"

"I'm fine," I said, "but I'm having some trouble with my French lesson. I thought maybe you could help me."

There was a short, loaded silence. I could practically hear him thinking. "I don't know," he said, then, cautiously, "I don't take French."

"Oh," I said, in a disappointed tone. "Well, maybe we can find something else to do."

There was no pause this time. "Sure thing," Marsh said happily. "Be right along." He hung up. It's simply amazing, I thought sadly, how easy it is when it doesn't matter. And that was probably why it was easy, I thought, as I went upstairs to dress.

Marsh was so used to women fighting over him that he was intrigued by the one who, deep down, didn't care. I sighed, slipping into the new lavender linen that I had been saving to stun Sammy with. Sometimes I am struck by the irony of life.

By the time I was ready I heard a car coming around the corner. I looked over at Sammy's house. The light was on in his room, I noticed with satisfaction—that meant he was there, and could see our house. Well, I thought, here goes. Though Sammy and I were not officially going steady (in some ways, my parents are terribly old-fashioned), this would be the first time in ages that I had actually had a date with anyone else. It's funny the things a person will do for love.

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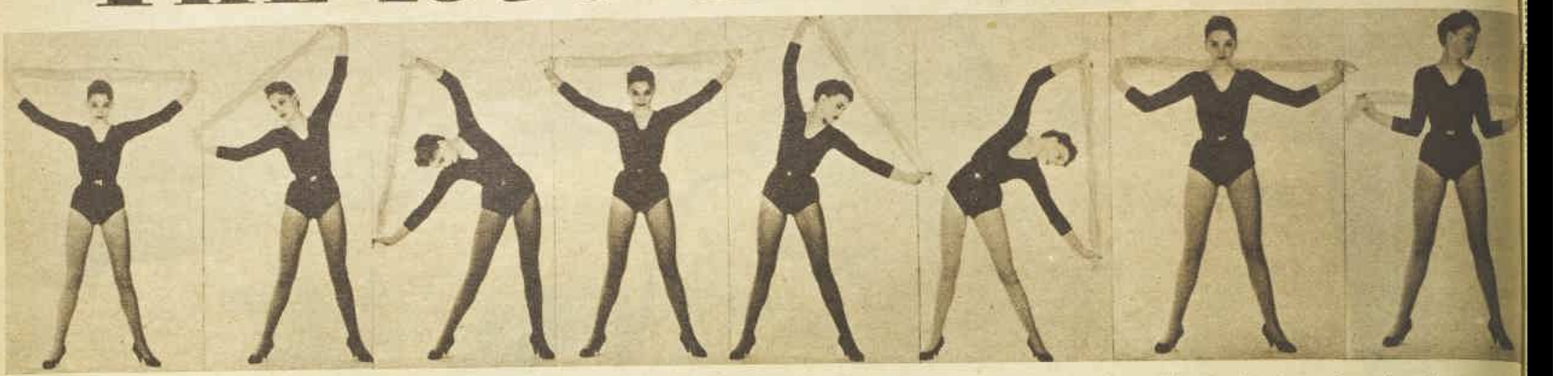


It's hard to be haughty when a man is stopping your fall, especially a man like Marsh, so for a moment I just relaxed.

ILLUSTRATED BY
ARBARA ROBERTSON

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THE 1958 DIET STORY



EXERCISES and diet are the ideal combination to improve your shape. As you lose weight and your skin slackens, start exercising. The exercise shown above, in pictures, is a toner and waist and stomach slimmer. Stand upright, stomach muscles pulled in, tail tucked under, and hold a towel or an old nylon stocking at arm's length above the head. From the starting position, bend to the left in two easy movements as shown, then return to the starting position. Repeat the movement to the right, straighten your shoulders.

Low calorie diet and exercises are the solution to your shape

● Dieting is a tough, hard road towards health, shapeliness, and vigor. Despite the vast literature and research of the past ten years, the 1958 diet situation adds up to the same uncomfortable arithmetic — self-denial plus self-control about food equals weight loss.

A slimming programme with (opposite) a calorie counter to cut out and keep.

By NAN MUSGROVE

THERE is no easy way to a streamlined shape.

The successful diet is the diet that takes weight off you safely, includes a daily quota of the foods necessary for health, and re-educates your appetite to a new pattern of eating.

Fad diets guaranteeing a certain weight loss in a certain time have littered the bookstalls in newspapers and magazines over the past ten years. They have all failed miserably in developing a new pattern of eating.

A burst of 7, 9, or 21 days of dieting certainly results in a weight loss, but there's no time for appetite re-education, and, generally at the end of them, dieters are so hungry that they quickly eat back their extra pounds.

Everyone will recall some of the "easy" ways to lose weight — the hard-boiled-egg way, the banana-and-skim-milk way, the hay way, the black-strap-molasses way, the steak-and-prunes way, and they will remember some of their friends who tried them.

Were they successful? Be honest. Did the dieters still have that added health and shapeliness six months, a year, three years later?

Most of them have eaten their way, unnoticed, back to their old fat shape.

Fat is caused by over-eating. The only way to lose it is to eat less. It is hard but rewarding. You will have better health, look more beautiful, younger, more elegant, and you will lengthen your life.

To achieve these rich rewards there is nothing more efficient than the long, slow haul of a low-calorie diet.

Calorie is the word used to describe the energy unit in the food you eat. If the number of calories in your daily diet exceeds the number your system burns up, you put on weight.

A pound of fat on a human body is roughly equal to 3500 calories eaten, but not burned up. This means that to lose a pound of weight you must cut out 3500 calories a week from your diet. This is easy.

(Supposing you drink six cups of tea or coffee a day and each cup has two teaspoons of sugar in it. If you replace the sugar with a sugar substitute you'll save 2100 a week.)

The ideal way to start a calorie diet is to take a week to think about it. In that week, eat as you always do, but put down with on-oath honesty exactly what you eat and drink every day. (That odd glass of lemonade contains 175 calories.)

The figuring in a calorie diet often dismays people or puts them off. But dieters soon develop an eye that can assess the approximate calories in anything at a glance.

Our Handbag Calorie Counter opposite is a comprehensive list of calories with easy instructions to calculate your necessary daily calorie intake. Cut it out, fold and cut, pierce the two holes indicated on the cover, and tie together.

Total the number of calories you eat every day and take an average on the week. Reduce that average figure by 500 a day and you will lose a pound of weight a week.

The desirable weight state is one in which you reach your ideal weight in this way (see weight and calorie charts for women in Handbag Counter opposite, for men at foot of this page), then experiment until your calorie intake equals your energy output. If you determine this and eat accordingly, your weight is *maintained* at the same level.

A low-calorie diet is easy and socially acceptable. It can be done silently, subtly, and with the least hardship.

One of the secrets of successful dieting is to be quiet about it. Diet talk can be a bore and an obsession. It focuses your mind on food and makes your friends urge you to eat.

If you don't talk about it your friends don't make an issue of the food you eat. If you eat at their homes, take smaller helpings or don't eat the whole serving; if you eat at a restaurant, order from the head, not the stomach.

Exercise is another way to attack the weight problem. It speeds up a diet, makes you a better shape.

But don't think that exercise equals dieting; it doesn't. If you skip one medium-sized baked potato a day, you save 250 calories. To save the same number in exercise you would have to dance non-stop for an hour, play golf for an hour, or do vigorous housework non-stop for two hours.

Exercise combined with diet is the ideal. Exercise makes you move more gracefully, tones up your system, makes your skin (sagging from weight loss) fit you better, quicker.

Here are some exercises designed to help you on your way to healthy shapeliness.

Toning exercises that trim your stomach:

● First thing when you wake up in the morning lie still and have five extra moments before the day gets under way. Use this time for stretching. Throw your pillow out of the way, put your arms over your head, and stretch yourself as long as you can. Flex your ankles and toes, your wrists and your fingers. This stretches your muscles, stimulates your circulation, makes you feel good for the day.

● Still in bed, exercise your stomach muscles. Take a deep breath and hold it. Now try to pull your stomach in till it touches your spine. Then puff up your stomach muscles, still holding your breath. Exhale. Do it all again. This is the first stage of a complicated Yoga exercise and improves the tone and functioning of all the vital organs, as well as working on the slack stomach muscles.

To firm your thighs:

● Lie on the floor, arms at sides, stomach muscles pulled in, legs straight, and alternately raise right and left legs, each leg four times. Raise the leg until it is at right angles to your body, lower the leg till the heels rest on the floor.

● Lying in the same position, stomach muscles pulled in, legs straight, raise the legs together until they are a foot from the ground. Lower them slowly, but don't touch your heels on the floor; when they're about two inches above floor level raise them again slowly. This is a difficult exercise and should be done slowly and not more than three times to start with.

Exercises that improve fat necks, dowager's humps on backs, and double chins:

● Walk bare-footed on tiptoe for 10 minutes each day. Hold a ruler, a broom, or straight stick behind you at arm's length while you do so.

● For the hump on your back at the base of your neck square your shoulders and slowly move your head back as far as it will go. When it is there, drop it forward until it rests on your chest.

● For your double chin, say "Q.X." as hard as you can ten times morning and evening.

Waist slimmers:

● Sit on the floor, legs wide apart, arms out at shoulder level. Bend forwards and try to reach your left foot with your right hand, then right foot with your left hand, returning to your starting position after each foot-touching.

● Stand up straight with legs a yard apart, hands on hips. Keeping hips and legs still, swing the upper part of the body round as far as you can to the left then to the right.

No one of any age should undertake a diet-and-exercise routine, however, without first consulting a doctor. A physical check-up is a necessary precaution.

Our weight charts start at the age of 21. A teenager who is overweight should do something about it, although if a diet is necessary it must be closely supervised by a doctor.

There is no more unhappy sight than a fat teenager. Although the demands of their growing bodies bar them from rigorous dieting, their bodily and mental health is improved by eating the right foods regularly or by a medically supervised diet.

The right foods to be eaten daily are listed on page 7 of the Handbag Calorie Counter. Teenagers will benefit from eating them daily, from cutting out the in-between snacks at milk bars, the sweets and cakes, pastries and chips of so many of them dote on.

IDEAL WEIGHTS FOR MEN ★

L — Light frame. A — Average frame. B — Big frame.

HEIGHT	AGE GROUPS																										
	21-24			25-29			30-34			35-39			40-44			45-49			50-54			55-59			60-64		
	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B
4'11"	106	112	134	110	116	138	112	118	140	112	118	140	112	117	139	112	116	138	111	115	137	110	114	136	107	111	132
5' 0"	108	114	136	112	118	140	114	120	142	114	120	142	114	119	141	114	118	140	113	117	139	112	116	138	109	113	134
5' 1"	110	116	138	114	120	142	116	122	144	116	122	144	116	121	143	116	120	142	115	119	141	114	118	140	111	115	136
5' 2"	112	120	140	115	123	143	117	125	145	117	125	145	117	124	144	117	123	143	116	122	142	115	121	141	112	118	137
5' 3"	116	124	144	118	126	146	120	128	148	120	128	148	120	127	147	120	126	146	119	125	145	118	124	144	115	121	140
5' 4"	120	128	138	122	130	150	124	132	152	124	132	152	124	131	151	124	130	150	123	129	149	122	128	148	119	125	144
5' 5"	123	132	152	125	134	154	127	136	156	127	136	156	127	135	155	127	134	154	126	133	153	125	132	152	122	129	148
5' 6"	127	135	156	130	138	159	132	140	161	132	140	161	132	139	160	132	138	159	131	137	158	130	136	157	127	133	153
5' 7"	130	139	160	133	142	163	135	144	165	135	144	165	135	143	164	135	142	163	134	141	162	133	140	161	130	137	157
5' 8"	133	143	164	136	146	167	138	148	169	138	148	169	138	147	168	138	146	167	137	145	166	136	144	165	133	141	161
5' 9"	137	147	170	140	150	173	143	153	176	143	153	176	143	152	175	143	151	174	142	150	173	141	149	172	138	146	168
5'10"	140	152	175	143	155	178	146	158	181	146	158	181	146	157	180	146	156	179	145	155	178	144	154	177	141	151	173
5'11"	144	156	180	149	161	185	152	164	188	152	164	188	152	163	187	152	162	186	151	161	185	150	160	184	147	157	180
6' 0"	148	161	184	154	167	190	157	170	193	157	170	193	157	169	192	157	168	191	156	167	190	155	166	189	152	163	185
6' 1"	153	167	187	159	173	193	162	176	196	162	176	196	162	175	195	162	174	194	161	173	193	160	172	192	157	169	188
6' 2"	157	171	192	164	178	195	168	182	203	168	182	203	168	181	202	168	180	201	167	179	200	166	178	199	163	175	195

★ *Undressed. For clothing and shoes allow 8 pounds.*

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Your daily calories:

Here is an easy method of calculating your necessary daily calorie intake

Determine the average weight for your height (see tables below). Multiply the number of pounds by 16 if your work is sedentary, 18 if it is fairly active, 20 if very active, and 25 to 34 if you do heavy work. The result is the number of calories needed to maintain your ideal weight. Cutting that number by only 500 a day — 3500 a week — will reduce you by a pound a week, a safe rate of reducing for a healthy adult.

If your weight in pounds confuses you, this information may help you. There are 14 pounds in a stone. Seven stone is 98lb., eight stone is 112lb., nine stone is 126lb., 10 stone is 140lb., 11 stone is 154lb., 12 stone is 168lb., 13 stone is 182lb., 14 stone is 196lb. 15 stone is 210lb.

IDEAL WEIGHTS FOR WOMEN *

L — Light frame. A — Average frame. B — Big frame.

AGE GROUPS

HEIGHT	21-24			25-29			30-34			35-39			40-44		
	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B
4' 9"	99	108	121	101	110	123	103	112	125	103	112	125	103	111	124
4'10"	101	110	123	103	112	125	105	114	127	105	114	127	105	113	126
4'11"	103	112	125	105	114	127	107	116	129	107	116	129	107	115	128
5' 0"	105	114	127	107	116	129	109	118	131	109	118	131	109	117	130
5' 1"	107	116	128	109	118	130	111	120	132	111	120	132	111	119	131
5' 2"	110	119	133	112	121	135	114	123	137	114	123	137	114	122	136
5' 3"	112	123	134	114	125	136	116	127	138	116	127	138	116	126	137
5' 4"	116	126	141	118	128	143	120	130	145	120	130	145	120	129	144
5' 5"	119	130	142	121	132	144	123	134	146	123	134	146	123	133	145
5' 6"	123	134	150	125	136	152	127	138	154	127	138	154	127	137	153
5' 7"	127	138	152	129	140	154	131	142	156	131	142	156	131	141	155
5' 8"	131	142	158	133	144	160	135	146	162	135	146	162	135	145	161
5' 9"	134	146	161	136	148	163	138	150	165	138	150	165	138	149	164

AGE GROUPS

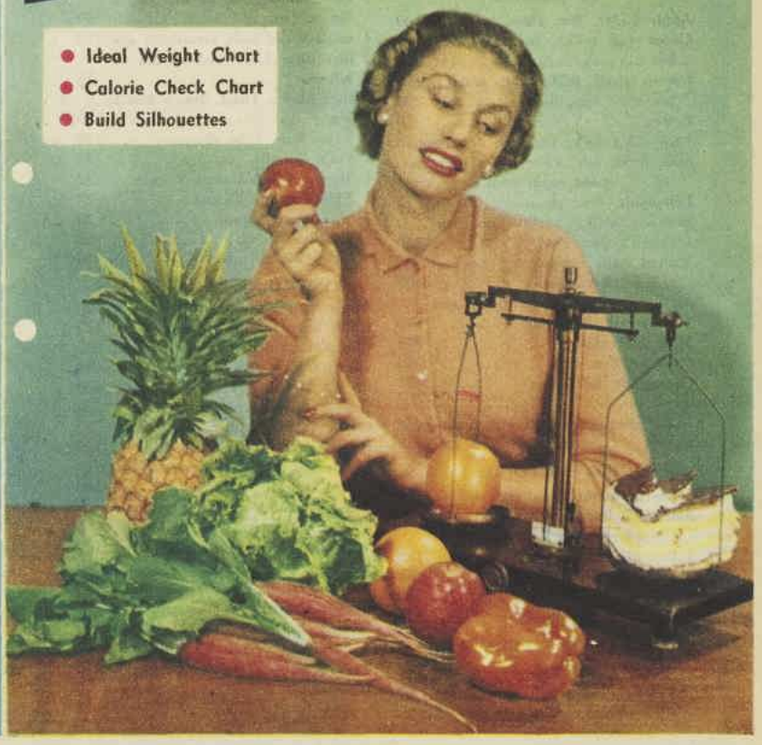
HEIGHT	45-49			50-54			55-59			60-64			65-70		
	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B
4' 9"	103	110	123	102	109	122	101	108	121	98	105	117	95	102	114
4'10"	105	112	125	104	111	124	103	110	123	100	107	119	97	104	116
4'11"	107	114	127	106	113	126	105	112	125	102	109	121	99	106	118
5' 0"	109	116	129	108	115	128	107	114	127	104	111	123	101	108	120
5' 1"	111	118	130	110	117	129	109	116	128	106	113	124	103	110	121
5' 2"	114	121	135	113	120	134	112	119	133	109	116	129	106	113	126
5' 3"	116	125	136	115	124	135	114	123	134	111	120	130	108	117	127
5' 4"	120	128	143	119	127	142	118	126	141	115	123	137	112	120	134
5' 5"	123	132	144	122	131	143	121	130	142	118	127	138	115	124	135
5' 6"	127	136	152	126	135	151	125	134	150	122	131	146	119	128	143
5' 7"	131	140	154	130	139	153	129	138	152	126	135	148	123	132	145
5' 8"	135	144	160	134	143	159	133	142	158	130	139	154	127	136	151
5' 9"	138	148	163	137	147	162	136	146	161	133	143	157	130	140	154

* *Undressed. For clothing and shoes allow 4 pounds.*

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HANDBAG CALORIE COUNTER

- Ideal Weight Chart
- Calorie Check Chart
- Build Silhouettes



FOLD ALONG DOTTED LINE. AFTER FOLDING, CUT ALONG THIS LINE ONLY.



Apricots, stewed, 5 medium size	125
Blackberries, tinned, with syrup, 8oz. cup	225
Cherries, tinned, with syrup, 4oz. cup	100
Figs, tinned, with syrup, 4oz. cup	150
Peaches, tinned, with syrup, 2 halves	100
Peaches, tinned, no syrup, 2 halves	75
Prunes, cooked without sugar, 4oz.	160
Prunes, cooked with sugar, 4oz.	240
Prunes, dried, 1 medium size	30

DRINKS

SPIRITS

Brandy, 1 nip or jigger	100
Gin, 1 nip or jigger	75
Rum, 1 nip or jigger	100
Whisky (Scotch), 1 nip or jigger	85
Whisky (Australian), 1 nip or jigger	85
Whisky (Bourbon), 1 nip or jigger	100

MALT DRINKS

Beer (bottled), 8oz. glass	125
Beer (draught), 8oz. glass	150
Stout, 8oz. glass	175

WINES

Red or white (sparkling), 3.2oz. glass*	90
Red or white (still), 3.2oz. glass*	75
Sherry (sweet or dry), 2oz. glass*	85
Port, 2oz. glass*	100

(* Standard wine glasses hold the quantities shown.)

MIXED DRINKS

Brandy Crusta, cocktail glass	250
Martini Dry, cocktail glass	100
Martini Sweet, cocktail glass	120
White Lady, cocktail glass	150
Mint Julep, 8oz. glass	200
Tom and Jerry, T & J mug	200

EGGS

Boiled (1)	70
Fried (1)	100
Omelet (1)	105
Poached (1)	75
Scrambled (1)	125
White only (1)	15
Yolk only (1)	60

FATS AND COOKING OILS

Bacon Fat, 1 dessertspoonful	150
Chicken Fat, 1 dessertspoonful	125
Cotton Seed Oil, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Crisco, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Dripping, 1 dessertspoonful	105
Lard, 1 dessertspoonful	125
Olive Oil, 1 dessertspoonful	125
Peanut Oil, 1 dessertspoonful	125

FLOUR FOODS

Flour, plain, 8oz. cup	400
Flour, self-raising, 8oz. cup	385
Macaroni, cooked, 8oz. cup	200
Macaroni Cheese, cooked, 8oz. cup	250
Rice, unpolished, uncooked, 8oz. cup	750
Rice, unpolished, cooked, 8oz. cup	180
Rice, polished, white, cooked, 8oz. cup	200
Spaghetti, cooked, 8oz. cup	225

FISH

Bream, 4oz.	100

Caviare, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Crab Meat, fresh or tinned, 4oz.	100
Flathead, 4oz.	100
Garfish, 4oz.	100
Gefuelte Fish, 8oz. serve	150
Haddock, smoked, 4oz.	100
Lobster, 4oz.	100
Mackerel, 4oz.	125
Mullet, 4oz.	100
Murray Cod, 4oz.	250
Oysters, 8	100
Perch, 4oz.	100
Prawns, 4oz.	100
Salmon, tinned, pink, 4oz.	168
Salmon, tinned, red, 4oz.	200
Sardines, tinned in oil, large tin	250
Trout, 4oz.	125
Tuna, tinned, 4oz.	175

FRESH FRUIT

Apple, medium size	80
Apricot, medium size	20
Avocado Pear, half, medium size	230
Banana, medium size	100
Blackberries, 8oz. cup	85
Cherries, 8oz. cup	75
Gooseberries, 8oz. cup	200
Grapes, muscatel, 8oz. cup	100
Grapefruit, half, medium size	50
Lemon, medium size	25
Loganberries, 8oz. cup	136
Mandarin, medium size	35
Rockmelon, medium size	100
Cantaloupe, medium size	100
Honeydew Melon, medium size	200
Watermelon, medium slice	75
Nectarine, medium size	75
Orange, medium size	70
Papaw, 8oz.	70
Pear, medium size	50
Peach, medium size	50
Persimmon, medium size	75
Pineapple, 8oz.	75
Plum, medium size	20
Pomegranate, medium size	75
Raspberries, 8oz.	100
Strawberries, 8oz.	75

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE JUICES

Apple, 4oz. glass	100
Apricot, 4oz. glass	75
Carrot, 4oz. glass	25
Grape, 4oz. glass	60
Grapefruit, 4oz. glass	60
Orange, 4oz. glass	75
Pineapple, 4oz. glass	100
Tomato, 4oz. glass	25

MEAT

Bacon, 3 half rashers, grilled	100

BEEF

Roast, lean, 1 slice, 4in. x 4in. x 1in.	150
Bladebone Steak, 3oz.	275
Corned, 1 slice, 4in. x 1in. x 1in.	100
Chuck Steak, 3oz.	265
Minced Steak, 3oz.	300
Kidney, whole	250
Liver, 1 slice, 3in. x 2in. x ¼in.	100
Meat Pie, 1	530
Porterhouse Steak, 3oz.	290
Round Steak, 3oz.	200
Rump Steak, 3oz.	320
Sausage Roll, 1oz.	100
Sirloin Steak, 3oz.	250

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● The average daily calorific need of a woman depends on height, weight, and occupation (see chart back page). To maintain ideal weight a typist needs about 1900 calories daily, a housewife from 2000-2700, bus conductress or laundress, 2500-3000, a shop assistant, 2000. To lose 1lb. a week you must cut your eating down by 500 calories a day. This is not harmful.

BEVERAGES

Apple Cider, 8oz. glass	100
Cocoa (all milk), breakfast cup, 8oz.	300
Cocoa (half milk, half water), breakfast cup, 8oz.	200
Coffee	0
(Add 25 calories for each dessertspoon milk used; add 25 calories each teaspoon sugar used.)	
Lemonade, 8oz. glass	175
Malted Milk, plain (no ice-cream), 8oz. glass	250
Malted Milk, chocolate (no ice-cream), 8oz. glass	400
Malted Milk with chocolate and ice-cream, 8oz. glass	600
Milk, 8oz. glass	200
Ovaltine, 8oz. cup	300
Orangeade, 8oz. glass	175
Tea	0
(Add calories for milk and sugar as in coffee.)	

BATTER FOODS

(Calorie count does not include the number in butter, jam, sugar, or syrup served with batter foods.).

1 Pancake, 6in. diameter	125
1 Pikelet, 3in. diameter	65
1 Waffle, 5in. diameter	200
1 Crumpet, 3in. diameter	175

BREAD, BUNS, BISCUITS

1 slice White Bread, 3in. x 4in. x ½in.	80
1 slice Wholemeal Bread, 3in. x 4in. x ½in.	69
1 small Bread Roll, restaurant size	100
1 slice Bun Loaf with raisins or sultanas	75
1 slice Melba Toast, 3in. x 4in. x ½in.	25
1 Yeast Bun, 2½in. diameter	140
1 Plain Biscuit	40
1 Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuit	42
1 Thin Captain Biscuit	27
1 Vita-Weat Biscuit	23
1 Ry-Vita Biscuit	29
1 Sweet Biscuit, plain	50

CONDIMENTS AND SAUCES

Apple Sauce, 4oz.	100
Chilli Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	25
Chocolate Sauce, I dessertspoonful	100
Cream Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	35
French Dressing, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Gravy (thick), 1 dessertspoonful	50
Gravy (thin), 1 dessertspoonful	35
Hard Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Hollandaise Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Horseradish Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	5
Mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Mustard, 1 teaspoonful	10
Tartare Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Thousand Island, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Melted Butter Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Tomato Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	5
Vinegar	0
White Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	35
Worcestershire Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	10

CAKES

Coffee Cake (not spread with butter), 3in. x 2in. x ¼in.	200
Shortbread, 2in. x 2in. x 1in.	100
Caramel Butter Cake, 3in. x 2in. x ¼in.	275
Chocolate Butter Cake, 3in. x 2in. x ¼in.	300
Gingerbread, 3in. x 2in. x ¼in.	200
Jam Roll, 3in. diameter	200
Madeira Cake, 3in. x 2in. x ¼in.	150
Pound or Christmas Cake, 3oz.	380
Patty Cake, iced, 2½in. diameter	200
Sponge Cake, plain, no icing, no filling, 3in. x 2in. x ¼in.	150
Sponge Cake with jam and fresh cream filling and icing, 3in. x 2in. x ¼in.	330
1 Chocolate Eclair with cream filling	300
1 piece French Pastry, small	200
1 Tart, afternoon-tea size	100
1 Tart, afternoon-tea size, with fruit filling	200
1 Lady's Finger	35

CEREALS

(Calorie count does not include the number in the milk and sugar used with cereal.)

All-Bran, 1oz.	97
Bran Flakes, 1oz.	109
Breakfast Biscuits, 1	107
Cornflakes, 1oz.	114
Crispies, 1oz.	112
Rice Bubbles, 1oz.	110
Rolled Oats, cooked, 8oz. cup	200
Rolled Oats, dry, 8oz. cup	425
Scotch Oatmeal, 8oz. cup, cooked	200
Vita Brits, 1	57

DAIRY PRODUCTS

CHEESE—Cheddar, 1oz.	110
Edam, 1oz.	120
Swiss (Gruyere), 1oz.	125
Gorgonzola, 1oz.	60
Processed (packet) Cheese, 1oz.	104
Cream Cheese, 1 dessertspoonful	25
Butter, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Cream, 1 dessertspoonful	25
Milk, 8oz. glass	200
Milk (skimmed), 8oz. glass	100
Yoghurt, 8oz. glass	75

PIES

(Pie slices are one-sixth of a 9in. diameter pie, 1in. thick.)

Apple, 1 slice	300
Apricot, 1 slice	350
Banana Custard, 1 slice	350
Butterscotch, 1 slice	350
Lemon Meringue, 1 slice	325
Mince (fruit), 1 slice	375
Peach, 1 slice	350
Rhubarb, 1 slice	450

PUDDINGS

Apple Dumpling, 1 medium size	300
Banana Custard, 4oz.	125
Blancmange, 4oz.	235
Bread Pudding, 4oz.	150
Custard, 4oz.	135
Fruit Gelatine shape, 4oz.	85
Ice Cream, 1oz. bucket	60
Jelly, 4oz.	75
Junket, 4oz.	75
Plum Pudding (no sauce), 4oz.	150
Rice Custard, 4oz.	150
Tapioca Pudding, 4oz.	150

FRUIT—STEWED OR TINNED

Apples, baked, medium size	150
Apples, stewed, 8oz. cup	200
Apricots, tinned, no syrup, 4 halves	100
Apricots, tinned, with syrup, 8oz. cup	200

DIET BONUS

Take Without Thought.

Beverages:
Black coffee, no cream or sugar.
Black tea, no cream or sugar.
Soda-water.
Water.

Soup:
Clear vegetable soup.
Broth made from Marmite, Vegemite, or beef extract.
Beef tea.

Nibble Foods:

Asparagus stalks.	Pickles, sour.
Celery sticks.	Lettuce.
Cucumber, diced.	Tomato quarters.
Gherkins, sour.	Radishes.

FOOD TO WATCH

1 piece butterscotch, 1in. square	75
1 caramel, 1in. square	100
1 chocolate with cream filling	125
1 quarter-pound block plain milk chocolate	540
1 cough-drop	10
1 jellybean	10
1 stick chewing-gum	25
1 Life Saver	5
1 piece peanut brittle, 2in. square	75
1 piece Turkish Delight, 1in. square	20

CALORIE BARGAINS

Eat moderate helpings of these at parties without worry:

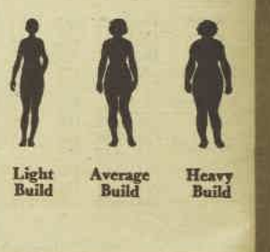
Rockmelon.
Prawns.
White meat of chicken or turkey.
Cream cheese.
Oysters.
Strawberries with ice-cream (not cream).
Jelly.
Vanilla ice-cream.

FOODS YOU MUST EAT EVERY DAY TO DIET AND BE HEALTHY:

1 pint milk, 1 egg, 4oz. meat, poultry, fish, or cheese, 1½ slices wholemeal bread, ½ cup cereal, 1 serving green or yellow vegetables, 1 serving citrus fruit, 1 piece of other fruit, 3 teaspoons butter or other fats.

BUILD CHART

● You can generally tell at a glance whether a person has a light, average, or big frame. But there is room for doubt with overweight people padded out with fat. There are seven parts of the body which vary noticeably in skeletons—shoulders, chest, pelvis, hips, wrists, knees, and ankles. If you are large in the majority of them you fit into the large-frame group. Wrists that measure 6 1/4" or under show you are definitely in the small-frame classification.



. The Australian Women's Weekly, August 6, Page 32

FOLD ALONG DOTTED LINES

Beef Stew, 8oz. cup	250
T-bone Steak, 3oz.	250
Fillet Steak, 3oz.	250
Ox Tongue, 3oz.	177
Tripe, 3oz.	125
Sheep Brains, 3oz.	100
Lamb Chops, 3oz.	300
Lamb, Roast Leg, 3oz.	230
Lamb, Roast Shoulder, 3oz.	300
Pork Chop, 3oz.	285
Pork, roast, 3oz.	275
Pork Sausage (1), large	250
Veal, breaded cutlet, 3oz.	185
Veal, roast, 3oz.	190
Veal Stew, 8oz. cup	240
Wiener Schnitzel, 3oz.	207

POULTRY

Chicken, roasted, half medium size	150
Duck, roasted, half medium size	700
Turkey, roasted, 1 slice 4in. x 2in. x ½in.	110

SPREADS FOR BREAD

Honey, level dessertspoonful	62
Jam, level dessertspoonful	55
Peanut Butter, level dessertspoonful	100

SOUP

Asparagus, creamed, 8oz. cup	200
Beef Broth, 8oz. cup	100
Barley Broth, 8oz. cup	120
Bouillon, clear, 8oz. cup	10
Bouillon, cubes, 1 cube	2
Chicken Broth, 8oz. cup	50
Chicken Noodle, 8oz. cup	100
Consomme, clear, 8oz. cup	35
Lentil Soup, 8oz. cup	250
Onion, creamed, 8oz. cup	200
Onion, French, 8oz. cup	125
Pea Soup, 8oz. cup	145
Potato, 8oz. cup	200
Tomato Soup, 8oz. cup	75
Tomato Bouillon, 8oz. cup	30

Potatoes, French fried, 8 pieces 2in. x ½in. x ½in.	160
Pumpkin, 4oz.	40
Radishes (6)	10
Spinach, 8oz. cup	45
Squash, 8oz. cup	35
Tomato, medium size	30
Turnips, 8oz. cup	40
Vegetable, 8oz. cup	150
Vegetable and Beef or Lamb Stock, 8oz. cup	175

VEGETABLES

Asparagus, cuts, 8oz. cup	40
Asparagus, spears, 5 large	15
Broad Beans, 8oz. cup	200
Butter Beans, 8oz. cup	200
Beans, French, 8oz. cup	25
Broccoli, 8oz. cup	45
Brussels Sprouts, 4oz.	56
Cabbage, 8oz. cup	15
Carrots, 8oz. cup	50
Cauliflower, 8oz. cup	25
Celery, 6 stalks	15
Choko, 4oz.	36
Corn, kernels, 8oz. cup	140
Corn on the cob, medium size	85
Cucumber, long green, medium size	10
Eggplant, medium slice	30
Endive, half head	10
Kohlrabi, 8oz. cup	45
Leek (1)	5
Lettuce, medium heart	20
Marrow, 4oz.	4
Mushrooms, 8oz. cup	25
Onions, boiled, 8oz. cup	80
Onions, fried, 8oz. cup	300
Parsnips, 8oz. cup	95
Peas, 8oz. cup	110
Peppers, green (capsicum), 1oz.	9
Potatoes, baked, 4oz.	250
Potatoes, boiled, 4oz.	90
Potatoes, mashed, 4oz.	120

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Fashion Digest from Paris

By Betty Keep

TAKE note of a rising waistline. After the "leggy" look, it was the surprise of the Paris spring collections. This high line was seen in true Empire style evening dresses. It also made variations on the chemise line, gave a new look to suit skirts and fresh chic to coats.

The veiled chemise is a major fashion in Paris; the chemise faille, the "veil" any diaphanous fabric.

N.B. Softness is maintained in fashion, but limpness has disappeared.

Printed dress fabrics were in a wide range of colors and designs. One I saw was patterned in large apples. Sea shells are another chic fabric motif, while roses riot over every texture of fabric from twill to sheer.

Dots and spots were newer than stripes, and flowery prints newer than either. Polka dots turned up in every size on silks, taffeta, and mousselines.

Black was not popular for spring. There was only one black dress in the Dior collection — a short trapeze-line evening dress made in silk faille. The top was finished with four flat self-material roses.

Color news: Fruit tones are sponsored by the Paris Haute Couture. Watch for apricot, melon, orange, lemon, and banana.

The house of Carven remains faithful to youth. The clothes in her spring collection showed a high waistline and shortened skirt. Dresses had flared skirts.

An overblouse a la Dior would give last season's suit a spring lift. A popular Dior blouse (it could be organza) reached approximately 2in. below the waist, was loose fitted, with tiny sleeves and a tailored neckline.

The same house showed an overblouse in white cotton knit. The design was sleeveless, front-buttoned, and loosely tied in front from the side seams.

Jacket news: Lanvin Castillo showed short suit jackets shaped like a loose pullover sweater. Some had no fastening and pulled on over the head.

For extreme youth Griffe showed baby-doll dressed for dancing.

The dresses, often in chiffon and glitter-trimmed, were semi-pleated from a rounded decolletage. The skirt was kneecap high. The arms bare.

Moving in with spring fashion is a high, winding turban in flowery print. New combination: Tall turban, short skirt. The turban is worn tilted back from the forehead to show the wearer's hair.

Dior showed hats with all short-skirted evening dresses. One I particularly admired was a tiny pillbox swathed with black tulle, the tulle falling in wide streamers below the waist at the back.

The effect was a bonnet worn with widow's veils of the early 'twenties.

Fake jewellery at the Balenciaga boutique is superb. All necklaces are now stranded (Chanel is the exception) and there are no long beads. Balenciaga includes superb milk pearls intermingled with diamonds.



Betty Keep, who returned recently from leave in Europe, is again conducting her weekly Dress Sense feature. Readers' fashion problems will be answered in the column.

DRESS SENSE

● Paris puts new chic into the two-piece suit. At left it is seen with a curved-at-back jacket and ultra-slim skirt. Note the skirt-line just hides the knee. The pattern may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. The number is DS320, and it is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 54in. material and ⅜yd. 54in. contrast, or 4¼yds. 36in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast.

Beauty in brief:

CARE FOR YOUR NAILS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Give fingernails the special care they deserve. Remember that the job is always easier if you submerge your nails in warm soapy water for a while.

ATTEND to the cuticles with a soft brush and then with an orangewood stick dipped in oil. Pressing back the cuticle increases the length of the visible portion of the nail and helps give a slender appearance to the hand.

It also helps create a smooth frame around each nail.

Never use force, however. This is a slow treatment that cannot be rushed along.

Perhaps you want to cultivate nails that curve gently around the fingertips in a firm, strong arc? For this allow nails to grow well up at the sides instead of filing into the corners.

Remove ugly, rough corners on either side of the fingernails by massaging with warm oil or nail cream.

You can supplement this treatment on stubborn spots with judicious use of pumice stone or the fine side of an emery board.

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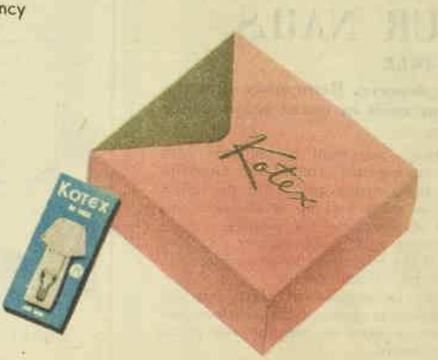
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It's not too soon to tell your daughter at ten. Our free booklet, "You're A Young Lady Now," helps give the facts she needs to know. Write Ellen Worth, Kimberly-Clark of Australia Pty. Ltd., Room 1A, 9th Floor, 65 York Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"JUST before last Christmas I broke off with a boy whom I'd been going with for six months. Now I find I still like him. I know he still likes me and does not go out with other girls. As I am away from home I rarely see him, but when we meet he always says 'hullo' and speaks to me. What can I do? I don't want to make any silly moves."

"Lovesick," S.A.

Next time you see him and he says hullo, stop and talk to him. There is no need to make any statements or suggest renewing your old association; he'll then know you want to see more of him and can take over from there. But be sure and leave the next move to him. It's better that way.

"I AM 15½ years old. I am deeply in love with my boss, who is happily married and has five children. He often smiles at me and has winked once. Does this mean he is in love with me? I can't sleep at night wondering whether he does or not."

"Hopeful," N.S.W.

It certainly does not mean that he loves you. If he is normal, and he sounds as if he is, he thinks of you as a daughter. His smiles are simply the conventional currency of friendship, and the modern wink is no more than a silent greeting. You are being very silly.

"I AM 17 years of age and have fallen in love with a boy whom I met at a party. At the time he seemed to return my affections, but after going out with him twice he seemed cool towards me, and later on I found out that he had gone back to the girl that he visits in the country. Now his mate wishes to take me out, but if I go out with his mate he might find out and think that I don't like him any more, and then I won't have a chance. What will I do?"

"Desperate," N.S.W.

Be your age. At 17 you should know that a party romance is often simply a lighthearted flirtation that ends after the party is over with passionate declarations of seeing more of each other later.

Sometimes, as in your case, it goes on for a date or two, then fizzles out because it is not fed by the gaiety and excitement of the party at which you met. The girl on the spot at a party often has a wonderful time, specially if she enjoys herself without immediately laying plans to trap her party friends into going steady for life.

Certainly some party meetings develop into permanent romances, but it is obvious that yours isn't going to. Go out with the boy who has asked you; you can't spend the rest of your life sitting at home waiting on the off chance that your party boy-friend will again look in your direction.

"FOR some time I have been going out with a boy who has quite a reputation for being a flirt. Lately he has become cool towards me and on several occasions even rude. Also he has been flirting with another girl and he has made no secret of the fact, but I have been told he likes me the best. Although he has hurt me very much I still love him and want him back. What can I do, as I am very worried and upset?"

A.D., Vic.

What you can do is forget this boy and enjoy yourself without him. No girl should ever put up with a boy who is rude to her. Girls at times court rudeness because boys can't get rid of them easily.

One of the first lessons in love a girl should learn is to make it easy for a boy to be a gentleman. You obviously didn't do this.

"WE are 15-year-old twin girls and would be very much obliged if you could answer some questions for us. Does a man know when his wife is having a baby and, if so, why is it in love stories, etc., that when the woman tells her husband she is expecting he seems so surprised? Can you have a baby without your periods? Can a 15-year-old girl be really in love?"

"Twin Worries," Tasmania.

A man does not know for certain whether his wife is going to have a baby until she tells him so, although he does know there is a possibility of such an event. Generally the first sign of pregnancy is a missed period, but a woman is uncertain whether or not she is pregnant until she has consulted her doctor, because some nervous conditions or glandular upsets sometimes stop or postpone a period.

Men in books are quite different from men in real life, although there are real men who pretend that such things as their wives having babies are a surprise to them. Some women, too, cause surprise to their husbands by deliberately withholding their news or waiting till the right moment to tell their husbands.

As a general rule for a happy life, it is always better to tell your big news, happy or unhappy, to your parents (or later your husband) as soon as possible, even if the big news is simply that you have bought a new hat.

"Surprises" often are more pleasant when they are not surprises, if you understand me.

You cannot have a baby before you begin your periods.

I am sure a 15-year-old girl can fall in love, but what she calls "in love" is quite different to the emotion experienced when you are older and have met more people. The love of a 15-year-old is not something to be laughed at, but when you are older you know it does not endure. There is nothing more wonderful than first love if you can survive its heartache, but, believe me, it cannot be compared with the more mature variety.

A word from Debbie . . .



A RESTAURANT date is fun generally, but it can be exactly the reverse. Supposing you've accepted an invitation and are meeting your beau at the restaurant after work. You arrive at the appointed time, but your man is not in sight.

You sit down to wait and some time later realise you've been stood up. If you're super-sophisticated, you can take the view that you're hungry anyway, order a meal, enjoy it alone, and pay for it yourself.

If you are like most girls, you wish the ground would open and swallow you up. The best way out of this horrid situation is to wait for another two minutes, then leave the restaurant, and scuttle home to mother.



★★★★★ DISC DIGEST ★★★★★

IT is a moot point whether or not it was a pity that veteran jazz composer W. C. Handy did not live to see his life story brought to the screen as "St. Louis Blues." Handy died only a few months ago.

Owing to recording-contract difficulties there is no soundtrack disc. This is a shame because a platter featuring Nat "King" Cole, Ella Fitzgerald, Eartha Kitt, and Pearl Bailey would have been really something. It was left to Cole to do the songs from the film on W.993, a 12-inch LP. Nat's fans will love it, natch, but solid admirers of Handy's music will find that he is miscast; his style is far too silky and sophisticated for the down-to-earth blues idiom. In any case, the blues are usually best interpreted by women. Listen to the records of Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey and you'll soon know what jazz singing should sound like.

Nat's disc opens with an overture which blends "Hesitating Blues" with "Love Theme." Then the urbane "King" sings in his well-known easy way "Harlem Blues," "Chantez Les Bas," "Beale Street," "Careless Love," "Morning Star," "Yellow Dog Blues," and "St. Louis Blues." Three more blues, not from the film, are added, "Friendless," "Memphis," and "Joe Turner's," along with a rare item called "Stay," composed by Handy's wife.

— BERNARD FLETCHER.



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HOW THEY LIVE . . .

SOMERSET MAUGHAM



● It's 30 years since author Somerset Maugham bought the "Villa Mauresque" with profits from his books and plays.

THE villa is actually an old Moorish chateau at Saint-Jean, Cap Ferrat, on the French Riviera.

It was looted by the Nazis in World War II—Somerset Maugham escaped to England—but has since been restored to its original splendor.

Today it is a peaceful home and semi-retreat for the still-working author, who has surrounded himself with exquisite objets d'art from many parts of the world.

Pays highly

Maugham has a connoisseur's eye and pays highly for what he wants.

And sales of his books (more than 35,000,000 copies) have enabled him to live in the style he likes, to stock "Villa Mauresque" with paintings by Renoir, Gauguin, Matisse, Picasso; with antique furniture and shelves of rare books.

Author of 26 novels, 26 plays, and 103 short stories, Somerset Maugham, still, at 84, disciplines himself to write for one hour a day, laboriously penning each word with a hand encased in an orthopaedic glove.

(He recently had a course of rejuvenating treatment from Swiss gland specialist Dr. Paul Niehans with, it is claimed, some success.)

He works in an upstairs room, his desk carefully placed so that he faces a blank wall, his back to a wide window which has a distracting view of the beautiful Mediterranean.

Once again, Maugham has announced that his current work, a collection of essays called "Point of View," will be his last.

But Somerset Maugham has been writing for 60 years, has said "farewell" to literature before, so the statement may not be final.

The author spends three months of each year in England and returns gladly to the villa on the Cote d'Azur.

Apart from servants at the villa, his permanent companion is Alan Searle, his secretary for the last 25 years.

Now that he is old, Somerset Maugham's life is leisurely.

He gardens, spends evenings playing bridge, reading books (not his own), and listening to recorded music.

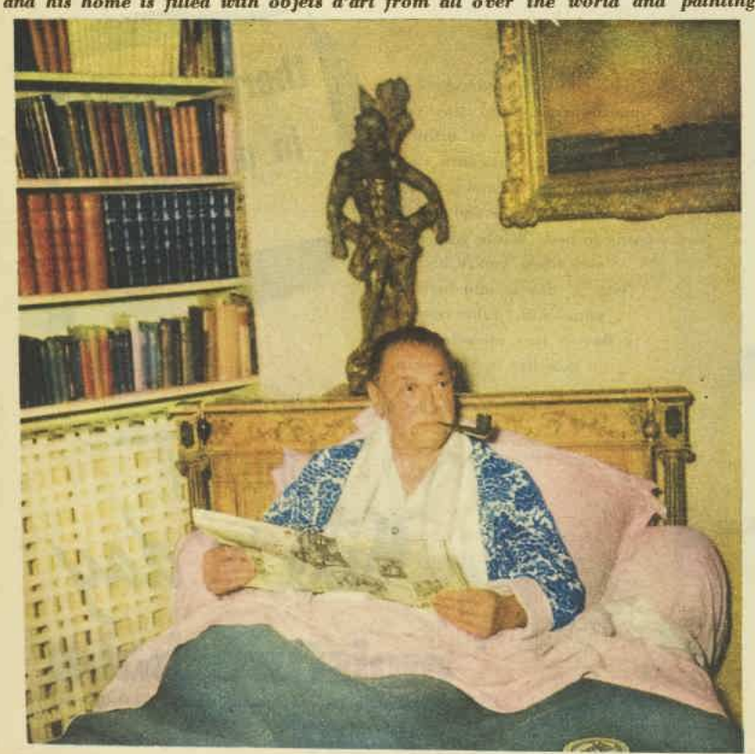
His record tastes vary. He enjoys Beethoven and Mozart symphonies, and likes "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend," sung huskily by film-star Marilyn Monroe.

Hard work

"I deeply regret that I was not able to enjoy the pleasures of my youth because I had to work so hard to earn a living," recalls Maugham, now able to breakfast in bed, have servants attend him, walk in flower-scented gardens, swim in his own pool.

He entertains, and has been host to such famous personalities as Sir Winston Churchill, President Coty, of

SOMERSET MAUGHAM, one of the world's most prolific and best-known writers, in a corner of the salon in his old Moorish chateau-turned-villa at Saint-Jean, Cap Ferrat. Maugham is extremely wealthy, and his home is filled with objets d'art from all over the world and paintings of the old masters.



BREAKFAST IN BED (left) starts Somerset Maugham's day on the Mediterranean coast. And after breakfast a pipe, and some light reading.



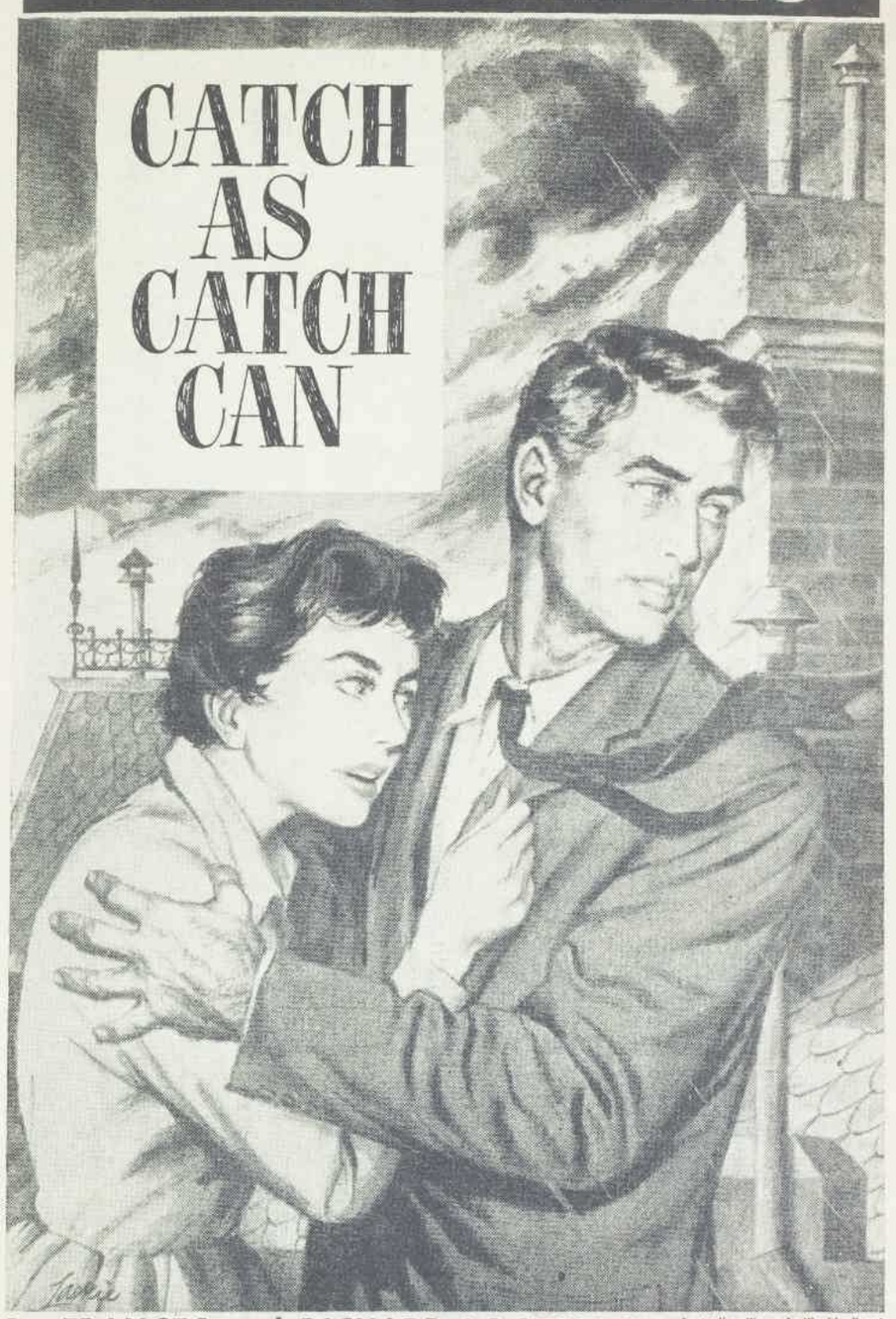
FREQUENT dinner parties (above) are given by Maugham, who likes French cuisine, fine wines, and guests who make stimulating conversation.

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FIRST FOLD ALONG THIS LINE

FIRESIDE READING

CATCH AS CATCH CAN



By FRANCES and RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

Australian Women's Weekly Novel
SUPPLEMENT: Not to be sold separately
AUGUST 6, 1958

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5526967

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 6, 1958

CATCH AS CATCH CAN

By FRANCES and RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

IT started with little things, with things of no real significance. It started with a silk robe cut to mould the slender body of a girl, and with an unexpected salutation on a hastily written note; with a woollen suit taken, or worn, on a hot summer evening; and with a telephone call abruptly ended.

For Linda Parks, at any rate, it started with such things, all of them too trivial to mention.

For Linda Parks — twenty-two years old, with black hair and deep dark eyes which tapered softly from the broad forehead to delicate chin—it began at ten minutes before six on the evening of Thursday, the twenty-sixth of July. It began when, on the fourth-floor landing of a house in Morton Street, New York, she moved a bag of groceries from her right arm to her left, and tried a doorknob with her right hand.

She found the door unlocked and pushed it open and went into a hot, narrow room and said "Hi" in a clear, cool voice. When she was unanswered, she said "Hi" again, this time more loudly. It then became apparent she was talking to herself.

She went to a curtained recess in which a gas plate stood on top of an electric refrigerator, next a small sink, and put the bag—which contained four lamb chops, a package of frozen broccoli, a head of lettuce, and a quart of milk—on top of the gas plate.

There was no use saying "Hi" again, since it was evident that Joyce was somewhere else. This was not according to plan.

It had been Joyce who, when Linda went out that hot morning, had suggested they eat "home" that evening. For an instant the word "home" flickered on the surface of Linda's mind, because home was a long way off—home was a big house, with trees around it, on the outskirts of Centerview, Iowa. No, it isn't, her mind flickered back. "Home," now, is right here. Be it ever so stifling.

"Something easy," Joyce had said. "Lamb chops?"

"I'll bring them," Linda said, and went out into Manhattan's heat, a small and lovely girl who looked cool in spite of everything. She spent the day sitting in offices, in being told they were not casting; in hearing that there might be something next week; in lunching on a sandwich in a mercifully cool drugstore.

Linda had bought the lamb chops and the broccoli. And, apparently, Joyce Holbrook had changed her plans—had gone out without locking the door, which wasn't particularly like her. Stood up, Linda thought to herself. With lamb chops. But she thought this without resentment.

Joyce would pay her share, and beyond that there was no obligation. They shared an apartment to save money, not to join forces. They had known each other two weeks and three days. Nobody needed to check in, or check out. If something came up—date, audition, screen test—whatever came up came first.

Linda put the food in the refrigerator, got out a bottle of cordial, and carried it to the living-room, where windows looked down on Morton Street.

She turned on a small electric fan and sat in front of it, and the fan blew a sheet of paper into her lap. She recognised the handwriting. Joyce had, after all, checked out. She read:

"Dear Lindy: Gone to the country for the weekend with the Nicholses. Remember the Nicholses? See you Monday."

So that's that, Linda thought, and a lucky girl she is. Momentarily she thought of the country, trees, and grass, and coolness.

She thought, who are the Nicholses, that I should remember them? The only place she and Joyce had been together during the two weeks of their acquaintance had been an amorphous party, and it was not, she thought, a party given by "the Nicholses." Whoever they might be.

Well, Joyce thought she knew the Nicholses. Probably she had met them at the party, where she had met so many, so casually. A wiry, sandy-haired man named Bowen, who did something at the District Attorney's office; a black-haired man named Jenks, who was associated with an agent. Assorted males and females, with assorted names. She didn't remember anybody named Nichols of whom, now, Joyce seemed rather to be making a point.

Again she shook her head over the Nicholses, who seemed to have been lugged in. And why, she thought—but still half-thought—did she call me "Lindy"? Nobody does; she never did before.

It was too trivial a matter to pursue. She thought of a shower, fresh clothes. The shower was wonderful. She towelled, went to the cupboard shared with Joyce and reached in for her robe—the robe of yellow silk, cut to mould the slim body of a size-ten girl.

The robe was not where it should be; it was not anywhere in the cupboard. And that was strange.

She looked at the clothes hanging on Joyce's side of the cupboard. Joyce had taken both her evening dresses, all her summer dresses, and —her tweed suit. Unless the Nicholses lived in Maine, it was odd to lug along a warm suit.

Linda shrugged slender shoulders. It was no concern of hers what Joyce took for a weekend. It was her concern what had become of the yellow silk robe, which she knew she had hung in its fixed place the night before. The obvious answer was that Joyce had borrowed it.

Joyce wasn't a girl to borrow things without asking. And Joyce could not wear the robe if she did borrow it. Joyce was five feet nine inches tall, and weighed a hundred and thirty. "H'm," Linda said, and looked in such other places as the robe might be, and did not find it. She searched thoroughly because of an increasing curiosity.

Joyce had taken her big bag, as well as her overnight. The big bag was certainly big for a weekend. Linda stood up a little uncertainly. Was it possible that Joyce had walked out on her? Left her with an apartment lease? I don't believe it, Linda thought. From Joyce's writing, Joyce had left in a hurry. Probably with just time to catch a train. Joyce had packed hurriedly, had put the yellow silk robe with her own things by mistake.

Linda put clothes on and it was a quarter to seven when she went down three flights of stairs and through Morton Street to Sixth Avenue and up it, on the shady side, to Eighth. She could look up Eighth and see the movie advertised at the Playhouse. It looked all right.

She rented two books at the Book Shop across the street and carried them home to an apartment which wasn't any cooler.

It was twenty minutes past eleven when the telephone rang.

"Miss Holbrook," a man's voice said, "that appointment you wrote about. It's fixed for tomorrow at—"

"Wait," Linda said. "Miss Holbrook isn't here. This is—— I share the apartment with her."

"Oh," the man said. There was, Linda thought, an odd note in his voice. "Do you happen to know where I could get in touch with her, Miss——"

"Parks," Linda said. "I'm afraid I don't exactly. She's gone to the country for the weekend."

The man said "Oh!" again, and she thought there was surprise and perhaps uncertainty in his voice. "You're quite sure?" he asked. "Because——" She waited for a second, but he did not go on with that.

"Why," she said, "she left a note. Took her things. Why do you——"

"Never mind," the man said. "You don't know where?"

"All she said was somebody named Nichols," Linda told him. "But I'm afraid I don't know the Nicholses."

"All right," the man said. "We'll get in touch with her later."

And then — abruptly, Linda thought—he hung up.

If the appointment Joyce was missing was about a job—well, Joyce would shoot herself when she heard. It was all very well for the man, who might have gone to the trouble to identify himself, might have left a message, to say "they" would "get in touch with Joyce." Less than a month in New York had taught Linda several things. One of them was that "We'll get in touch with you" was to be counted among famous last words.

It was an odd time for somebody —talent agent? TV casting director? advertising agency? — to call about a job. But people like that worked all hours and thought nothing of it. And, appointment "you wrote about"? That was a little odd, also. One didn't write. One went as fast as quick legs would carry one.

There was no use lying there on the day-bed in the living-room, book ignored in lap, and trying to work out something she didn't know anything about. On Monday, probably, it would all come out in the——

Linda went to sleep. Some time in the middle of the night she awakened, thirsty, and got water from the tap, and went back to sleep again. But this time she dreamed.

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She dreamed about meeting Joyce again — Joyce, tall and slim and very blond. Joyce had run, crying, "They're after me, after me, after me——" so that the words seemed to float out behind her like a veil. And Linda was running behind her, and then there was no Joyce anywhere.

Linda was the one who was running and crying, "They're after me," and, "Of course you know the Nicholses," a sandy-haired man was saying. "You've got an appointment with the Nicholses. Don't you remember?" Linda wrenched herself awake. "Remember," the sandy-haired man said angrily just as she woke up.

It was after eight, and very hot. She remembered the dream only as an unpleasant phantasmagoria, and then, as its outlines faded farther from her mind, as merely something unpleasant in which Joyce had been afraid. And then her mind asked an unexpected question: Was Joyce afraid of something?

There was no ready answer. As she prepared breakfast Linda tried to understand why her mind had asked that question. There must have been something. A final misty exhalation from the dream, and merely that? Or was the dream itself a reflection of some unknown knowledge in her own mind?

Had Joyce during the past few days seemed . . . wary? If "wary" was the word for it?

Linda could not be sure. "Mind taking it?" Had Joyce used those familiar words more frequently in the past few days when the telephone rang? "See who it is before you let them up, will you?" Hadn't Joyce said that several times when the door buzzer sounded? And hadn't Joyce spent an inordinate amount of time standing by the living-room windows and looking down into Morton Street.

Linda thought, "I'm making something out of things which were nothing." Then she remembered quite vividly that on Tuesday night, after they had both gone to bed, Joyce had called, "Did you lock the door?" and, on getting "Sure" for an answer, had not accepted it but come out herself to test the door.

But when she had gone away for the weekend, Joyce had herself left the door unlocked She had left the door unlocked, and taken a woollen suit on the hottest of summer days, and a robe which did not belong to her, and had used a salutation she had never used before and mentioned—dragged in, as it were almost certain Linda would remember it—the name of people whom Linda was now quite certain she had never heard. "Was she," Linda thought, "trying to tell me something?"

But as soon as her mind reached this second specific question, her mind rejected it, almost violently. "How silly can you get?" Linda asked herself, and censored the answer. Mountains out of molehills, and no real molehills to start with.

At nine o'clock or thereabouts Linda Parks finished dressing, having taken time about it, since how she looked was important, stopped to look from a window down to Morton Street.

Across the street, on sandstone steps down from the entrance of an apartment house, a man was sprawled. He was well dressed, young, and most obviously drunk. People passed him and paid no attention to him, and he, apparently, paid no attention to anything. "At nine o'clock in the morning," Linda thought. As she watched, the man's head fell back so that he appeared to be looking up at her. But it was evident that whatever he looked at he was past seeing.

Linda went uptown to an advertising agency which was supposed to be seeking a girl who could dance, and sing a little, and open a refrigerator without falling into it. The agency had been, the day before, she was told. But the agency would keep Linda Parks in mind.

She then went on to try a TV studio, and a manager's office, and a talent agency. It was then after one, and she had not thought of Joyce Holbrook all morning.

She decided to go back to the apartment, but she did not hurry back, and it was after three when she climbed the steps to the entrance of the apartment house in Morton Street. The man who had sprawled on the steps across the street was gone. She climbed to the fourth floor and unlocked the door and went in, and was it hot!

"I wish somebody would invite me to the country for the weekend," Linda thought. "I could be sitting in a shady place, cool. In New York there is never that feeling. Of course, they say the winters——" "Wait till you go through a New York winter," Joyce had told her. She stopped suddenly. But — how did Joyce know?

JOYCE had come to New York only a few weeks before Linda had come; it had been part of it that they were both new in the city, knowing nobody in the city, learning the ropes together. It had been part of it that neither had been there before, and that so they were starting even. But Joyce had talked about winter in New York as if she knew winter in New York.

Linda got cubes out of the tray and into a glass, and filled the glass with water. Carrying the glass, she walked to the living-room window. She tried to remember exactly what Joyce had said. Perhaps she had said "they say" New York freezes you in winter; that a cold gale blows around the Empire State. But she could not remember that Joyce had said it that way.

Linda thought: "It's another thing that doesn't fit." She looked down into Morton Street.

The man was back. Only he wasn't sprawled on the steps now. He was standing beside them, reading a newspaper. He did not appear at all drunk. He looked up suddenly at her. He looked down again quickly, folded the newspaper, and began to walk off, not hurrying.

Then the buzzer sounded. Linda went to answer it. It was a man selling brushes. He had a salesman's smile when he reached the landing; he held a sample brush ready. He said, "Miss Holbrook?" having, of course, got the name from the mailbox in the vestibule. Her face told him. "Miss Parks, then. I'm the brush man."

"I'm afraid not," she said.

"How do you know till you look?" he asked her pleasantly. "Lots of things besides brushes. Toiletries? Er—insect exterminators? We've got a new thing for roaches."

"I'm afraid not," Linda said again. "I was just going out."

"Miss Holbrook, then?" he said. "I take it you share the apartment with her. Maybe she'd be——"

"She's not here," Linda said. "Away for the weekend. I'm awfully sorry. I'm really afraid——"

It wouldn't do any good, she thought, even as she tried to get finality into her words. Persistence was the word for a brush man. She would end, probably, by buying something.

"Well," the man said, "thanks, anyway."

And with that, still carrying the case of samples, he turned and went down the stairs to the street floor. "Not a very persistent brush man," she thought. "He didn't even try the people on the lower floors." He wouldn't sell many brushes that way.

She looked down into the street again. He was putting his sample case into the back of a car. He got into the car and slammed the door and the car started up. "Given up for the day," she thought. "I must have been the last straw."

But then she could feel herself frowning. When she had last looked down at the street the car had not been there. So he had not been canvassing the block. It was almost, she thought, as if he came here to make this one call. As if this one call were all that mattered.

And it was then, for no real reason, because of an accumulation of things of no apparent significance, that Linda Parks felt nerves at the back of her neck. "Too many things are wrong," she thought; "too many little things. Something's happening," she thought; "something I don't understand is happening. I ought to tell somebody."

But as soon as that thought entered her mind, it seemed to shrink. "Tell someoody what? What have you got to tell? Your apartment mate goes for a weekend and leaves a note; there is a drunk on the steps across the street; a brush man knocks off early; this girl you share with gets something of yours mixed up with hers." The police would be tolerant and patient and, figuratively, pat her shoulder and tell her not to worry, and think she was imagining things.

If only she could talk it over with somebody—somebody less official than the police. If she were at home she would go to Judge Hopkins, who wasn't a judge any longer, but the county prosecutor, who was an old friend of her father. If only there were somebody like that, official, but at the start merely somebody she could talk to.

The sandy-haired man she had met at the amorphous party and not thought of since, but had incongruously dreamed about—he had something to do with the District Attorney. He was the nearest she could think of in this city of which she knew so little. It was absurd to think of imposing on him with this—this cobweb of trivial things. His name was Bowen.

She went to the telephone and put her hand on it and then took her hand away. It was too ridiculous, too embarrassing. She would think about it for a while.

So it was not until 4.20 on the afternoon of Friday, the twenty-seventh of July, that Linda Parks dialled the office of the District Attorney of New York County and asked if she could speak to Mr. Bowen.

At 5.04 Geoffrey Bowen, lawyer,

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CATCH AS CATCH CAN

an Assistant District Attorney, was on his way to the 5.10 New Canaan Express. He was thinking about the girl who had called him up, and trying to place her.

Name: Linda Parks, which struck no spark. Dark and not tall, she said. But there had been half a dozen girls at the Folkes' swarming party who had been dark and not tall. There had been one who was as lovely a little thing as he could remember having met, but the party had snatched her away from him and if she had a name he could not remember that anybody had mentioned it. There was no point in getting up his hopes that she was the girl who had called.

She had got through to him at 4.25, when he had ten minutes of cleaning up still to do, and a vacation stretching ahead. She had wanted to talk to him about something that was worrying her, something about a girl who had disappeared; something about a "lot of little things." She had not known, really, that they added to anything, but she was worried. She had to talk to somebody. If only he could give her half an hour.

IT was one of those intangible things which came up often. People got suspicious; people got scared. People, in short, imagined things. One listened, because, too often, the things were not really imagined. But sometimes one had no time to listen. He explained that to the girl. He explained that he lived in the country and had a train to catch; he suggested that she let it go until Monday, and he would arrange a man for her to talk to, since he himself would be on vacation——

And then she had said "Oh!" in such a dimmed voice that Jeff Bowen's conscience smote him. He said that he was being met at the other end of the train ride, in New Canaan, and this was not true. He said again that Assistant District Attorney Reggie Cunningham would be just the man for her to talk to. On Monday.

She said "Oh!" again, her voice dying away. But then, in a different voice, she said, "The country? A place called New Canaan?" and, before he could respond, "Is there some sort of hotel there? Where I could stay overnight? To get away from the city?"

"Well," he said, "of course. But ——"

Then couldn't she meet him on the train? Tell him about what was worrying her, get his advice? If he would tell her what train?

He did, feeling somewhat trapped. Then, she would wear a red hat on the train and sit—where? In the last car? The smoker?

Jeff Bowen said he would look, on the 5.10, for a small, dark girl wearing a red hat, and that he was a middle-sized man with sandy hair.

"Oh," she said, "I remember you, Mr. Bowen." He could hear the words again, two quick strides from the open mouth of Gate 23.

"—— at Track Thirty-nine," a very different, loud, and metallic voice said, in his ear—in the ears of all in the station. "Attention, please! Will Mr. Geoffrey Bowen please come to the stationmaster's office at Track Thirty-nine? Mr. Geoffrey Bowen, please. Come to the stationmaster's office."

Geoffrey Bowen stopped. His moment of indecision was brief, and then he knew he'd had it, as he had always had it since he accepted appointment as an assistant attorney and became a sworn officer of the State. He didn't suppose that "the State" was having him paged. But all the same, he'd had it. And the girl wearing a red hat, waiting on the train probably, had had it, too. Unless——unless it was the girl herself who had arranged the paging? To tell him she couldn't make the train? Or that the missing roommate had come home after all?

He walked fast, although there was no real use in walking fast. He could kiss the 5.10 goodbye.

"Yes, sir?" a uniformed young man behind a counter in the stationmaster's office said.

Geoffrey Bowen said he was Geoffrey Bowen, and the man nodded. He said, "Yes, Mr. Bowen. Your office wants you to call. You can use that phone."

It seemed a long time before a voice said, "District Attorney's office; good afternoon."

"Jeff Bowen, Sally," he said.

The girl at the switchboard in the office said, "Yes, Mr. Bowen?"

"You wanted me," he said. "Somebody did. Had me paged at Grand Central."

She said, "Paged?" as if the word were new. "I don't know, Mr. Bowen. Almost everybody's gone. I was just going."

"That was the message," Bowen said. "I was to call. The chief, Sally?"

"Gone twenty minutes ago," she said. "Nobody called through the board. But — I'll see."

He waited. He heard her try — heard humming silence, heard her clear, modulated voice. She spoke again to him. "Nobody knows anything about it, Mr. Bowen. I'm sorry."

"So am——" Bowen said, and caught himself, and said, "Not your fault, Sally. Have a good weekend."

He put the handset back in the cradle and walked to the young man and said, "You're sure it was my office?"

"That's what they said. The District Attorney's office. Something wrong?"

There was. There, obscurely but still decidedly, was. "Not your fault," Bowen said as he had said before, and walked quickly out of the stationmaster's office. At Track 23 the gates were closed; the 5.10's announcement board was down. Two tracks away the 5.34's board was up —"New Haven Local-Express," and, in the station strip, "Connection for New Canaan."

"What it came to," Geoffrey Bowen decided — "what it comes to, whoever called was a crank. There are plenty in town, and you can never tell what they may be up to." Three years in the District Attorney's office had taught him that. The vast, inquisitive city is a haven for cranks.

"I got off easy," he thought, making his quick way through the open gate to the 5.34. Half an hour's difference didn't matter; it wasn't as if he really had anyone meeting him at the station, or as if anybody waited impatiently in the sprawling white house. He opened a newspaper and relaxed into the normal world.

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Linda Parks had put the telephone back in its cradle in the Morton Street apartment and had moved as fast as a nimble girl can. She tossed enough things in for a night or two into a bag; ran down the three flights of stairs and trotted to the subway station. Now that she had found someone who would listen to and advise her, there was adventure in the rest of it.

She found the 5.10 New Canaan Express and reached Gate 23 just before it opened. Now she sat, red hat and all, on the right-hand side of the last car and waited for a man named Geoffrey Bowen, the quick, sandy-haired man she was sure she would remember. She looked at her watch and saw that it was time for the train to start. A man with a briefcase ran along the platform, and after that there was no one. She watched the door at the end of the car anxiously, and when the door stayed shut she half stood and reached for her bag. But then the train started.

She sank back in the seat, and the red hat—with a feather sticking out of it—was the only gay thing left about Linda Parks. He had missed the train. Or he had never planned to catch the train. He had agreed, to get rid of her—get rid of a bothersome ninny from the country, scared out of her wits. The train began to pick up speed; then it was in a tunnel, the walls closing in.

Then the door at the forward end of the car opened, and she looked quickly. But the man was not the man she remembered; the man she had talked to; the man who had promised. The man who came into the car and looked down it was a big, soft man, with a round, rather friendly and red and perspiring face. He wore a tweed jacket, and he was beginning to grow bald. He came down the car looking at her, and stopped. "Miss Parks?"

She merely looked at him.

"Cunningham," he said. "Reggie Cunningham. Geoffrey Bowen got tied up at the last minute. Asked me to talk to you instead." He looked at the overnight case, and then reached down and picked it up and put it in the overhead rack. "Said to tell you he was sorry," the big man said, and sat down beside Linda. His heavy body pressed against hers, wedging her against the side of the car. "Now," he said in a heavy, pleasant voice, "what's all this about your roommate? About Miss Holbrook?"

At first she felt only let down — disappointed. She had time to think that odd, since all she wanted was to talk to somebody — somebody who would know what to do. Geoffrey Bowen on the telephone had said something about a Mr. Cunningham. Another Assistant District Attorney, she supposed.

She looked up at the big man, who smiled encouragingly.

"It's just that——" Linda began, and stopped. "I didn't tell him her name," she thought. "I didn't tell him her name. So how does this man know?"

There was no change in the man when Linda abruptly stopped speaking. He looked at her and waited. After a few seconds he said, "It's just what, Miss Parks?"

Her mind hurried back. "I didn't say, 'My roommate, Joyce Holbrook'," Linda thought. I just said, "The girl I share an apartment with." Then, how does this man know her name?

The man said, "Why don't you go on, Miss Parks? You wanted to tell us something."

"Who is this man," she thought, and then, "This is another of the wrong things. And this time it is directed against me."

She tried to slow her mind, make it sensible. The sensible thing was to ask this man to identify himself

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He would have an official card. A badge or something? But another thought tumbled over because her mind would not slow. If I ask for that, and he is not what he says at all, then he'll know I know and——

The train raced on. Lights flashed past the window and the car swayed. The air in the car seemed to thicken. "I've got to get out," she thought. "I've got to——" And then she thought: "There's a way."

She parted her lips as if to speak again, but then, with a quick gesture, put her hand over her parted lips. She shook her head and pressed hard against her lips. She looked up at the man and her eyes widened; she willed sickness into her eyes, tightened her muscles around them. ("Learn to use your eyes," drama coaches had told her. "You can do a lot with your eyes. Practise.")

"What's the matter now?" the man said. "Don't tell me——"

She nodded her head. She took her fingers from her mouth, as if there were great risk in the movement. She barely opened her lips. She said, "Carsick. I'd better——" and convulsively covered her mouth again. The man looked down at her. She moved, started to stand up. For an instant he hesitated, and she made her eyes command, "Hurry!"

The big man got up and she pushed past him into the aisle.

"Up front," he said, and she went the short distance to the front of the coach, pressing her hand still against her mouth. She would lock herself in; somebody would come—the conductor——

The train shot into daylight; now, as she reached for the door marked "Toilet," the train hurried on elevated tracks; ran high between tenements. The train began to slow.

She tugged at the toilet door. She looked back. The big man was still standing in the aisle, looking at her. The train went much slower. The train was stopping.

She turned quickly, pulled at the door to the vestibule. A metallic voice filled her ears— "Five-twenty express," the voice said. "Stamford the first stop."

The train man swung off the steps to the platform. Instantly it seemed a crowd formed at the bottom of the steps. She moved down the steps. For a second she seemed trapped by people who surged towards her, blocked her escape from the train. She broke free and began to hurry along the platform, away from the coach in which the big man — she hoped — still awaited her return. She found a flight of stairs and ran down it, thinking, "It's a miracle the train stopped so soon."

The 5.10 out of Grand Central is the 5.20 out of 125th Street. Carrying an overnight case, a big man ran down the coach steps as the train started, and swung off to the platform.

She ran and soon was on the street. There was a cab waiting. She ran to it and tugged the door open. Inside the cab she was for a moment too breathless to speak. The cab driver said, "Where to, lady?"

"Downtown," she said, and the city — the city she knew so little — seemed to swirl around her. She looked back through the rear window of the cab. A good many people were coming out of the station. She did not see the big man. "Grand Central Terminal," she said.

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The 5.35, New Haven Local-Express, came out of the Park Avenue tunnel to the elevated right of way, and ran, slowing down, between tenements. Geoffrey Bowen could have looked into many windows. Two months ago he had looked often, fascinated by framed vignettes of different life. He didn't any longer. The train stopped at 125th Street at 5.44.

One of the men who got on and found a seat a little behind Geoffrey Bowen was a tall, rather heavy man who wore a tweed jacket—who had a round, friendly face, flushed by the heat of the afternoon. He put a weekend case on the rack.

The big man lighted a cigar and leaned back in his seat and opened a newspaper. He did not, however, become engrossed in it. There was no point in letting the same thing happen twice. Things were set now as far as Stamford.

. . .

In the taxicab, Linda asked herself questions. "What's come over you? What on earth are you afraid of? Why are you running around like a chicken with its head cut off? And, if you must act like a hysterical ninny, why don't you just step out of it? Because nobody's after you. Why should anybody be?"

These were sensible questions. But there were no sensible answers. The man was probably just what he said he was, a friend of Mr. Bowen's, from the same office. You did give Joyce's name and just don't remember it. Linda remembered very carefully, went over it very carefully. The cab went faster.

Linda was again quite sure. She had not given Joyce's name to Mr. Bowen when she talked to him on the telephone. This man who knew her name had not learned it from Bowen. Then he had not been sent by Bowen. Then—he was part of it. (Part of what?) And now she was frightened for herself. Now "it" had turned towards her.

"Here we are, lady," the cab driver said, and she paid him and went into the Grand Central Terminal. She was safe here. Perhaps she could merely walk out of "it."

BUT you can't walk out on people. Not if you know things — even things that form a cobweb only — which nobody else knows. And then Linda thought, "He didn't miss the train on purpose. He's not like that. I'll go to this New Canaan and find him. It will be a little place—like Centreview, probably—and it will be easy to find him." She walked to the information desk and asked when the next train left for New Canaan. The man said, "Six-oh-five, Track Nineteen."

At Track 19, the gates were open. As Linda started through, a man who had been waiting to meet someone—a young man, tall and broad-shouldered, tanned, and hatless — looked at his watch, and shrugged. Giving it up, the shrug said, and Linda thought, vaguely, that he gave up easily, since there were still five minutes before the train was due to leave. The man went down the ramp a few steps behind her. She went into the last car and found a seat. She was vaguely conscious that the hatless man came into the coach after her and found a seat on the other side of the aisle.

The train started. Just before it stopped at 125th Street, Linda took the red hat off and tucked it down out of sight. She also powdered her nose, keeping the hand which held the compact in front of her face. But the big man with the flushed face was not one of those who got on at 125th.

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Nobody was meeting Geoffrey Bowen at the station. At the house in Pound Ridge, the hundred-and-fifty-year-old house, nobody was waiting for him. He might as well get something to eat in New Canaan. Jeff walked the length of the station yard, checking as he passed on the presence of his car which nestled undisturbed in the small space it needed. He crossed Park Street and walked to a restaurant.

One of the fifty or so who had got off the train was a partly bald, heavy man with a red face. He walked in the direction Jeff Bowen had taken. He did not follow Bowen into the restaurant. He sauntered on.

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"Change at Stamford," the conductor had said, as he punched Linda's ticket. "Stamford!" a trainman said loudly now. "Change for the New Canaan branch."

She saw a sign indicating the way to the New Canaan trains. She did not look back at the hatless young man behind her.

A train was waiting at a platform marked "Train to New Canaan." She was not the last to climb on the train.

New Canaan, she had vaguely thought, would be a little town, with quiet sun-swept streets, small enough so that she would stop in some store or other and ask where a Mr. Bowen lived—a Mr. Geoffrey Bowen. But, standing on the station platform and looking from it into the town, she realised it was not at all like Centerview. The idea that she would merely have to ask someone where Mr. Bowen lived was, at once, absurd. Nevertheless, she asked one of the taxi drivers waiting at the edge of the platform. He shook his head. He said, "Live here in town?"

"Why," she said, "I suppose so. That is—he was coming here."

The taxi driver smiled at her; he said, "You see, people from quite a way around use New Canaan station. Pound Ridge, over Wilton way, even come down from Lewisboro and Ridgefield. This Mr. Bowen might live anywhere around here."

She said, "Oh!" and the taxi driver was impelled to pat her shoulder and resisted the impulse. "Probably be in the telephone book," he said.

She went into the station, which was deserted, and found a telephone directory. She found: "Bowen, William, Trnty Pass," but his first name was not William. Still——

She dialled the listed number. The telephone rang, and rang unanswered. She went out of the station. The cab stand was empty now. Trains come; trains go back. She went to the trainman and asked about that. He looked at his watch. "Next trip in nineteen minutes."

Again, she thought, "I could just step out of it, run away from it. I could get back on the train and go back to the city. I could——"

"I can't," she thought. "What shall I do?" And then, quite prosaically, she decided she would go and get a sandwich. After she had eaten she tried the number again. And again she got no answer.

She walked back to the station; the train had gone. A taxi was backing up to the platform. The driver was the one she had talked to before; he got out of the car and came around it and smiled at her and said, "Find your party?"

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"I don't know," she said. "There's a Bowen in Pound Ridge. Only it's a William Bowen. The man I want is——"

"Wait a minute," the taxi driver said. "I've heard about that Bowen. Big corporation lawyer, Mr. Bowen is, only he and his wife have moved to Florida. Got the house up for sale. That's what I heard, anyway. And his son is living in it trying to sell it. Show people through it. Know what I mean? He's a lawyer, too."

"Can you take me there?" Linda asked, without this time stopping to think at all.

"We'll find it," the driver said. "Get in."

She got in.

A man who had been standing behind a car, on the other side of the road, watched the cab start off. He swore softly.

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Jeff's dinner had taken longer than he planned. It was almost eight o'clock when he walked back towards the station. A cab was moving off, turning north and climbing the hill.

The woman in the back seat of the cab wore a red hat. That was all he could see of her—a red hat. He stood for a moment looking after the cab. It went on up the hill. So—any woman could wear a red hat. He was done with the crank.

His car, long in the sun, was now a small furnace. He opened windows, slid the roof panel back, and drove slowly away.

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The heavy man with the red face crossed to the platform. He still seemed in no particular hurry. As he reached the station a tall young man, bareheaded, came around it from the far end.

"Well," the younger man said, "imagine running into you here."

The other man took off his hat and rubbed sweat from his forehead with the palm of his hand. "They gave you the girl, eh?"

"Very pretty girl," the younger man said. "Seems a waste, doesn't it? They're not too pleased with you, by the way."

"So I gathered," the heavy man said, "when I called in. One of those things, Norman. She's taken off again, I gather."

"And," the young man said, "me without my roller skates. Yours?"

"Likewise," the big man said. "Going home, probably. And she after him, wouldn't you say? Or, do you know?"

"She made a couple of calls," the man named Norman said. "Talked to the taxi driver. Got bright-eyed, the lady did, and off they go. Yes, I suppose she went after him."

"Persistent little thing," the big man said. "Got her wits about her, too. Made me think she was about to lose her lunch. As you say, a very pretty girl. It does seem a pity. But there it is, isn't it?"

"There it is," the younger man agreed. "You're calling in?"

"Yes." The big man was gone some ten minutes. "They'll pick us up," he said on his return. "They know where the place is, out they'll stop by for us on the way. The restaurant down the street looks all right. Have just about time, I'd think."

"By the way," the big man said, "the other girl died."

"I thought she might," the younger man said. "The prognosis was never good, was it? Any last words?"

"Not, so far as they could find out, in the wrong places," the big man said. "Except to our little friend. A pity, as you said."

.

It was much cooler out of town; with the windows opened wide, it was hardly hot at all. The little car turned contentedly left into Trinity Pass, as if of its own accord. The road curved and there, with a kind of suddenness, was the house.

It was white and had many roof levels, and from the road it did not look at all like a large house. It looked still like the nesting farmhouse it had been for its first one hundred years. There was a white slat fence in front of it. Jeff drove the car up the steep, short drive and into the garage.

He did not go at once into the house on arrival, but walked behind it to look at the river. On this side, the house seemed to be on a hill; the wide lawn sloped down to the river, which sparkled in the slanting light. The sun was dipping below the hill beyond the river, their hill. All the hills around were theirs, and all the woods. "It's beautiful land," William Bowen had said many times. There was something over two hundred and fifty acres of Bowen land stretching around the house.

But all the same, Jeff's father and mother had decided to sell it.

His mother told Jeff, "We want to try something different. And you don't really want all this."

He didn't, of course. He loved it, but he didn't want it. Not to live on, to be tied to. Which was, apparently, the way his parents had decided they also felt. Well, there wasn't a man at sixty-three younger than his father, or a woman at sixty younger than his mother. Living from autumn to late spring in Florida, they could play tennis all winter.

The sun had gone behind the hill. He turned back towards the house. As he neared it, he walked between two of a row of round white stones, set into the lawn, marking the New-York-Connecticut State line.

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The area around New Canaan is rolling and wooded. Narrow roads go through the valleys and twist up the hills in all conceivable directions. The roads bear names, but often keep their names to themselves, to the confusion of strangers.

At 8.50 the driver of Linda's cab said, "You know, I'm afraid we missed it back there," generously including his passenger in his confusion. "Could be I turned off Trinity Pass back there some place."

Linda made a small and unhappy sound.

"Don't worry," the driver said. "We'll find it. Just circle back," he said, with hearty confidence.

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He would read a bit, Geoffrey Bowen thought, and turn in. The doorbell rang. The man at the door was elderly. He wore a dark grey suit and rimless eyeglasses. He might, Jeff thought, be a professor, a doctor. He was, of course, another of those who had lost their way. Trinity Pass was tricky. A big car stood in the road, edged off it.

"Mr. Bowen?" the elderly man said.

"Yes?" Jeff said.

"Mr. Bowen, did my daughter find you? Is she here?"

Jeff Bowen felt himself blink. He said, "Your daughter?"

"My name is Parks," the elderly man said, "Dr. Robert Parks." He paused for an instant, as if waiting for recognition of the name. "My daughter's name is Linda."

Jeff said "Oh" to that.

"Then," Doctor Parks said, and now there was regret, unhappiness in his tone, "she did reach you. It is"—he paused and shook his dignified head—"it is distressing," he said, "to disturb a stranger. I wonder if I might come in, Mr. Bowen?"

"Why," Jeff said, "sure."

Inside, in the living-room, Dr. Robert Parks seemed to hesitate.

"My daughter," he said, and spoke as if with an effort, "my daughter left a note. At her apartment. Her . . . companion found it. It was addressed to her. It said—" He paused and shook his head.

"It is difficult to explain," he said. "My daughter is . . . disturbed, Mr. Bowen. I'm afraid that she did reach you on the telephone? As she said in the note?"

"A Miss Linda Parks called me," Bowen said. "She said that she had something to tell me."

"Yes," Doctor Parks said. He hesitated again, and said, "You may as well read it," and held out a fold of grey notepaper. The handwriting was round, and a woman's.

Jeff read: "I know what you are trying to do. It won't be any good. I've talked to a man at the District Attorney's office, a Mr. Bowen. He won't let you do what you're trying." It was signed, "Linda."

Jeff Bowen looked up.

"She imagined things," Doctor Parks said. "Probably you noticed it when you talked to her. She—we are very worried, Mr. Bowen. I suppose she told you—but it is really hard to guess what she might tell you. That there was a conspiracy against her? Or something of the kind? The child lives in a world of fantasy, Mr. Bowen. Even that there was a plot against her life?"

JEFF BOWEN hesitated. Doctor Parks nodded understandingly. He said he realised that he was a stranger; that he was asking information that Mr. Bowen might not feel free to give. He said, "For what it's worth," and gave Jeff a card—"Robert Parks, M.D.," with a Park Avenue address. He said, "I realise this is all. I suppose you might say, an impertinence. But I have to find her. What may happen if I don't—" He did not finish.

"Your daughter is under the care of a psychiatrist?" Jeff said. "And there is a . . . companion?"

"Yes," Parks said. "A . . . roommate. A Miss Holbrook. A psychiatric nurse, although, of course, my daughter does not know that."

"On the telephone," Jeff Brown said, "your daughter spoke of someone being missing. She wasn't explicit. Very guarded."

Doctor Parks sighed. He shook his handsome, dignified head. He did not need to put in words what the sigh, the gesture said—the sad acceptance they conveyed.

"I gathered," Jeff said, "that it was her roommate who had disappeared. I was just leaving the office. I was to have met her on the train."

"And didn't?"

"I missed the train," Jeff said. "It was arranged that I miss it." He told how. Parks sighed.

"This," he said, "is the worst thing that's happened. We've tried—" He spread helpless hands. "I hoped that she might somehow have come here. Your office said you lived near New Canaan, and I put two and two together." Once more he shook his head. "A fruitless trip," he said. "I've disturbed you to no purpose. Probably she is still in New York.

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I can only hope that she'll go back to the apartment. To Miss Holbrook."

"I'm sorry," Jeff said. "I'm very sorry. There was no truth in it then? That her roommate is missing?"

"Oh," Parks said, "none, of course. She lives in a world of dreams, Mr. Bowen." He stood for a moment and looked at nothing. "I may as well go back," he said.

The doorbell rang. Jeff crossed the room, his movements quick, and opened the door.

The girl who stood at the door was very small, and she wore a red hat. She was the very lovely girl of the party.

"Your father's here, Miss Parks," Bowen told her, and saw her eyes widen in sudden terror.

"My father?" she said, and in the voice which, for hours, had echoed faintly in his mind, "my father's dead."

Parks was beside Jeff Bowen then.

"My dear," he said, "Linda. Don't you—"

The girl shrank back, turned, and started to run. A large man came out of nowhere, and she ran into his hands. Jeff said, "Hey!" which meant nothing, and started out. And walked into a flash of blinding light and pain, and fell into darkness.

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It was dark when Jeff Bowen woke up with his head hurting. He made a routine check of the house, found the telephone wires cut and his car put out of action. Then he walked to the nearest house and telephoned police. On his return home he reviewed all that had happened.

She had turned, tried to run away. A man had suddenly been there. Probably the man had been behind the pruned-down hemlock on the left of the doorway. There might have been several men.

The girl had been seized. Then—had he stepped forward, out of the doorway to the path? He thought he had. Had the girl struggled when the man grabbed her? He could not remember; probably he had been hit before he had a chance to see.

There was, Jeff's lawyer mind told him, no point in speculating as to what it was all about until he had facts to put together. Nevertheless, when he first heard a distant siren he was speculating.

The most probable thing was that the girl did have something to tell him, and that all that had happened was made to happen so that she could not. Finally, the girl had been forcibly removed, and he had been put forcibly — if temporarily — out of action. Why temporarily? There was no use in guessing.

The siren wailed and soon after a sergeant and a trooper of the State police hurried up the walk.

He talked fast and they listened well, and did not need to be told their job, and did not try to tell him his. But it took time, even so—time to say he had seen the car only as a dark shape, but thought it was a big car; to agree that the girl, since she had come later, probably had come separately and might well have come by cab; and that a place to start was with the cabs which worked the New Canaan Station. It took time, too, to describe the girl as well as he could describe her; small, five two or three at a guess; a face which narrowed down from wide brow to delicate chin—heart-shaped, if they wanted to call it that; large eyes, dark hair almost black; a red hat with a feather stuck in it.

"You want to have a doctor look at that head of yours?" the sergeant asked, and Jeff shook his head.

"I want to get back to town," he said. "Things started in town."

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The man on her left in the rear seat of the big car was the man who had been on the train—the man who had said he was Cunningham, the man from whom she had fled at 125th Street. She had run to find a man who would help her, she had searched for him on dark roads, in strange shadows. She had found him and he had lied—had said her father was there; her father dead these ten years.

The man who had told her that—was Geoffrey Bowen. There was no doubt in her mind about that.

On the other side, now, was the older man who had stood beside Geoffrey Bowen in the doorway.

She turned and the big man had caught her and held her while she struggled against him — struggled long enough to find out that struggling was useless. Then she had been whirled around by the man who held her and forced down the path away from the house, into the dark car. A heavy hand had been held over her mouth, so that she could not cry out.

Three other men got into the car—a man in a chauffeur's uniform; a tall, square-shouldered, youngish man who got in beside the chauffeur; and last, the older man. The older man said, "All right, John. We'll go back now." The car started. After it had gone a quarter of a mile or so the older man said, "Let Miss Parks breathe, Clyde." The big man took his hand away from her mouth.

She put her own hands over her face then, as if she could hide behind her hands. She could feel herself trembling, and tried to stop her body's betrayal, and could not.

"Don't be frightened, my dear," the older man said, in the soothing, quiet voice. "There are just a few questions we want to ask you. Questions I'm sure you can answer quite easily."

GRAND Central Station never sleeps, but at one o'clock in the morning it may be said to doze. Most of the big trains have gone by then, tired men push big brooms across the acres of concrete flooring.

Jeff Bowen started with the Manhattan telephone directory, started with Parks. There was no Robert Parks, M.D. He had not supposed there would be. There was no Parks, Linda. He looked at a list of people named Holbrook. "Doctor Parks" might have made up the name. He might not. He could, Jeff thought, spend a night waking up people named Holbrook, asking each if he knew a girl named Linda Parks, a little dark-haired girl with large and frightened eyes.

He looked up a number he knew he would find, dialled, and waited. He waited a long time. The chances were that the Folkes' were out. A voice full of fog said "Hello."

"Bernie," Jeff said. "Jeff Bowen."

Bernard Folkes said, "I was asleep. We were both asleep."

"I know," Jeff said. "I'm sorry, Bernie. I'm trying to find a girl. Her name is Linda Parks. She was at that party of yours last week. Wednesday."

"There were a dozen at it. Big girls, little girls. Two dozen."

"Small," Jeff said, as patient as with any discursive witness. "Dark hair. Big eyes. Pretty. This is official. Not fun and games."

"Was she with a blonde?" Folkes said. "Aspiring young actresses?"

"I don't know, Bernie. Possibly."

"Tall blonde," Folkes said. "Little dark girl. Name of dark girl, Linda Parks—hey, wait a minute. The blonde was Joyce something."

"Holbrook?"

"Could be. Friend of somebody and somebody brought her and she brought the little girl." He sighed. "Little girl was named Linda."

Jeff said, "Listen, Bernie. Where does she live?"

Folkes spoke off the telephone then, to his wife. He came back on. "Myra thinks somewhere in the Village. She says, something happen to the girl?"

"Yes," Bowen said. "Where in the Village?" he asked.

Bernie conferred again. "Myra says, is there a Mortimer Street?"

"Not that I ever heard of," Jeff said. "Not in the Village." He thought. He said, "Morton Street?"

Bernie conferred again. He said, "Myra says it could be. If there is one."

"Thanks," Jeff said. "Go back to sleep."

None of the Holbrooks or Parks' in the telephone directory lived on Morton Street. He turned to Information, got telephone number and street address, and rang the former, and got no answer. Then he got a cab.

There were two names in the slot next a doorbell in the dark vestibule. Jeff used a match to read them: Joyce Holbrook; Linda Parks. He pressed the doorbell and got no answer and tried the door and found it locked and went out into the street and looked up at the building. On the third floor front a light was on. He went back, worked out the probable button, and pushed it. Almost at once the lock on the door began to click angrily. Jeff pushed.

Above him, up the stair well, a man leaned on the rail and looked down.

"Forgot my key," Jeff said. "Thanks."

He was told not to mention it. He climbed stairs. The fourth floor, almost certainly.

Joyce Holbrook, Linda Parks. Neatly lettered on a card, set into a plate arranged for it.

Jeff knocked, and was unanswered. He tried the doorknob, and it turned. He went in, flicked the light on, and said "Hello?"

A slender blond girl, wearing a pale silk dress, was lying on her back on a day-bed. She looked entirely comfortable.

She had, Jeff Bowen decided after he gently touched her bare arm, been dead for some hours.

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The big car pulled up to the kerb sedately, and the elderly man said, "And here we are." He got out and crossed to a narrow, three-storied house set shoulder to shoulder with other houses like it. "Come on, Miss Parks." She slid across the seat, but the broad-shouldered man who had sat beside the driver was on the kerb before she could reach it.

They took her into the house and the elderly man turned on lights in a room opening off the hall. "If you'll just come in here, Miss Parks." There was nothing violent in his tone, or, now, any violence in any of them.

One might have thought, from their manner, that she needed only

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CATCH AS CATCH CAN

to say she would rather not go in there to have one of them say, "Whatever you'd prefer, of course." But it was not like that, not at all like that.

They had said little to her during the drive into the city. She had said, "Where are you taking me?" and had not been answered. She had said, "What did you do to Mr. Bowen?" and the older man had said, "Don't worry about him, my dear."

The older man sat down. The tall, broad-shouldered young man (who was the man she had seen waiting at the gate when she went to get on the 6.05) stood at the door to the entrance hall. The other man—the soft man of the earlier train, the man called Clyde—stood near another door which led into another room.

"Now," the older man said, "what did Miss Holbrook tell you, Miss Parks? That you wanted to pass on to Mr. Bowen?"

"Tell me," Linda said, and though there was fear in her mind there was, at the same time, complete bewilderment. "What do you mean?"

"About the place where she used to work," he told her.

"I don't know what you mean," Linda said. "I don't know what you mean at all. Who are you—all of you? What do you want? Where is Joyce?"

"She's gone away," the man said. "With the Nicholses. Don't you remember?"

"You've done something to her!" Linda said. The soft man of the train shook his head slowly.

"Now, what did she tell you that you wanted to pass on to the District Attorney?" the man went on.

"She didn't tell me anything," Linda said. "I don't know what you're talking about." She leaned forward. "Really I don't," she said. "Let me go. Please!"

"After all the trouble we've gone to?" the man said.

THERE was nothing at first to make the theory of suicide untenable. The detectives from the Charles Street Station agreed to that; and the detectives from the Homicide Squad, and the assistant medical examiner. Jeff Bowen, who was official now, whatever he had been before, agreed also.

The tall blond girl, who had appeared to be so comfortable on a day-bed in the Morton Street apartment, had died of an overdose of a barbiturate. A glass on the floor, within easy reach of her hand, held a swallow—a final swallow—of the cordial and barbiturate. The medical examiner said she had lain as she was found for some hours after she had died.

Joyce Holbrook — prints of her photograph, backed with her name and address, identified her beyond immediate question — had decided she wanted to die.

She had left no note.

She had been dead a minimum of twelve hours; perhaps a maximum of eighteen. So Joyce Holbrook—mid-twenties, blond hair—had died not later than 2.30 on the afternoon of Friday, the twenty-seventh.

"Nothing to indicate she was moved after death?" Jeff asked. He was told that there was not. "But it's not impossible."

It was not, of course. Joyce Holbrook had lain on her back for some time after her death. Lividity showed that. She was lying on her back when Jeff found her. A question was possible; nothing raised a question.

The photographer finished and went, the fingerprint men went at it—rolled slender dead fingers on a pad and on blanks, dusted surfaces. The formalities are required, even when the facts are obvious.

"You're sure this other girl — this Linda Parks—was in the apartment when she called you?" one of the squad men asked Jeff Bowen. "Because, if she was, she was selling you a bill of goods. The girl she said had disappeared—right there she was." He pointed to the day-bed, to the girl on it. "And — right dead she was."

"I'm not certain," Jeff said. "I gathered she was. I suppose she said something to make me think she was. She may have been some place else."

"She better have been," the squad man said. He regarded Jeff Bowen. "You're pretty sure she was snatched? That it wasn't a put-up game?"

"I don't get—" Jeff began, and then stopped, because he did get it. It would have been pretty elaborate, but — "Killed her roommate," Jeff said. "Called me to report the girl missing. Then showed up with some pals and got them to kidnap her, so it would look like somebody was after both of them."

"And," the squad man said, "show up later, having got away from the bad boys and find her roommate all dead." He considered. "I don't," he said, "know that I'd buy it off-hand. On the other hand, the doc's probably right about the time. So?"

Jeff Bowen thought of the girl with the light on her lovely face, and fear in her eyes, as she stood just outside the door of the house in Pound Ridge. On the other hand, she was an actress.

The fingerprint men were methodically at it still. Now one of them blew powder from the glass out of which Joyce Holbrook had drunk what killed her and looked at what he had brought up.

"Too many prints," he said. "Two sets of prints all over the place."

The squad man looked at Jeff Bowen. He said, "Well, counsellor? So?"

"If the Parks girl wanted it to look like suicide," Jeff said, "why not wipe the glass? Then put the other girl's prints on it? If she fixed the drink, why leave her own prints all over the glass? And why call me about a disappearance?"

The squad man said: "They're very fine questions. Have you got any fine answers?"

Jeff Bowen didn't have.

"So," the squad man said, "we'd better find that Miss Parks of yours, and see what fine answers she's got." He looked at Jeff, who did not seem to have heard him.

The search for Linda Parks would spread patiently—from trooper barracks to trooper barracks, in the city from precinct to precinct. It was out of Jeff Bowen's hands, and probably would never come back into them. If it did it would be when the glass which had held death was "State's Exhibit A."

Jeff went downstairs, said "good night" to a patrolman in uniform at the downstairs door, and said, when he was looked at curiously, "District Attorney's office," to a sergeant in a prowl car. He walked down Morton Street. He was almost at the corner when a man came out of the shadows and began to walk along beside him. Jeff stopped.

The man was entirely a medium man—medium in height and weight—medium in age. He was not a man at whom one would look twice. He smiled faintly.

"Can't say I blame you," he said. "People popping out of nowhere. You'd be Bowen?"

"Well?" Jeff said.

"Same side of the street," the man told him. "Or thereabouts, anyway. Federal."

"Are you?" Jeff said. "Let's see, shall we?"

The identification card said that the medium man was Saul Stringer, and that he was Federal.

Stringer said, "The girl's dead, I take it."

"If you mean Joyce Holbrook," Jeff said, "yes."

"They will play around about it," Saul Stringer said. Her name wasn't Holbrook, by the way. Near enough like it—Hancock. Janice Hancock. The old initials deal." He sighed. "Probably had them on a bag or something. Buy you a drink?"

"Every place is closed," Jeff said.

"Hotel," Stringer said. "O.K.?"

"Yes," Jeff said.

A little way from the corner a small car was parked. Stringer led the way to it, and drove it uptown and across to a very medium hotel. The clerk aroused himself from a doze to say, "Evening, Mr. Seymour." They went up in a self-operated elevator and along a corridor to a medium hotel room. "The old initials deal again," Stringer said. "Samuel Seymour here. Say when."

"Am I to take it," Jeff said, "that Miss Holbrook, or whatever her name was, was a beautiful blond spy."

"If it were that easy," Stringer said. "No. A nice, clean girl, Miss Holbrook. From all we hear. Only—a little indecisive. Couldn't make up her mind probably."

"Couldn't make up her mind about what?" Jeff asked him.

"How much she knew," Stringer said. "Whether she really knew anything, perhaps. I suppose something came up that made her decide she did. As I say, we're not too far along. The Parks girl didn't tell you anything?"

"That her roommate had left the apartment," Jeff told him. "That there were a lot of little things which worried her."

"What were the things that worried her?"

"She didn't get to that. She was to meet me on a train. Or do you know that, too?"

"What I know," Stringer said, "is what you told the State police. Why the Connecticut police, by the way? We've got you down for Pound Ridge."

"The house is in Connecticut. Most of the land is in New York. The road twists back and forth across the State line. It happened in——" He stopped.

"Yes," Stringer said, "does make it interesting, doesn't it? Anyway, a name stuck out in the report when it came through on the Teletype. Not yours. The girl's. So. What's the setup back there? In the apartment?"

When Jeff had finished, Stringer said, "Not very clear, is it?"

"No," Jeff said. "Since we're letting hair down—your turn, isn't it? Or don't you people reciprocate?"

"We collaborate to the fullest extent with other law enforcement agencies. End quote," Stringer said. "What do you know about espionage, counsellor? Men in trench coats, with their hats pulled down? Beautiful blondes, as you mentioned? All very sinister."

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"You watch TV," Jeff said. "Go to movies."

"Makes a nice change," Stringer said.

"Well—last Wednesday, Miss Holbrook wrote us a letter. Call her Holbrook. Said she had some information about a company she used to work for. Something she'd 'stumbled on' that made her think the company had a—well, call it secondary line. Like collecting information about things and sending it along to people who could use it. See what I mean?"

"You're indirect," Jeff said.

"So was she," Stringer told him. "Indirect and inadequate, but wanted to come in and talk to somebody. Said she had been thinking about it for weeks, not being sure she really had anything to talk about, and that something had come up in the past few days which convinced her she had." He paused, sipped from his glass. "We get a lot of letters," he said. "We pay reasonable attention. Miss Holbrook's letter we did pay attention to. For various reasons. For one thing, it more or less fitted in."

"With?" Jeff said.

"People in various places seem to be learning things they're not supposed to know. In considerable detail. Especially during the past year or so. When that happens, you look for pros. With these boys it's 'You pay, we find out.'"

"For anybody?"

"Anybody with a convertible currency," Stringer said. "It's just possible that Miss Holbrook, when she was still Miss Hancock, worked for the organisation. In its cover aspect, if you see what I mean. Like —importing watches, or fabrics or novelties or machine tools. Or selling real estate. Legitimate enterprises, and legitimate people working in them.

"It occurred to us that Miss Holbrook might have been working for this organisation and stumbled on something. Something that made her suspicious — suspicious enough to decide she'd get out before she found out too much. They suspected she'd stumbled on something. She changed her name and dyed her hair and tried keeping her mouth shut. But then something happened to convince her that wasn't going to be good enough. So she finally got around to writing us a letter."

Jeff said, "Probably what happened was that they found her."

"Probably," Stringer said.

"And the other girl?" Jeff found, unexpectedly, that his voice had grown tense. "Linda Parks?"

"Depends on what Miss Holbrook told her. Or on what somebody thinks Miss Holbrook told her. Always provided she isn't in it herself."

"You think Miss Holbrook was killed?"

"Oh, yes," Stringer said. "And that Miss Parks will be if they decide the Holbrook girl passed on what she knew and—that Miss Parks hasn't."

Jeff looked at his glass very thoughtfully.

"If they thought Miss Parks had passed on the information," he said, "you think then they wouldn't."

"I don't know," Stringer said, "but they have to stop some place, don't they? They're not amateurs. Not likely to get emotional about things. Vindictive. If they thought Miss Parks had already talked, they might decide it was pointless to eliminate her, mightn't they?"

"You talk as if you know who 'they' are."

"If we knew, counsellor," Stringer said, "knew and could prove, we'd move in, wouldn't we? We know the last place Miss Holbrook worked. When she was Miss Hancock."

"Mr. Stringer," Jeff said, "how did she slip through your fingers?"

"Well, we did a little checking first. Like to know who we're talking to. Took a bit of time. When we got around to calling her, it was Thursday afternoon and nobody answered. We tried a few more times and got Miss Parks, and she said her roommate had gone away for the weekend. How we recognised Parks' name when it came through, incidentally." He said, "We were late."

"What do you do now?" Jeff said.

"Talk to Miss Parks, if somebody turns her up."

"You don't turn her up. I take it?"

"We're not a missing-persons bureau. She's being looked for. She'll be found. Dead or alive."

JEFF said, "You think if they thought—whoever they are—that she had talked it would make a difference?"

"It might."

"If she had talked to me, given me this information, on the telephone—what would the information be?"

"Something that would make a bright girl think something wasn't right. Something she overheard. Something she read. How would I know? As for the telephone call—I shouldn't think so. Her line's tapped, of course. They heard what she said to you. That's how they got on to her in the first place. How else? So, if she told you anything, it would have to have been later. Not on the train, because they got you off the train. In the country?"

"I didn't see her until she showed up at the house. I—wait a minute. She was wearing a red hat. I saw somebody, some woman with a red hat on, going off in a cab."

"They may have followed her. They might get to the cab driver."

Jeff nodded.

"You'll be bait," Stringer said, after a pause. "I may be wrong about their knowing where to stop knowing when it's time to fold the tents."

"Where did Miss Holbrook work last?" Jeff Bowen said.

Stringer told him.

"Remember her name was Hancock."

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Geoffrey Bowen slept on his office couch. He had got in touch with the Homicide Squad, and told them that Joyce Holbrook's name probably was Janice Hancock, and that he saw no reason why, at the moment, the newspapers should be told of this. He had checked through channels and found out that there was a Saul Stringer, and that he was in the line of work he said he was.

Now Jeff reviewed. It had been suggested that he pretend he knew something which he had been told by a girl he had been kept from talking to except over a tapped telephone. He was thus to become bait.

Could he get away with it? Would "they" (whoever they were) see through him at once? They had killed once already, if Stringer was right. Why would they hesitate to kill again?

What business was it of his? The search for Linda Parks was in competent hands. He had met the girl once only.

He got a cab uptown. He might as well see if there was any such thing as Jasper Plent Associates.

He paid off the cab in front of an office building on Fifth Avenue in the Forties. It was only a little after nine, and the city seemed to still sleep. The lobby of the office building was almost deserted. Only a few of the numerous elevators were running.

"Plent, Jasper, Associates, Concert Bureau," on the twelfth floor, were obviously wide awake. Jeff Bowen stepped through the doors into a waiting-room.

The girl at the desk smiled up at him. "Whom did you wish to see, sir?"

Jeff Bowen said he was from the District Attorney's office, that he wished to talk with someone about a former employee. "Mr. Plent perhaps?" he said. "Or one of the associates?"

"I'm afraid Mr. Plent is engaged at the moment," the girl said. "Perhaps Mr. Archibald, Mr. Bowen?" she said. "I'll see whether he is engaged."

Mr. Archibald was slight and wore rimless glasses.

"Mr. Bowen?" Mr. Archibald said. "How can I help you? About a former employee of ours, I understand? But won't you sit down?"

Jeff sat in a leather chair beside the desk. Mr. Archibald took his glasses off and polished them with a large handkerchief.

"About a —" Jeff began, and for a moment the name he had been told to remember was slippery in his memory. "Janice Hancock," he said. "I understand she worked here for a time?"

Mr. Archibald put his glasses back on his nose and said, "Ah." Then, after seeming to consider the matter, he said, "I understand you represent the District Attorney, Mr. Bowen? And, I take it, you are here in an—ah—official capacity."

Jeff gave him a card. Mr. Archibald examined it and said "Ah" again.

"Miss Hancock," Jeff said, "has" —he hesitated, as if rephrasing a thought, curbing a too-revealing utterance, and hoped he was playing it right—"has offered us certain information. We—er—like to learn what we can about our informants. You'll understand?"

"Surely," Mr. Archibald said, "not about the Associates?"

Again Jeff made himself hesitate. Then he said, "Oh, an entirely different matter, Mr. Archibald. I'm afraid I'm not at liberty —" He paused again, as one who leaves the obvious uncompleted.

"I quite understand," Mr. Archibald said. "Miss Hancock did work here for a time. Her duties were the general secretarial duties. I found her sufficiently competent."

"Could you describe her?" Jeff asked.

Archibald said his recollection was not, perhaps, what it had been. Miss Hancock had been with them only briefly. "Is Miss Hancock in some difficulty?"

"Oh," Jeff said, "not personally"—"She has giv—that is, she has offered to give us—certain information. Why did you think she might be in some difficulty?"

"Miss Hancock left us rather unexpectedly," Archibald said then, thoughtfully. "She failed to arrive one morning and did not communicate with us. She did not even return to receive the money due to her. We tried to reach her on the tele-

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phone and were told she had moved."

"This," Jeff said, "happened recently?"

"About a month ago. Does that help?"

"It's interesting," Jeff said, putting just a little more on the words than they warranted. "She has not got in touch with you since?"

Mr. Archibald shook his head.

"The company," Jeff said. "The Associates. You are impresarios, I take it?"

"We infrequently use the word," Mr. Archibald said. "But—yes. Concert agents. And lecture agents."

"Miss Hancock was employed in that branch of your activities?"

"Branch?" Archibald said. "That is our activity, Mr. Bowen."

Jeff sat for a moment and frowned slightly, as if considering whether to continue. He stood up, quickly, like a man who has thought of something to do at once.

"You understand that I'm not at liberty to go into details? And that we appreciate your co-operation?"

"Ah," Mr. Archibald said, "quite," and Jeff opened the door and went down the wide corridor to the reception room.

He looked at the man who was, at that moment, going out into the building corridor. He saw only the man's back.

He was, Jeff was suddenly quite certain, the "Dr. Robert Parks" of the night before.

Jeff took one quick stride to overtake the heavy man as the door closed behind him. But then he checked himself.

When "Doctor Parks" might be assumed to have a long enough start, Jeff opened one of the doors and went out. At the end of the building corridor, "Doctor Parks" moved with dignity around a corner.

Jeff went after him, not moving fast, but thinking fast. Stringer had been right then. Jasper Plent Associates was not only what it seemed.

THE heavy man let an empty cab go by. He obviously was not in a hurry. He raised a hand to the next cab and it swooped to the kerb.

Jeff moved quickly to a cruising cab to follow the cab ahead.

The cab ahead proceeded at a discreet pace, engaged in no eluding manoeuvres. It went up Fifth until it was midway of the park and then turned right. In the block beyond —a block of apartments and private houses—the cab turned towards the kerb.

"Pass it and pull in up the street a bit," Jeff directed, and the cab-driver said, "O.K., Mac," and Jeff got money ready.

The heavy man was climbing a short flight of stone steps to a door of a private house. He did not look around.

It was, Jeff thought, almost too easy. He would walk past the house and make sure of the street number. Then he would go to the nearest telephone and say that he wanted several policemen — policemen for front and rear of a three-story house, shoulder to shoulder with similar houses, at a street address verified——

With no warning whatever there was a man on either side of him, walking in step with him. One of them was large and soft and had a flushed face. The other was younger, as clean-cut as an advertisement.

"If it isn't Mr. Bowen!" the soft man said in a pleased tone.

"Fancy meeting him here," the other man said.

There was no threat in either voice. There was no conventional gun pressed against ribs. It was true, however, that the clean-cut man kept a hand in his jacket pocket.

"We'll drop in here for a minute," the soft man said when they reached the steps.

"That's right," the clean-cut man said. "We've got an invitation."

They climbed the steps together, and Jeff Bowen said nothing.

.

Light slanted into the room and wakened her. It was a small, neat room on the top floor of the house. She had been asleep only an hour or so. For hours after the big, heavy-boned woman had taken her to the room and said, "Sleep well, dearie," and then gone out and locked the door after her, Linda had been awake. But finally weariness triumphed even over fear.

Yet they had not threatened her in any specific manner. Once, indeed, the man they called Norman had said, "Maybe we could persuade her, sort of?" But the heavy, elderly man, who was called by no name at all, had frowned and shaken his head and said, "You know I won't have that."

"Be reasonable, Miss Parks," the heavy man had said. "Why would your friend say she had confided in you if she hadn't?"

She knew enough by then — although really she knew nothing— to answer that.

"Because you made her," she said. "Or because she thought it would help her." Then she said, "What have you done to her?"

There was no answer at all to that. It was as if she had not asked.

"Look at it, Miss Parks," the heavy man said. "Your roommate, a girl you say you'd known only a short while, didn't feel responsible for, leaves a note saying she's going away for a weekend. Perfectly reasonable thing. But all at once you think—I don't know what you think —and call up the District Attorney and say your roommate has disappeared. Do you expect us to believe that?"

She shook her head.

"Why?" the heavy man said. "Was there something in the note?"

"There were little things," she said. "What difference does it make? Since I was right?"

"What did she tell you?" he said, as he had said many times. "That's all I'm asking you to tell me. And whether you told anybody else. Or wrote it down for anybody else."

"Nothing," she said. "I don't know what you're talking about. What did she have to tell?"

"That's what we'd like to know," the man they called Clyde—the big, soft man—said. "That's just what we'd——"

"All right," the heavy man said. "You talk a lot, Clyde." He looked at the man he called Clyde with contempt. "Well, Miss Parks? You see, if it stopped with you, that's one thing. If you passed it on, that's another. It could make a great deal of difference. To you, for one thing."

Linda leaned forward in the chair. "Did it to Joyce?"

"It might have," Clyde said, "if she hadn't been so stubborn. If she'd told us about you before the stuff started to—"

"Be quiet," the heavy man said. "We don't want her to be stubborn —too long." He looked at Linda thoughtfully and she looked back at him, her eyes wide, and fear, new and sharper fear, piercing her mind. "I'd like to believe you, Miss Parks. But you see—"

Then the telephone rang. The elderly man nodded his head briefly in Clyde's direction. He walked to the end of the room and picked up the telephone. He wrote something down on a pad. He said "O.K." and walked back to the elderly man. "Your boy's bubbling with something," he said. He gave the nameless elderly man the slip on which he had written.

The elderly man looked at it. He said, "Bubbling with what?"

"How *do* I know?" Clyde asked, in a reasonable, pleasant voice. "He went through channels. Nothing else he could do, is there? That's the number. They say he said it's *important*."

The elderly man got out of his chair. He went heavily to the telephone. He dialled a number, looking at the slip as he dialled. He waited. He said, "All right. What is it?" He listened.

Now and then he spoke, spoke without any effort to make his voice inaudible in the room.

"Why aren't they 'buying it,' as you say?" he asked and listened again. Then he said flatly "Oh," as if (Linda thought) something unexpected, perhaps even disturbing had been said. He listened again. He said, "What's he got to do with it?" and once more listened. He said, "It doesn't matter why it's important," and, after another time of listening, "I suppose they will. Not your worry," then, with new interest and new guardedness, "What makes you think that?"

Linda could hear the hurried, rasping whisper of the voice to which the elderly man listened. She could not hear the words.

"That's got nothing to do with you," the elderly man said. "Or with me." He listened again. Then he said, "It's an idea. All right. You can do that. Or try to." Then he hung up. He stood with a hand on the telephone and looked at the two other men.

Then he looked at Linda. For a moment he seemed uncertain. But the uncertainty disappeared.

"Miss Parks really should get some sleep," he said. "Have Grace come down."

"And bring the . . . material?" Norman asked.

The elderly man looked at him reprovingly. He said, "Certainly not." He looked at Linda again. "Certainly not yet," he said.

That had been hours ago. Linda looked at her watch, in the small, locked room. It was almost ten. It had been after three when she had heard the key turn in the lock. The house was silent now.

.

No wonder the red-and-black cab had attempted no eluding manoeuvres, Jeff thought with bitterness. No wonder "Doctor Parks" had been going out of the reception room of Jasper Plent Associates at the exact moment Jeff went into it after his talk with Archibald.

The clean-cut man opened the door. He said, "Go right in, Mr. Bowen. As I said, you're expected."

"You're very funny," Jeff said. He had been expected, all right — expected from the start. And he had done all that was expected of him. From the start——

His mind clicked at that, clicked like a Geiger counter. Then the man who called himself Stringer——

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"Come right in, Mr. Bowen," the man who called himself Parks said from a wide doorway off the entrance hall. "Good of you to be so prompt."

Jeff said, "Where's the girl?"

The elderly man sighed obviously. He said, "This is quite a serious matter, isn't it, Mr. Bowen?"

"It will be," Jeff said. "For you! I suppose you're Jasper Plent?"

"Do you?" the elderly man said, with what seemed to be polite interest. "And you want the girl, eh? I heard you might."

"In ten minutes," Jeff said, "five, they'll——" He stopped, in the attitude of one who listens. "Thought I heard a siren, Plent," he said.

The elderly man looked at the two who had appeared, so seemingly out of nowhere, on the footpath.

"Not unless he used a walkie-talkie," the soft, heavy man said. "Way it looked, he was going to check the street number. Then telephone."

"All right, Clyde," the elderly man said. "I trust you're right this time. No need to draw a map, is there, Mr. Bowen? Not that it wasn't a nice try. What did the girl tell you?"

JEFF'S mind moved quickly. He would have to play it by ear. For that he would need time. "Why don't you ask the girl?" he said. "I suppose you've got her here?"

"Do you?" the elderly man said. "You may be right. But I'm afraid she got to bed rather late last night and——"

"What did you do to her?"

There was hardness in Jeff's voice. The younger of the men who had brought him into the house moved beside him.

"Nothing at all," the elderly man said. "Asked her a few questions. She's prefectly all right. So far."

"If you——" Jeff began.

But then there were melodious chimes from the hall. "See who it is, Norman," the elderly man said. And his eyes narrowed. "I hope you haven't made another mistake."

The clean-cut young man went to see who it was. From where he stood, Jeff could not see the front door. He heard Norman say, "Oh, it's you!" And then, in a tone which lacked certainty, "Well, you'd better come on in." Jeff had not heard the visitor speak. He watched the doorway from hall to living-room.

A man neither tall nor short, nor light nor heavy—a medium man who had called himself Saul Stringer, had talked convincingly of plots and counterplots. The man smiled faintly. His brown eyes were expressionless.

"What brings you here, Seymour?" the man whose name probably was Jasper Plent said. He said it without friendliness. The tone seemed to surprise, even to hurt, the man who had said he was Saul Stringer. His eyes widened slightly as he looked at the older man.

"Why," he said, "him!" He twisted a thumb to indicate Jeff Bowen. "I did what you said to do. I——" He stopped and shook his head, and seemed bewildered. "You said to see what he did, where he went. He came here. Wasn't that what you wanted?" He was aggrieved now.

The medium man looked at Norman, at the man called Clyde, as if seeking support in their faces. He even looked at Jeff Bowen.

"Did anybody ever tell you what you are?" Jeff said. "I suppose plenty have."

Stringer looked away from Jeff, as if Jeff did not matter. He looked at Plent. He was a very different man now from the assured, confident man of the hotel room. Jeff began, as imperceptibly as he could manage, to move nearer the doorway to the hall.

"I did what you told me to do," Seymour said, and he was almost plaintive. "I wasn't trying to find out anything."

"He says his name's Stringer," Jeff said. "He's got identification as a Federal agent."

But Plent moved a hand, fanning away the irrelevant.

"I know who he is," Plent said. "And what he told you. The point is, what did the girl tell you?"

"Nothing," Jeff said. "I suppose you mean Miss Parks? You didn't give her a chance to tell me anything, did you?"

"Before that . . . incident," Plent said. "When she was at your house before."

"She wasn't," Jeff said. "Does she say she was? Or did she say she was before—"

"I told you," Plent said, "Miss Parks is all right, at the moment. No."

"Or that she told me anything? Or had anything to tell?"

"What do you expect?" Plent said. "You seem to be a reasonable man."

"And," Jeff said, "gullible. First your boy here." He indicated Seymour-Stringer. "Then your Mr. Archibald. Then you."

"Gullible, perhaps," Plent said. "But reasonable. Let's stick to the point. No, Miss Parks doesn't admit the other girl told her anything."

"And the other girl is dead," Jeff said.

Plent sighed. "Or that she was at your house earlier. But she was, wasn't she?"

Jeff shook his head.

He had moved a little closer to the doorway into the hall. Nobody seemed to have noticed it. The man called Norman no longer stood in the doorway, although he stood near it. The man called Clyde was between him and a door at the rear of the room, which probably opened into a dining-room. Seymour remained standing near the hall doorway.

"She had just got there when you grabbed her," Jeff said. "You know that."

"There's a little question about time," Plent said. "She left the New Canaan station too early — much too early to have got to the house when she did. So she might have been there before, we think."

Jeff started to speak, and checked himself, and the counter clattered in his mind. Stringer had suggested "They" might cut their losses, if they were convinced they had lost. Stringer was their hired hand. But even Stringer might have stumbled into truth. You had to play it by ear.

"Well, Mr. Bowen?" Plent said, and was patient. "Did she forget something. Come back for it?"

"I've told you she hadn't been there before." He spoke without conviction, and fidgeted a little, like a man caught lying.

"It's no use, is it, Mr. Bowen? What did she tell you, that her roommate had told her? Or give you that she got from her roommate?"

Jeff looked from one of the four men to another. He looked as a man might look who sought a way out. He said, "She didn't tell me anything. Didn't have a chance." And then, as if the thought had just come to him, he said, "If she'd told me anything I'd have passed it on. Long ago."

"Perhaps," Plent said. "That's what we want to find out, Mr. Bowen. Let's suppose you passed it on, as you say. Let's suppose that Miss Hancock, or Miss Holbrook if you prefer, stumbled on something that was . . . outside her sphere, shall we say? Decided to capitalise on what she had discovered, or thought she had. Confided in her roommate. For the sake of argument, suppose that."

He stopped, seemed to give Jeff a chance to show that he followed the argument.

"Yes," Plent said. "Now, what Miss Hancock happened on may have been something entirely trivial. On the other hand, it may have been important enough—well, to require certain steps to be taken. You see what I'm getting at, Mr. Bowen? Any-er-enterprise naturally has certain trade secrets—special methods of operation. You follow me?"

"Oh, I follow you," Jeff said.

"Good." Plent nodded approvingly. "So it is necessary we determine the importance of what Miss Hancock stumbled on. As well as how widely disseminated her gossip is. Which brings us to your position, doesn't it?"

"What is my position?"

Plent sighed. "I should think," he said, "that your position is obvious enough. If you have transmitted this information, and it was important, it is too late for us to do anything about it. Anything in relation to you, I mean. Or in relation to Miss Parks. Since— what shall we say? — vengeance would be quite childish. But if you have not, if it stops with you—You follow me?"

"You make it clear enough," Jeff said.

"So it obviously is to your advantage to say you've passed this information along. But you can hardly ask us to take your word, can you? Turn you and the girl loose, so that you can . . . rectify your oversight? But if you tell us what information was passed on to you, we'll be in a position to evaluate its importance. If it is of considerable importance, we may decide — I say may — to assume you have passed it on. Not being able to take the chance you haven't. If it is merely a general accusation —" He shrugged his shoulders. "Well?" he asked.

Jeff had moved a little closer to the door. He looked towards it— and the medium man was standing in the doorway. He smiled faintly. He shook his head.

"Whatever I knew before, I know too much now," Jeff said. "I'm not quite that gullible, Plent."

"A point," Plent said. "Undoubtedly a point. I don't say that you — you and Miss Parks — could walk out the door at once if you could convince us you had actually passed on anything of importance. A certain time would elapse, of course. During which we could make arrangements."

"Our disappearance might be rather difficult to explain," Jeff said. "You underestimate the police. My office. The Federal—" He looked at Seymour-Stringer. "Perhaps not," he said. "Since Stringer is an inside man."

Plent said, ignoring the words, at which Stringer himself merely, once more, smiled faintly, "Don't you think we're wasting time, Mr. Bowen?"

Jeff was silent.

"Norman," Plent said, "Mr. Bowen

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seems uncertain. Have Grace bring the girl down."

The man they called Norman had gone upstairs. Stringer watched him go. Stringer seemed, too, to be listening, and, with his back partly turned to the room, his left arm moved slightly, as if he were looking at a watch on his wrist.

Since Stringer had seemed to read his mind, had shaken his head to show it, Jeff had given up edging towards the doorway into the hall. The other way? The way down the long room, to the other door which led (perhaps) to a dining-room? The big, soft man was there. He would be armed, probably, and Clyde and Stringer. He would find out in the end. But—not yet. One clings to seconds.

Jeff moved a little so that he could see the bottom of the stairs.

A pair of white shoes, then a big-boned woman all in white, like a nurse, blocked his view. Then she reached the bottom of the stairs and turned towards the doorway and there was the girl, the black-haired lovely girl, walking quite steadily.

Behind the girl, Norman came down the stairs. He was some distance behind the woman, still some steps from the bottom.

Jeff moved.

They had not expected his movement—not then, not in that instant. That was all Jeff Bowen had—that and a tableau in which, for a second, only he moved; a tableau flashing as brilliant in his mind as if in darkness lightning had flashed.

The big woman in white shrank back, and he was in the hall, his body thinking for itself.

His left shoulder dropped and jutted forward and jarred against the body of Stringer. His body felt Stringer moving away from the impact and then Jeff was beside the girl.

In the same instant, the man who had been walking down the stairs leaped. Jeff swung to face him and knew that Stringer also moved, leaped forward.

The two hurtled towards Jeff, converging. Obviously, both Norman and Stringer had acted as Jeff had himself acted, without plan. They crashed together. Stringer's hands were inches from Jeff when the other man plunged into him.

Stringer clutched at the larger man and reeled backwards. They swayed together in a grotesque dance. Then Stringer fell and pulled the other man with him.

The big, soft man was behind Jeff then, coming at a run out of the living-room. Jeff whirled and swung and shock jolted through his right arm. Clenched fist met bone under the softness of the man's face. The man reeled back, into the big-boned woman who had turned to face the hall. Together they half blocked the doorway.

The way to the street door was barred by the men now struggling to get back to their feet. Stringer, apparently stunned, still clung to the bigger man's right arm. The way to the living-room was barred—the big woman pushed the man called Clyde away from her, as if involuntarily, and he swayed in the doorway uncertainly, one hand to his jaw.

Then the girl moved. She went into a passageway which ran beside the stairs, towards the rear of the house.

She fled down the passageway beside the stairs, and Jeff ran after her. The passageway was narrow; Jeff's body screened the girl.

The passageway ended in a door and already the black-haired girl was tugging at it. He reached around her, his body shielding hers, his hand closing over hers on the knob of the door. And the door was opening; he pushed her through.

Still there was no shot. Perhaps the angle was wrong. Perhaps—

Then he was through the doorway, too, and had pulled the door closed, behind him and found a key on that side and turned it. It might gain seconds.

They were in a pantry, a door opposite. The girl turned—turned but still retreated. Her eyes were wide and staring and she said, as he looked at her, "No, no. Don't!" But then expression came into the wide, dark eyes. She said, "Why—you're —" Her voice was small, muted.

"Yes," he said. He reached her, put hands on her shoulders. Her body trembled under his hands. "You're all right?" he said, and knew it a ridiculous thing to say.

"All right," she said. "I tried—"

But he turned her towards the kitchen, which opened from the pantry. There was a door in the far wall. Jeff looked out into a yard. Against the far fence a man leaned and looked at the house. There was readiness about the man.

"No good," Jeff said.

HE turned from the door and looked around the room, moving quickly as he looked. Linda watched.

The kitchen occupied almost the width of the house. Almost — not quite. In the far wall was another door.

He heard voices from the front of the house; heard somebody trying the door he had locked behind them. They could force it in seconds. He was beside Linda, had one of her hands in his. She looked up at him, and her eyes, frightened still, were no longer blank. Question leaped in them, and even hope.

"Come on," Jeff said. One had to keep on running, when one ran for life.

The door was not locked. It opened to a narrow, dusty cubicle. Linda went through the doorway, and Jeff after her. They could see a flight of wooden steps rising out of the cubicle. There was a key on their side of the door, and Jeff turned it.

They heard feet on the linoleum floor of the kitchen. "Go first," Jeff said, and the girl went running up the stairs.

The stairway climbed between plaster walls, and as he followed the girl Jeff felt that the walls were converging as they climbed. There was no other way—only from trap to smaller trap.

The girl looked around at him as they neared the top.

"We'll make it!" he said.

"Come on!" the girl said, and went on.

The stairs ended at a dusty landing. There was a door on one side, a door which would give access to the second floor.

"Back stairs," the girl said. "Servants' stairs." There was no hysteria whatever in her soft, clear voice.

He tried the knob of the door. It was locked on the other side. Then he heard someone trying the knob of the door below. The old lock wouldn't hold them long. He heard a voice—hollow and dim. A man had spoken. He had said, "Don't——" and something after it.

Then Linda had his hand. "They go on up," she said. "See?"

She was facing away from the locked door. The stairway reversed itself, led up, narrowly, towards the floor above.

They were pounding the door below to break through a panel.

"Go on!" Jeff said, and the girl went like quicksilver.

The second flight upward was like the first. They climbed into deepening darkness. Jeff found that each breath came with greater effort. But the girl went on as if this steep climb were nothing—it was as if she danced on.

He stopped for a moment and listened. He heard the ragged sound of splintering wood. It wasn't taking them long at all.

Linda looked back. He motioned her forward. She went on.

The stairway ended at a landing. There was enough light for them to see another door—this time the stairs ended at the door. The door was locked, and it was a solid door.

Linda pointed upward. Jeff flicked his lighter and for an instant the tiny flame blinded them both. There was a trapdoor in the ceiling. If he jumped Jeff could just, he thought, reach it with his fingertips. Might as well be ten feet above him.

"Your hands," the girl said. "Make a step for a lift. Don't you know? Like this! Look!"

He looked at her hands. The fingers were interlocked. She held her arms down, so that her hands, locked into a stirrup, were a little above mid-point of her thighs.

"Hurry!" she said.

He locked his hands as she had done, held them as she had held hers. She pressed back against him and stepped into his hands.

"Lift!" she said.

He lifted. She seemed to weigh nothing. Then he realised that as he lifted she had thrust hard from the floor with the foot still touching it.

One of her arms went around his neck. Then she was on his shoulder —sitting there.

"Hold me," she said, and he reached up, bracing her slender body.

"Good!" she said. "Don't let me fall."

It was not a plea. It was an instruction. She balanced herself and raised her arms as high as she could raise them—and could push against the trapdoor, could feel around it.

"There'll be a catch," he said. "Thumb catch, probably. If it opens down it'll be bolted."

"Got it," she said. "Stiff, though." Her slender body stiffened in his hands; he could feel her muscles harden with effort. "It's . . ." she said, and now she gasped a little with the effort. ". . . going. It's . . ." He could feel the change in her body as the cover went up. "It isn't the roof," she said. "It's a kind of—of place. Very low, I don't know——"

"Can you get in?"

"Yes," she said. "I don't know whether——"

"They're coming," he said. "Go." He lifted. She seemed to disappear from his hands.

He could look up then. She had turned and was looking down at him. "Can you?" she asked, and there was no lightness in her voice now. There was only great anxiety.

He did not answer. He crouched. He leaped up and closed his fingers over the edging of the trap. The final lift came only partly from his straining muscles. It came from

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strong hands under his arms. He got his elbows over the edging. It was easy then, with the lithe girl pulling.

Lying on his side—there was not room to sit up—he wrestled the cover back over the square aperture. He pulled himself across it.

In a second he felt the girl beside him, adding her weight to his. It wasn't much weight, but it would help. He wouldn't want to push the trap up with both of them on it.

"Well," Linda Parks said, and he could feel her breath against his ear, "here we are, aren't we? Wherever we are."

He twisted until he could reach a jacket pocket and finger the cigarette lighter out of it. He flicked the lighter on. It gave enough light so that they could see where they were.

They were in the air space between top-floor ceiling and flat roof. The underside of the roof was three feet, or a little less, above the spaced beams of the house framing. Between the crosspieces was wooden lathing, with plaster bulging through it from below. The uprights which supported the roof itself made the space a maze. Boards laid across the beams provided narrow pathways, but paths which seemed to lead in no special directions.

Realisation that it was not entirely dark in the attic-like space came slowly, as eyes adjusted. It could not be said there was light, but there was a certain absence of total darkness. He could make out the timber uprights. The loose flooring-boards—put down by workmen, he supposed, so that they could get from point to point—were just visible.

It was strange, Jeff thought, that there was any light at all. There would be no windows in this low, uninhabitable space — this air space, this insulating buffer of air. This—he realised increasingly—hot, still place. Yet was the air still? There seemed to be a draught.

Of course, he thought. Air insulates only if it moves. So there would be a ventilating opening somewhere, two ventilating apertures, at least, so that the air could circulate between them. There was just a chance—

JEFF flicked the lighter again and there were two rats, quite near, looking at them through red sparks of eyes.

"I can't stand them," the girl said, and her body was convulsive against his. Long tremors ran through it. And now her voice shook, too. "I'm sorry—I—can't we do something?" He put an arm around her shaking body. "The men would be better," she said. "But they want to kill us, don't they?" He tightened his arm about her. "Why?" she said.

"I'm not quite sure," he said. "Anyway, we won't give up yet. There's a board there. A plank. Can you slide out on it?" Jeff asked.

She did not answer. He showed her where the plank lay. She crept out on to it, until she was free of the trap cover. "Wait," he said, and went out on hands and knees on the beams, moving carefully. If he slipped, put weight on the laths, he would break through the ceiling plaster. It would give them a nice target, if they were looking for a target.

He went around the girl, who was on her hands and knees on the plank, and found that a second plank, farther on, continued the narrow path. He crept on it towards light.

"A way to the roof," he said. "We'll be all right, then."

"Whatever you say," the girl said, close behind him.

A third plank continued the pathway, and a fourth. They could see the lighter rectangle of the air vent. It looked very small and appeared to be horizontally barred.

The rats were patient, too; they stopped when the man and woman stopped. Then one crept up on the board behind Linda. Jeff slapped his hand down and the rat ran.

There was just room for Jeff. It was easier for the girl—the very little girl with a slim body made, apparently, out of steel wire. Well, he thought, not entirely, remembering the feel of her in his hands.

He went, faster now, on knees beginning to protest, along the planks towards the air vent. It did not, when he was close enough to see, look like much. The vent was louvered. In addition, there was screening inside the louvers. They crouched side by side and looked at the opening, which would have to be just below the roof. Which was just large enough to get through. Which was barred.

They had struggled to the smallest trap.

The louvers seemed to be set in a frame, Jeff thought—a frame fitted into the wall. It would be nailed, of course, but probably only lightly nailed—he hoped.

But with the screening inside, there was no way to get hands on the tightly fitting frame to provide leverage. He pushed against the frame tentatively. The feel told him what he had supposed it would. In order to remove the louvers, he would have to pull the frame towards him.

He groped awkwardly for a pocket-knife — a little silver knife, an ornament to a key chain. It was nevertheless the only tool he had. He pulled up an inadequate blade and tried to slit the screening above one of the wooden louvers.

The screen resisted the little blade. But then the blade penetrated, and then it was absurdly easy. The screening was as old as the house, and weak with age.

He slit the screen across and put the knife back in his pocket. It was not only the only tool he had: it was the only weapon. One does not carry weapons on a bright summer day in the city of New York. There is never any need of weapons.

He hooked fingers over the louver and tugged.

"Wait," the girl said, and put slender hands through the rent screening and over the louver, and they pulled together. At first nothing happened. Then the frame moved. It gave suddenly, came out, splintering. He pushed the frame aside.

They could look down — straight down and a long way down — into the fenced yard at the rear of the house.

For a moment it came as no surprise to Jeff Bowen that it was almost dark in the yard. They had been endlessly in the gloom of the attic and that, outside, it was also gloomy seemed entirely reasonable. Then he knew it was not; it could not be later than midmorning of what had been a hot and sunny day.

He twisted around and looked up at the sky, but knew what he would see before he looked. The sky was purple-black with cloud.

"It's going to storm," Linda Parks said; and then, "It's a long way down."

It was a long way down. But the edge of the roof was close above the vent. There did not seem—Jeff lay on his back and stuck his head out — to be a parapet around the roof. It ought to be easy. He lay there looking up, and the girl said, in a low, tense cry, "Oh!"

Jeff slid back in. She had turned and was looking back through the maze they had traversed. Somebody was throwing the beam of a powerful flashlight through the trapdoor.

Linda said, "Go ahead!"

Jeff inched himself on his back, through the hole in the wall. "Hold ——" he said, but did not need to. She held his legs. She pushed a little, carefully, helping him. He lifted his hands and felt along the edge of the roof.

"All right?" the girl said.

Jeff pulled himself slowly through the hole in the wall, took a deep breath, and said "O.K." and hoped it was—it was a long way down. For a second he hung far above the paved court below, thought that now he could not go back. And then he pulled himself up and was on the roof.

He flung himself down, turned, reached down towards the opening, and already the girl was half through it, reaching her hands up. Her face was very close and her eyes very wide, but she did not, now, seem particularly frightened. He clasped his hands around her slender wrists and braced himself, and she seemed to rise without weight, and then was on the roof beside him.

For a moment they lay close together, and her final scramble had brought her partly into his arms. Her body, now that it was no longer tensed by effort, was unexpectedly soft. Also, which was more to the immediate point, it was no longer trembling.

Lightning flashed, and almost instantly there was thunder, close and violent as an explosion.

"Rain," Linda said. "I've always liked storms. Out in Iowa——"

The storm responded loudly.

"That's good," Jeff said.

She smiled suddenly. Her face lighted with the smile.

"I'm a ninny," she said. "All right. Now what?"

In one direction—towards the east—the roof was continuous. It stretched over three houses, perhaps four. There were low parapets, marking house from house. There were chimneys. Near the centre of each parapet-outline rectangle there was a shed with sloping roof, and an access door to the roof. There was such a structure in the centre of their particular rectangle. At any moment the door would open and one of the men would come out of it. He would come out of it, undoubtedly, with a gun in his hand.

Hooked over the edge of the roof was the top of an iron fire-escape ladder. But the fire escape led down into the fenced yard at the rear of the house and a man waited there.

The air had been very still, and very hot. Suddenly there was a strong wind—a tearing wind. And in the same instant there was a rush of rain. Almost in that instant they were drenched. The girl's light clothing was moulded to her supple body.

Jeff was on his feet, reaching towards her. But she was as quick as he—quicker.

The best chance was to run for

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it; get off this roof to another. Perhaps one of the access doors would be unlocked, or there would be other fire-escape ladders.

"Come on!" Jeff shouted above the wind, and reached for her hand.

The tumultuous rain, the cloud darkness shut in around them. Lightning gashed the clouds. It was hard to believe it could rain so hard, blow so hard, grow so purple dark on a summer morning—that they, running, could see so dimly the way they ran. They ran across the first roof and over the lower parapet and halfway across the second. Almost too far across the second, because there was a man there in the doorway of the roof shed, waiting. He came out, blurred in rain and darkness, and yelled something at them.

They turned as one and started back, leaning forward against the wind. It was like running up a treadmill. But the wind was impartial; the man following them leaned against it, ran uphill against it.

THEY had no breath to talk, only enough to climb the endless hill of air. Jeff waited for the shot that would stop them and tried, as well as he could, to shelter the girl's body with his own, because hers, under the drenched clothing, seemed so much more vulnerable than his.

The wind lessened suddenly. And ahead, as they looked along the roof and then roofs beyond, the western sky was brightening. The rain stopped.

Then they could see what the storm had obscured. Ahead the roof ended. There was a space between its edge and the next, somewhat lower roof. They went on to the edge, and now they could hear the man yelling behind them. He yelled, "Hold it, you fools!"

The gap between the roofs was some six feet across, and far below the pavement of a passage which led between the houses. This was the closed jaw of the trap.

Linda stooped and began to pull her skirt up brown legs, and for an instant he only looked at her. Then he said "No!" but at the same instant she cried out "Come on!" and ran towards the roof's edge, her freed legs flashing.

She seemed to run straight over the edge of the roof. But she rose, did not fall. She flew in the air, in the dancer's flying leap, and came down on the roof beyond, still running for a step or two before she caught herself and turned.

"It's nothing," she called to him. "Come on!"

He took a deep breath. It was nothing if you weighed nothing—could take flight like a bird. Or like a dancer. His body felt heavy, sluggish.

"Hold it!" the man coming towards him shouted, seeing Jeff draw back a little from the roof edge, gather his body together.

Jeff ran and once he moved knew he could not stop. His movements were not so perfectly timed as the girl's had been—her last running step had carried her only inches from the edge. He realised he was off stride, was too far from the edge—and had no choice. He thrust convulsively, at the last, and seemed to be falling, powerless.

He came down on the far roof, awkwardly so that he almost fell. The girl caught him, steadied him.

"You did fine," Linda Parks said approvingly.

She looked down at herself. The suit clung to her like her skin. She looked up at a man with sandy wet hair, and with a light suit plastered to his body as her clothing was to hers.

"Mr. Bowen," she said, "is this real? Is this happening? Is——"

He put his hands on her shoulders and, gently, shook her.

"I'm sorry," Linda said. "For a moment I seemed to be a little dazed."

The man who had been following them stood on the other roof and reached towards his pocket, and then she was in Bowen's arms, was swirled so that she was partly shielded by him.

The man took a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his wet face with it. He said, "Stringer wants you."

Bowen said, "Why don't you come and get us?" He tensed himself. "You and Stringer?" he said.

The man looked at the gap between the roofs. He looked down into it. He turned and walked back across the roof towards the shed.

They looked after him for an instant. Then Bowen shook his head and looked the other way, across the roof they stood on and the roof of the building which adjoined it. Beyond the second roof the wall of an apartment house stood above them like a cliff. The wall was windowless, blank. The sun came out abruptly.

"Come on," Jeff said and reached for her hand. He moved off as if he knew where he was going. There was nobody in sight on the roofs behind them.

"Have they given up?" Linda said. He shook his head quickly, said, "I doubt it."

Bowen led the way to another roof shed, like the ones on the roofs behind. It had a door facing towards the street side. Bowen took hold of the knob and started to turn it, and Linda could see it move. But then he took his hand off the knob and put his ear against the door. He listened for a moment and then moved away from the door, with an obvious effort to make no noise.

"Somebody behind it," he said, speaking very softly, bending down to her. Waiting for us to walk into the parlor.

"There must be a lot of them," she said. I still don't know what it's all——"

"Did she tell you anything?" Bowen asked. "Your roommate?"

"They kept asking that over and over," Linda said. "She didn't tell me anything. She just disappeared."

"She's dead," Bowen said. "Did they tell you that?"

"Not quite," she said. "But—they killed her, didn't they? Why?"

"She knew something," Jeff said. "And they think we know it, too. That's about as far as I've got. Stringer gave me a song and ——" He shook his head abruptly. He looked down at her, and unexpectedly smiled. "How are you on ladders?" he said. "As good as at jumping?"

"No," she said. "But—all right, I guess." She looked up at him.

He nodded. "Because," he said, "each door will be locked. Or unlocked with one of them waiting behind it. As you say, there seem to be a lot of them. But—" He pointed. A fire-escape ladder hooked up over the roof edge. "They won't cover everything, maybe," he said. "All we need is two minutes on a telephone. O.K.?"

"Of course," she said.

"I'll go first," he said, at the ladder, and then looked down into the fenced yard below. There did not seem to be anybody in it.

He swung around and began to back down the iron ladder, Linda after him.

But the ladder stopped just below the top-floor windows. It stopped at the iron grilling of a platform. Iron stairs, with a railing, ran down from the platform, zigzagging to the ground.

Bowen waited until she was on the platform. He said, "Good girl" and turned and started down the iron stairs. He had taken only a few steps down when Linda said "Wait!" in a breathless voice, and then pointed down. A man had come out from the house. He looked up at them. Bowen stopped.

"The brush man," Linda told him "The same man."

She crouched on the platform, holding to the railing. The sandy-haired man looked at her, unbelievingly, as if she had said the wrong words.

"One of them," she said, keeping her voice low.

Bowen still looked at her strangely. Worry showed in his face.

"He came to the apartment," she said. "He was one of the wrong things that I wanted to tell you about. Tell you— Look!"

The man below was staring up at them. He seemed about to shout to them, but then, instead, seized the handrail of the fire escape and started up.

Jeff Bowen was back on the platform. He turned to the window which opened on the fire-escape platform, put his hands under the frame, and lifted. The window shot up.

Linda went through the window, dropped to the floor inside. Instantly he was beside her. They were in a corridor. A flight of stairs led down beside it.

Bowen went down the stairs. At the second floor they came into another corridor.

They both heard the sound of someone walking cautiously along the hallway of the floor above.

Jeff Bowen started on along the corridor. She followed him to the head of the last flight of stairs. The flight was empty; the first-floor hall into which it led was empty. There was nobody in the vestibule beyond.

"Come on," Jeff Bowen said, and went down the stairs fast, and she went after him. Bowen was almost at the bottom of the flight when a man came into the vestibule.

The man who called himself Stringer had a rather tired smile on his medium face. He looked up at them and shook his head. "You two've led us quite a chase. A very impetuous—"

Something in Jeff Bowen's face made him stop.

"Don't be a fool," Stringer said sharply. "Listen to me!"

Jeff did not stop. He went on, slowly, down the stair flight towards Stringer. He saw Stringer's eyes narrow; saw him move his head a little from side to side, as if he did not like what was happening.

Jeff jumped just as his feet reached the level of the floor, leaped with his fists ready, leaped swinging. He did not even touch Stringer. Stringer had merely moved aside. Jeff closed in, swinging. This time he hit something—his fist slapped into the palm of Stringer's hand and the hand gave with it and Jeff's whole body swung towards Stringer.

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He wrenched his hand free, stabbed his left forward at the jaw which seemed only inches from it.

It was, for a fleeting instant, as if Jeff had rammed a wall with his chin. Slackness was shot with jagged light. Then there wasn't anything at all . . .

Linda did not really see what was happening, what happened; it was too sudden, too confused. She saw Jeff Bowen first rush. Then, instead of going forward, Jeff Bowen was reeling backward, falling to the floor. And Stringer was shaking his head a little sadly.

Stringer said in an almost gentle voice, "You're willing, Mr. Bowen. I'll give you that," and took a step towards the man on the floor. He turned after the one step and looked back at Linda and said, "He'll be all right. He'll—" and then, more loudly, in a different voice, "Wait!"

She did not wait. She jumped the remaining steps, swung on the rail post, and fled down the hallway towards the rear of the house. And now she fled for both of them—for Bowen and herself. She had to reach a telephone, call for help. Stringer yelled something at her. There was no time to listen.

"Miss Parks!" a man shouted from the staircase behind her.

There wasn't time for anything. She turned to the street door and clutched at it. As it opened, she heard from the street the wailing siren.

"Thank God, thank God, thank God!" Linda Parks, without knowing, said aloud, in a breathless voice.

She was in the areaway separated from the footpath by an iron fence. There was a gate in the fence, and she went towards it. She looked through the fence and saw a police car at the kerb. It would be all right now.

She pushed the gate open and then stopped. She could see the stone steps to the main door of the house now, and Stringer was sitting comfortably on the second step. He got up and came towards her.

"Here she is now," he said to the policeman. "Come on, Miss Parks."

Linda said, "No! No!" and started towards the uniformed man. "Don't let him. He's—" She stopped. The policeman was nodding understandingly towards Stringer.

"Excited," Stringer said, as if Linda had said nothing. "I told you how it was."

"Yes," the policeman said. "I can see she is." And then to Linda, "You're all right now, Miss. No reason to be upset."

Stringer came to her smiling. He took her arm. The man who had said he was selling brushes came up behind Linda. He took her other arm.

"See you got her all right," he said.

"Oh, yes," Stringer said. "Both of them."

"You don't need us, then," the policeman said.

"No," Stringer said. "We don't need you."

They reached the steps of the house into which she had been walked the night before—walked between two men, as she was walked now. She went numbly where their hands directed, walking powerless in a nightmare. They led her back up the steps into the house.

.

Jeff Bowen opened his eyes. He was lying on his back on a sofa and there were people in the room.

"Feeling better, Mr. Bowen?" a quiet voice said, and then it all came back. It was very considerate of the man who called himself Stringer to inquire how he was feeling.

Jeff turned his head so he could see around the room. He had been right in thinking there were a good many people in it. Slowly Jeff swung his legs to the floor and sat on the sofa, and looked at them. The girl was there. She was leaning forward in a chair, looking at him, her eyes large with alarm.

"I'm sorry," Jeff said to Linda Parks, who was the only one in the room who mattered. "I didn't do very well, did I?"

"Just so you're all right," she said. "It took so long for you— It's all right now."

And it did seem, now that he was looking at her and speaking to her, that the alarm went out of her big, dark eyes. She was quite a girl, to worry about him in the face of—in the face of everything.

They were all there, all of "them." The heavy, dignified Jasper Plent sat on a sofa and the man called Norman sat on one side of Plent and the man called Clyde sat on the other. Plent looked at Jeff Bowen with no expression on his heavy face. None of the three moved. Jeff looked around the room.

They were all there. The man who said he was Saul Stringer stood near the door which led into the entrance foyer. The man who had been in the yard below, and had climbed towards them — Linda's brush man—stood near him. Both of them were relaxed and casual. There was, behind them in the foyer, another man, and still another was at the far end of the long room, near the door which led to the dining-room.

Stringer said, "You moved into that punch. And I was lucky, of course."

JEFF looked at him. Stringer-Seymour was still a very medium man, with a medium expression and an unemphatic voice.

"You were not," Jeff said. "But, before, you fell all over yourself."

"The circumstances were somewhat different," Stringer said. "Well, now that our friend's all right—Miss Parks, you're quite sure? For the record?" and pointed towards the sofa.

"They are the ones who grabbed me at Mr. Bowen's house," Linda said. "They forced me into a car and brought me here."

It did not make any sense at all. If I were interviewing a witness, Jeff thought, if I wanted to make quite *sure* what he would say on the stand, I might put it to a witness as he is putting it to her.

"Mr. Bowen," Stringer said, "these are the men?"

Jeff said, "You know well enough. Who better?"

"Wait," Stringer said. "Can you identify these men"—he indicated the three sitting side by side on the sofa—"as the ones who kidnapped Miss Parks from your house in Connecticut and brought her here to New York?"

"You," Jeff said, "are a very funny man, Stringer. Or whatever you call yourself. Very funny."

Stringer's voice was tolerant and a little tired. "Can you?"

"All right," Jeff said. "The man in the middle—Plent—came to my house in Connecticut pretending to be Miss Parks' father. The others I can't identify as having been there —not positively. Somebody knocked me out." He paused. "I seem very easy to knock out," he said.

Stringer smiled faintly. "There are tricks in all trades, Mr. Bowen. Nobody can be expected to know all of them. Well."

The last word had a certain, in the circumstances, ridiculous sound. It was as if, with it, Stringer were winding things up.

Probably he was. Probably this was finally it. Here the jaws of the trap snapped. There wasn't much use in anything. But there wasn't any use in taking it sitting down. Jeff started to get to his feet. He half stood, facing Plent, who was the man to face. Not Stringer. Stringer did what he was told to do. That was all there was to Stringer. The others were— Then, quite slowly and carefully, Jeff Bowen sat down again. He still looked at the three men sitting on the sofa.

They were sitting stiffly, awkwardly. This was because they were handcuffed together. A row of handcuffed men. Jeff looked at Stringer.

"Of course," Stringer said. "Taking a kidnapped person across a State line. Federal offence. Very serious Federal offence, fortunately. But you're a lawyer, Mr. Bowen. You picked it up quickly enough earlier. Mr. Plent was a little slower. But then he thought your house was in New York, of course. An easy mistake to make."

Plent merely looked at him.

"All right, Charley," Stringer said. "May as well take them along, don't you think?"

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"What it comes to," Geoffrey Bowen said at twenty minutes after two on the afternoon of Saturday, the twenty-eighth of July, while looking morosely at a half-empty coffee cup—"what it comes to is that all the time we were running—crawling around on boards and leaping like gazelles over rooftops—it was your people chasing us. Not the others. So that we could make positive identification, justifying charges of kidnapping, in violation of the appropriate Federal statutes. I just want to get it clear."

They were finishing lunch in the Pierre Grill. Linda Parks wore a crisp cotton dress of palest yellow. Jeff Bowen a borrowed suit, which fitted none too well. Saul Stringer wore, among other things, his accustomed half-smile.

"Not all the time," Stringer said. "For a few minutes, Plent and company were doing the chasing. Then my associates arrived. After that—yes, you fled from friends."

Reflectively, Jeff Bowen rubbed his jaw.

"You didn't, you know, wait for an explanation," Stringer said.

"Would you have?" Jeff asked him. "Considering everything? When you couldn't tell who was running with the hounds?"

"Probably not," Stringer said. "I had to stall for time. To give the boys a chance to get set after Plent led you to the house, and you led me. You see—I was not as completely in their confidence as I would have liked."

"I suppose," Jeff said, "you tipped them off I was going to the office this morning? After you had suggested I should?"

"Yes," Stringer said. "It seemed an idea to find Miss Parks as soon as possible. Before they . . . took steps."

"Mr. Stringer," Linda said, "what did Joyce find out? That made them —I suppose they did kill her?"

"I haven't the least idea," Stringer

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said. "I don't think they have. As to killing her—I don't doubt they did. Took her down to the apartment and set the suicide."

"But she did find something?" Jeff asked.

"Oh," Stringer said, "obviously. Something important enough to endanger the whole operation. Which, incidentally, was more than I'd managed to turn up." He sipped coffee. He looked at Linda, whose eyes were large again, but not with fear. "What is it you'd like to know?" he said, as if she had asked a question.

"Everything," Linda said, with simplicity. "They were spies. You are FBI. Or something?"

"That's good enough," Stringer said. "They collected information, yes. Offered it for sale. I tried to explain to Mr. Bowen last night. Spies—the word is a little dramatic for their operation. They're businessmen. Or were. Operated a kind of clearing-house."

"For Russia?"

Stringer's smile became patient. He said that it was always comfortable to have everything in black and white. The Soviets and company? He didn't doubt it. But also for others who could pay for information. "They're professionals." He paused. He let it lie there.

When it was apparent that he planned to, Jeff said, "But they must have been after some special thing that Miss Holbrook found out about."

"Counsellor," Stringer said and was again patient, "we have an atomic submarine roaming the world. How fast will it go? Not merely "pretty fast." How fast? In knots, to the deciding point. I don't know. But somebody does. Others would like to. A while back there was talk about a new anti-submarine weapon. What is this weapon except they call it "Lulu"? What will it do precisely? I don't know. A lot of people all over the world would like to know. The Jasper Plent Associates, and their like, try to satisfy curiosity. Maybe Miss Holbrook found she was filing specifications of "Lulu" and was bright enough to think that odd."

"You really don't know what it was?"

"If I did, counsellor, I wouldn't spread it around," Stringer said. "Would I, now?"

"They came to the apartment," Linda said. "Forced her to go with them. Forced her to write a note to me. She tried to—to do little things wrong. Things they wouldn't notice and I might. Like the wrong robe. Like taking a heavy suit."

Stringer nodded.

"If I had moved faster—" Linda said, and her eyes clouded.

"If you could see through stone walls," Stringer said. "Leap over mountains, if I could — anybody could." He finished his coffee and looked into the empty cup. "We didn't do too well ourselves."

He had been, he said, on it for months. It had taken a long time to persuade the Plent Associates he was an inside man who could be helpful. They were always, of course, looking for people on the inside of things. He had done a few small jobs. But he had not uncovered anything they could go to court on. He had not known anything about Joyce until her letter came through channels. That Linda Parks had been kidnapped he knew only when the police bulletin came through.

"The man who came around pretending to sell brushes," Linda said. "The drunken man across the street. They were working for you?"

"With me," Stringer said. "That is—Charley was. The brushman. Just making sure your roommate hadn't come back. And to see what sort of people she associated with."

"Me," Linda said.

"Yes," Stringer said. "A voice on the telephone. Very charming voice, Miss Parks, but we like to look. As for this drunken man—keeping an eye on things for Plent, I suppose."

"Since you don't know what Miss Holbrook found," Jeff said, slowly and carefully, "and hadn't found anything yourself you can make a charge on, you don't get them on espionage, do you?"

"Unless we turn something up," Stringer said. "No, counsellor."

"And," Jeff said, "if my house didn't happen to stand a hundred feet inside Connecticut, there wouldn't be a Federal charge of any kind, would there?"

"No, counsellor," Stringer said and smiled pleasantly: "Fortunate turn of events, isn't it? You might call it . . . catch as catch can." He stood up. "I'm going downtown. Can I drop you anywhere?"

Linda and Jeff said, "Thanks. No." They went with the medium man—who had, it was now evident,

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some quite unmedium accomplishments—up the stairs and out on to Fifth Avenue, which was bright with sunlight.

Stringer hailed a cab and said, "Be seeing you," and was driven briskly off.

They stood side by side, near the kerb.

And it was strange, Linda thought, how abruptly everything seemed to have stopped. It was like a sudden, heavy silence after great noise. And—it was disappointing. That was the most remarkable thing: it was disappointing. When I should, she thought, be feeling only the relief one feels on wakening from a nightmare. Because a nightmare was surely what it had been, with the violence and final incongruity of a nightmare. Now it was over. And now it was empty.

"Can I drop you somewhere?" Jeff Bowen said, and she thought that was precisely the right phrase for it, represented precisely the way this sandy-haired man must be feeling. Since, after all, I got him into it. To be dropped—that was what came next.

"Oh," Linda said, "you needn't. I'll just get a cab and—" But she stopped at that. And what? Go back to the apartment and pack her clothes, because she wasn't going to live there any more? And then go out on a Saturday afternoon, in a city grown dull, no longer exciting, and try to find another place to live?

I can't blame her, Jeff Bowen thought. If I were in her place I'd feel exactly the same way — the quicker I get away from this man, this Jonah, this incompetent, the better off I'll be. This blundering one I went to for help. This oaf who incompetently got himself knocked out when I needed him most, who ran from the wrong people, who had to be told how to jump across a little gap between roofs, who finished it all off neatly by getting knocked out again by a man half his size.

"Can't say I—" he said gloomily.

"Unless you want to—" she said, and thought, How can you, Linda Parks? After what you've put him through?

Since they had spoken at the same time, they now stopped at the same time, and looked at each other. "I'm sorry," Jeff said, and she said, "It wasn't any—" and again they spoke together, which was ridiculous. And then a cab stopped and looked at them inquiringly.

She's the loveliest thing that ever happened, Jeff thought morosely. Lovely and quicksilver in motion and, in addition, most kind of heart.

He reached for the cab's door-handle, stood back to let Linda get in, got in after her.

"Mr. Bowen," Linda said, "I just want to say—I don't know how to say it."

(He could think of a way. "Get out of here, you goof. Go away and leave me alone, you bungling—")

"It sounds so silly," she said. "Thank you very much for saving my life. It does sound silly, doesn't it? Because—"

"Mister," the cab driver said, "you want I should take you somewhere?"

"For—" Jeff said dimly. "What?"

"For saving—" Linda said.

"People get in taxicabs," the cabbie said reasonably, "mostly they want to go somewhere. Right?"

"Start," Jeff said. "We'll think of something."

The driver started.

"Go on," Jeff said. "What did you say?"

"If you hadn't found me," Linda said. "Got me away when they were going to—"

"Linda," Jeff said, and spoke very carefully, as if words were breakable, "when you called me at the office yesterday—" He stopped. "Only yesterday?" he said.

"I know," she said. "Yes. Go on, Mr. Bowen."

"You said something about staying in the country overnight. Asked about a hotel. There's a very good hotel and— It's much cooler in the country and—"

"You musn't think," Linda said, "that you've got to take me on for keeps just because—" She stopped, hearing her own words. "Oh!" she said, and color swarmed up into her face. "I didn't mean—"

"I'll rent a car," Jeff said, and found he was talking very rapidly. "Have to, anyway, because mine is—oh, well. We can drive up in an hour or so. There's a do at the club might be— What did you say? Just now?"

"Oh," Linda Parks said, "nothing really. Not really anything at all, Mr.—" It was obviously absurd, under the rather peculiar circumstances, to continue to call this man "Mr. Bowen." What was his name? It came to her suddenly. "Geoffrey." She said it aloud. "It would be fine to be in the country. Just for a night, of course. Because I have—"

She stopped, since she was no longer being listened to.

"Grand Central," Jeff said to the driver, and then, to Linda, "There's a car-rental place there."

The cabbie did not say anything. But he took them to Grand Central, where a man can rent a car to drive a girl into the country on a sunny summer afternoon.

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FIRST FOLD ALONG THIS LINE

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SWIMMING-POOL (above) in the villa's magnificent garden is one of the most beautiful on the Riviera.

A CORNER (below) of the spacious attic in the writer's "Villa Mauresque." The painting is a Gauguin.

A writer's retreat on the Riviera

France, and newspaper magnate Lord Beaverbrook.

"I do not like crowds," says Maugham. "Six to 12 people to lunch or dinner. More than that becomes a bore."

And Maugham never suffers bores gladly. His conversation is good, and he expects that his guests will return it in kind.

Somerset Maugham likes what he calls civilised living, French cuisine, and fine wines.

Born on January 25, 1874, in Paris, where his father was solicitor to the British Embassy, Somerset Maugham studied German at Heidelberg and, later, medicine at St. Thomas' Hospital, London.

In his fourth year of medical studies he wrote his first novel, "Liza of Lambeth," based on the poverty-stricken people of the London slums whom he had met through hospital duties.

He took his medical degree in 1898, but turned to full-time writing, earning only about £100 a year until 1907, when his plays became popular in London and established him as a dramatist.

Some of his best-known novels include "Of Human Bondage," "Cakes and Ale," and "The Razor's Edge."

Many of his works have been filmed. From his short stories came "Quartet" and "Trio." Other film versions of his works include "The Moon and Sixpence," "The Letter," and "The Razor's Edge."

Through constant practice at his craft, the solid discipline of three hours' writing each day, Somerset Maugham made enough money to travel.

He saw the world, Europe, the East, the Pacific, Australia. Now he wants to see China, India, Greece, Turkey, and Spain.

Married in 1915 to Gwendolen Wellcome and later divorced, Maugham has one daughter. She married John Hope, the grandson of Australia's first Governor-General, Lord Hopetoun.

He sees little of his 18-year-old granddaughter.

Although Maugham is a wealthy man, he has earned every penny. Once he said: "In my twenties the critics said I was brutal. In my thirties they said I was flippant. In my forties they said I was cynical. In my fifties they said I was competent, and in my sixties they said I was superficial.

"I've gone my way with a shrug of my shoulders, following the path I've traced, trying with my work to fill out the pattern of life that I made for myself.

"I've never believed what some writers believe—that it should be an effort to understand what they've written. I want to be as simple and clear as I can."

When he began writing Maugham drew up his own training rules. He copied long passages from books he admired to get the feeling of style (Maupassant influenced him greatly), and he has always kept a diary-style notebook recording his impressions of places and people.

After he visited the East, local residents protested, claiming that he "put them into his books."

This Maugham denies, saying, "All the hundreds of characters I have created are imaginary, a synthesis of the characteristics of many different people."

Maugham writes with simplicity, but his personality is complex, his features a sardonic mask.

He still has the reputation of a cynic. Quite recently he said: "Journalism and marriage are excellent training for a writer. Neither, however, should be allowed to last too long."



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● Women have many common problems about which they want advice, but sometimes they are reluctant to seek it from their own family doctor.

HELP FOR HOUSEWIVES
by Clair Isbister,

Australian doctor and housewife. This is our fifth extract from her book, "What is Your Problem, Mother?"

As a broadcaster on women's problems I often get long and distressing letters, mostly from people who simply do not know how to attack their problems.

These letters are themselves a problem.

No reputable doctor gives medical advice without examining the patient, or gives advice to other doctors' patients.

However, many of the problems are general ones that can be given general answers.

There is so much misunderstanding about doctors that I think something should be said about them.

It is disturbing that so many people are not getting the help they could from their own doctors, but it is not always the doctor's fault.

It would be foolish to say that the doctor is always right. There are dishonest doctors, just as there are dishonest people in every trade and profession.

There are the knife-happy and the needle-happy doctors, and the five-o'clock closers who dishonor their profession, but they are a minority.

The patient has the last word in his free choice of doctor and his right to a second opinion.

G.P. and specialist

The evils can be controlled by a public with a better knowledge of doctors' qualifications and a better understanding of their work.

It always amazes me that a man who insists on a specially trained mechanic attending to the innard of his refrigerator allows a general practitioner to remove his gall bladder, or his wife's womb, without bothering to find out whether he is also a fully qualified surgeon.

In Australia we have a high standard of medical training and our general practitioner, from all reports, is the best in the world.

But he isn't a specialist in every branch of medicine. He is the man with a good general knowledge of all branches of medicine, who knows the patient's way of life and is in a position to know when a specialist is needed.

Many ardent readers of medical articles feel that they have acquired enough knowledge to go straight to the specialist and miss the general practitioner.

This is a path fraught with danger.

It is just as unreasonable to expect the skilled surgeon to know all about psychosomatic pains in the tummy as it is to expect a general practitioner to remove a uterus, or a cancer of the lung.

These trained men and women should work in their own field, but in collaboration.

It is for the psychosomatic problems that you will most appreciate an understanding general practitioner.

Asthma, eczema, hay fever, indigestion are so common that there is no doubt that psychosomatic conditions, and closely related allergies, are increasing.

We each react in our own way to stress and often get into a vicious circle that can be broken in several ways.

An understanding general practitioner can often weigh the factors of allergy, stress, and infection, and break the circle with a drug, some applied psychology, or removal of an irritating substance—all equally important.

He will often send you to a specialist physician for a better understanding of your condition and to help you prevent it.

But don't be tempted to go to a specialist or commence a long series of injections without your general practitioner's approval.

On the question of doctors' fees, I can assure you that if, by chance, you require the plumber's tender attentions to your water pipes you will, by comparison, consider your gall-bladder operation was a bargain.

A specialist physician will supervise your diabetes for a mere fraction of what the garage mechanic charges to service your car.

Natural birth

Many women have written to me for details about the modern approach to childbirth.

Natural childbirth is a term coined by Dr. Grantly Dick Read to describe a system of preparation for childbirth that aims to reduce the risks to the baby by seeing that the mother understands her part in labor and can use her body efficiently.

This means that the use of anaesthetic is reduced, labor is often shorter, and fewer babies are lost.

It also means a happier, healthier mother.

Many doctors confuse this method with others that stress physical exercises.

Exercises are part of this preparation, which teaches relaxation, posture, and breathing exercises, but the patient is taught a lot more.

She is mentally and emotionally prepared for childbirth, and most doctors are pleased to allow their patients to go to classes at a hospital or to a trained physiotherapist.

It is quite useless to do exercises unless you know when and how you are to use them.

Childbirth is a normal event and should not be regarded as an illness.

Hospital obstetrics has greatly reduced the risks to the mother, but it is time that we made our obstetric hospitals more homely places with mother and baby in the same room, if the mother wants it, and a medical and nursing staff that are well trained in the psychological aspects of childbirth.

Too much fear

Dozens of women have written about their reactions to childbirth in hospital, and there is no doubt that fear still plays too large a part in their labor.

Knowledge removes fear, and this is Dr. Grantly Dick Read's teaching.

It is for us to adapt his methods to the Australian scene as we are trying to do at the Royal North Shore Hospital, Sydney.

We can easily accept the method and basic truth without adopting his diets or even his actual method of delivery of the baby.

Don't feel that because your doctor disagrees with some of his book he is condemning the whole thing.

Much of the worry about pregnancy and its complications would disappear if women would discuss problems with their doctors.

If women aren't worrying about having babies, then they are worrying about not having them.

Sterility usually needs the help of a specialist, and there are sterility clinics at most big hospitals.

Both partners of the marriage need to be examined, and it is quite useless to have trial courses of injections without having had very thorough preliminary examinations.

Much can be done to help those anxious to have children; failing success, adoption of a baby is often the answer.

I have frequently seen a woman, happy, contented and relaxed with, her adopted baby, become pregnant much too soon for her convenience.

This of course applies only to the nervous causes of sterility. The physical causes should be investigated when a woman has wanted a baby for two years without success.

NEXT WEEK

How to nurse a sick child at home.

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'Priscilla'

"PRISCILLA." — Slim one-piece daytime dress is obtainable in sundek and no-iron color-fast poplin. The dress has a white bodice accent on all but the white sundek, which has a striped contrast. The color choice includes sundek in red, royal-blue, black, magnetic-blue, and white, and poplin in pale blue, aquamarine, lemon-yellow, lilac, and junior-navy.

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Continuing Money in the Bank

from page 25

Maureen gave a shrill, terrified scream. George pressed the button and lifted her down. "What's the matter?" he said. "Don't you like it?"

"You nearly frightened her to death," Jess said, clasping the child in her arms. "It's too big for her."

"She'll grow," George said. "You were as keen on getting it as I was."

Mr. Prossor entered diffidently. "It's a wonderful horse," he said diplomatically. "I've just been reading about your good fortune, Mr. Streeter. It's in the evening papers."

"Papers?" George repeated sharply. "Who's told the papers?"

"You can't keep news out of the papers, good or bad. I've been wondering . . . if you're leaving here . . ."

"We're going up Canby Woods," George said. "That'd be a bit far out for you. But I'll put in a word for you with whoever comes in here. I'll tell them you've never been any trouble."

"Yes." Mr. Prossor smiled doubtfully. "Yes, that's very kind of you."

George found himself wondering what Mr. Prossor would have done with thirty thousand pounds. He asked suddenly, in a loud sharp voice.

"What would I do?" Mr. Prossor repeated. "I'm not quite sure. I should have to think very carefully."

"You'd be able to buy anything you wanted," George said.

"Would I!" Mr. Prossor said. "I wonder what I would buy first? Speech where there is silence? The warmth of reality where there are only memories?" He smiled gently. "My wife died twelve years ago. My boy was killed in a forgotten war."

George felt himself in retreat. "You could travel. You could go to see all those places you read about."

Mr. Prossor's eyes twinkled. "No. Money, leisure, travel, they don't add up to much. Youth, now that's the great thing. You know, the merciful blessing at your age is that there's still time to start afresh."

George stared at him for a moment, then turned to the kitchen door.

"How long is tea going to be, Jess?" he asked irritably.

Mr. Prossor went out after tea; for some tobacco, he said, and to the library again.

It was just before eight when Mr. Tenter came. He carried a brief-case and looked very important.

He had scarcely sat down before there was another knock on the door and Herbert, Jess' brother, walked in.

"You old fox!" Herbert said to George. "Thought you'd given me a tinkle. Nary a word till I saw it in the papers."

"I wanted to tell you, Herbert," Jess said. "But George wouldn't let me."

"Anyway, you've got the financial expert on tap," Herbert said, nodding affably to Mr. Tenter. "Carry on, carry on. Don't mind me."

Mr. Tenter opened his brief-case. "In your place," he said, pointedly ignoring Herbert, "I'd have a talk with Mickham and Mickhams. They're the best people in town. I can arrange an interview with Harry Mickham, if you like. However, speaking quite tentatively, I'd spread over the sum at your disposal something like this . . ."

He talked for a long time in a quiet, assured voice. Herbert lay back with his eyes shut, a cigarette in his mouth.

"Wouldn't touch it," he said at last. George turned to look at him.

"Wouldn't touch it," Herbert said again. "And I think the same about three or four of the others. Let me tell you, I dropped a packet that way. Not a packet like yours. Maybe you can afford a risk. Maybe you can afford to lose five thousand, ten thousand. But I wouldn't touch it."

Herbert left first. Mr. Tenter followed at nine o'clock. George sat in his shirt-sleeves. Maureen had gone to sleep on the settee and Jess hadn't taken her upstairs. Jess said she would dream about the horse that night.

"I wonder what old Tenter's making out of it," George asked the ceiling.

"Don't get suspicious, George."

"D'you know what we've spent today? Five thousand seven hundred. You realise what that means? A week at that rate and it'd be gone, every damned penny of it."

"Don't be silly, George. We'll never spend as much in a day again."

"No? What about the things you're going to get for Canby Woods, eh? You said yourself it'll cost eight hundred to furnish. Then there's the running costs of the car. We'll start dipping in, dipping in, dipping in, and it'll dwindle—"

There was a knock at the door. It was Mr. Prossor. He stood blinking in the light. He took off his glasses and wiped them. The noise wakened Maureen, who sat up and then went over to Mr. Prossor.

"Well," he said, "it's your great day. You've been very good to me, Mr. Streeter. And your wife. I thought I'd like to—to express my appreciation."

He carefully took a bottle of white wine from his coat pocket. "A little celebration! And—oh, yes. I was almost forgetting."

He went back to the kitchen and came back with a flowering plant. "For you, Mrs. Streeter, with all my good wishes . . ."

He put both the wine and the flowering plant on the sideboard and then turned back towards Maureen. "And a little book for Maureen, too."

George looked sideways at the book. He could see a bevy of fairies on the cover. He saw, too, the shy, sweet smile as Maureen put her arms round Mr. Prossor's neck, then took the book to the big chair.

"This is very kind of you, Mr. Prossor," Jess said.

George grunted. He went to the sideboard for the glasses that were rarely taken out except at Christmas. He gave Mr. Prossor a corkscrew and the old man poured the wine as if it were a rare vintage.

"To the future!" Mr. Prossor said.

George drank and put down his glass. His hand went to his wallet pocket. He was working things out. Fifteen bob, say, for the wine, ten for that flowering plant; another five for the book, and all old Prossor had was his pension. It wouldn't hurt to give the old boy a couple of pounds. That should cover it and leave a margin.

He drew out his wallet.

As he did so, the old grey eyes lifted and met his. And suddenly George felt burning, abysmal shame. He thrust the wallet back, aware that he had come very near to doing a terrible, unpardonable thing.

"Yes, we both appreciate it," he mumbled.

He stared at the wine, at his wife and the old man, at Maureen, curled up in the big chair with the book. He reached for his coat.

"I won't be long," he said.

He walked down the street, through the soft spring night. He wanted a drink, something to wash away the sharp sweetness of the wine. He knew now that he was still a poor man—a far poorer man than old Prossor—and the question that dominated his thoughts was no longer one of money but of willpower, perhaps even courage.

The money might help, but had he the strength to start afresh? Would he, tomorrow, laugh at this strange, fleeting feeling? Or could he hold on to its elusive quality, live a bit more selflessly and fully? He felt an aching urge to try.

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Continuing . . . She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not

from page 29

When Marsh got out and slammed the door I went outside to meet him. "Hi," I said loudly, taking hold of his arm and looking up at him in an adoring way. Take that, Sammy Hastings, I thought bitterly.

Marsh looked down at me with interest. "Do you always yell at your guests?"

"Let's go out in the patio," I said. "We can sit in the lawn swing and talk." The patio is right under Sammy's window. When we got there I switched on the outside light, which makes it as bright as day.

Marsh sat down in the swing and I got some lemonade and sat down beside him.

Marsh looked at me approvingly. "Warm night," he said.

I laughed. "Oh, Marsh," I said in a light, clear voice, "you say the craziest things." (Sound carries well at night, and Sammy's window was open.)

Marsh looked a little startled. "What's so crazy about that?" he said mildly.

"Just a minute," I said, remembering something. I went in and got the portable radio I got for Sammy and me to take to the beach, and brought it out. I turned it on until we got some lovely, dreamy music.

"You sure that won't bother your folks?" Marsh said. "Isn't it a little loud?"

"Oh, they don't mind," I said calmly. I looked at him. "Shall we dance?" I said

Marsh grinned. "Why not?" he said graciously, getting up. Probably, I thought, I should be glad he was so conceited—any normal boy would have thought I'd gone a little mad. To Marsh, I supposed, it was only the natural manoeuvring of a love-crazed girl. We danced through several pieces, with me resting my head tenderly on Marsh's shoulder, and noticing from time to time that Sammy's light was still on. Then suddenly it went out.

"What's the matter," Marsh said, surprised. "Why did you stop?"

"Wait a minute," I said, dropping my hands and standing quietly in the middle of the patio. I hope, I thought nervously, I haven't gone too far.

Suddenly I remembered the time we were at Ocean Park and an enormous man with a red moustache had tried to get fresh with me and Sammy had hit him as hard as he could in the face. Goodness knows what would have happened if there hadn't been other people there, I thought anxiously. I looked at Marsh. Not only was he handsome, I realised, but he was huge.

"Marsh," I said nervously, moving away from him and sitting down on the swing, "Marsh, maybe you'd better go—"

"Go!" Marsh said, looking baffled. "What's the matter—am I breaking out?"

"Sh-h-h!" I said. Somebody was coming down the Hastings driveway. Then I relaxed. Sammy had gone into the garage. He was working on his car. Well, I thought, relieved, that's all right. Then it began to hit me.

Here I was with another man, the handsomest boy in school, laughing and dancing and goodness knows what, right under Sammy's nose—and there Sammy was, poking around in a carburettor. Maybe, I thought, it just isn't going to be any use. Maybe, all these years, to Sammy I have been just a pal.

"Come on," Marsh said patiently, "let's dance."

I looked up at him. From the garage Sammy couldn't see or hear anything. "Oh, I don't think so," I said vaguely. What, I was thinking frantically, am I going to do now? I mean, if this didn't work, what was left? It was an alarming question.

Marsh was studying me. "You know," he said, "I hope you won't mind my saying so, but you're a kind of a strange girl."

I shrugged. "I don't mind," I said. I wonder, I thought wanly, when it was that Sammy stopped caring.

Marsh sighed in an exasperated way. "All right," he said, sitting back down beside me, "you don't want to dance any more—we'll talk."

"Okay," I said. There was a pause. Finally I remembered that I was a hostess. "Well," I said politely, "what would you like to talk about?"

Marsh shook his head. "Look," he said reasonably, "you call me up and ask me to come over. You act real glad to see me. You want to dance. And now—" He paused. "Well?"

"I know," I said, making an effort. "I'm sorry," I said, "I really am. As a matter of fact," I said, "I think you're very nice."

"H'm-m," Marsh said. "Nice, huh?" He didn't seem too pleased. I guess, I thought, he's used to more. Then he smiled at me in a confident, intimate sort of way and leaned towards me, putting his arm along the back of the swing. "Laurie—" he said.

"Marsh," I said suddenly, "listen. Suppose you were going with a girl. Say you had been going with her for years, and you were really in love, you know, and then this girl went ape over another fellow—said she thought he was adorable, had him over to the house, danced with him and all—what would you do?" I leaned forward, waiting tensely.

"Well," he said, "I'd tell her if she wanted to be my girl she'd have to cut it out. Then I'd go and belt the other guy until he lost interest." He laughed. "I guess," he said, "I'd just do about the same thing anybody else would do."

"Well," I said gloomily, "practically anybody." I sighed. "Good night, Marsh."

When Sammy picked me up for school the next morning he acted as if nothing had happened at all. "Hey," he said cheerfully, "I see Marsh was over last night. Have a good time?"

"Wonderful!" I said intensely. I waited. Nothing. "I certainly do like Marsh," I said.

"Yeah," Sammy said, "so do I." Suddenly I became desperate.

"Sammy," I said, "you know, I've been thinking. Maybe we've been seeing too much of each other. I mean, maybe we should sort of mix more. Mingle. You know?" I studied my fingernails and held my breath.

Sammy squinted at me, nodding soberly.

"Good idea," he agreed. "Matter of fact, I've been thinking the same thing myself."

I stared at him "You—you have?" Then it was true! I sat mute with horror.

"Sure!" Sammy said, rattling on as if he hadn't just shaken me to the very core. "Say you meet a guy like Marsh, for instance. Now, we've got to be fair, Laurie. Many girls would call Marsh more attractive than me. Some would even think him handsomer——"

I pulled myself together. "Those with eyes," I agreed coldly.

"True," he went on, guiding the car into the campus and coming to a stop. "True, he may not have my sterling qualities — fidelity, loyalty, trust——"

"You sound like something printed on the back of a dime," I said bitterly.

"He may not have my sunny, fun-loving nature—but enough of that. Marsh Hammond, Laurie," Sammy said sternly, "is a very fine chap!"

Dazedly, I shook my head. I felt that I was going mad.

"What's more, Marsh likes you. It's natural enough that he should," Sammy added kindly. "Though immature," he said, "you have moments of a certain charm——"

"I could listen to you for hours," I said, reaching for the door handle, "but I'm afraid I've got to be going——"

"In fact," Sammy went on serenely, "that's the way you might sum the whole thing up. Nature. Marsh likes you—you like Marsh. It's nature I understand." He patted my head in a fatherly way. "Feel free," he said.

"Thank you," I said frigidly, "so much."

"Take me," he said relentlessly. "I was saying to myself just the other morning, 'Hastings, get hold of yourself, man! Get out of that rut, boy! Look about you!'" He gesticulated dramatically at the hordes of students crowding the parking lot where we sat, somehow banging me sharply on the nose.

"'That's life, boy—surging and milling about you. Live it! Take it by the throat! Think of the battles waiting to be won! Think of the girls waiting to be kissed'."

I leaped from the car. "Goodbye!" I screamed. As I rushed for the building I could still see his horrible, freckled face looking after me, smiling.

Well, time went by. One thing about school, I thought gratefully as I entered the halls,

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THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

● Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was On Me, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the two best entries.

I WAS cleaning my kitchen as that pestering woman from next door came along. Not wanting to be disturbed I told my four-year-old son to tell her that I was away. He did, and she then asked: "When will she be coming back?" I stood there horrified as he came into the kitchen, and, with a voice you could hear a mile off, shouted:

"Mum, when will you come back?"

£2/2/- to C. Clasing, R.M.B., 36, Oakville, via Riverstone, N.S.W.

SEEDING operations are usually complete by June and we shear in September, so mid-winter is the time when the farmer's wife hopes odd jobs will be done round the house.

One year I prepared a list for my husband, headed "After Seeding but Before Shearing," and put down such items as, mend lock on front door, complete crazy pavement, grate under copper, etc. When I next looked at the list I read: "Before Christmas: Cord in pyjama pants. Sew on all buttons. Turn collar of shirt!"

£2/2/- to "J.B.," Brookton, W.A.

Send your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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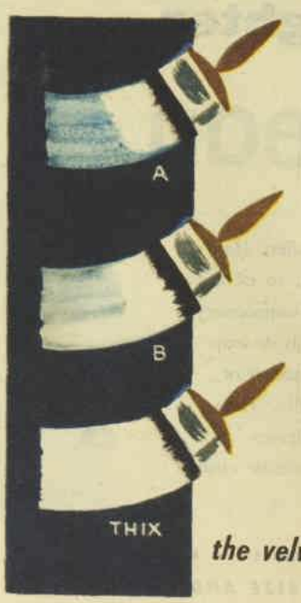
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Continuing . . . She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not

from page 41

it always rests me, in a way. At free period I was sitting with Norma and Kate and some of the girls when Marsh came up.

"Greetings!" he said. "How's my favorite split personality today?"

"Hello, Marsh," I said. I was aware of a hushed silence among the girls as they gazed at him and then at me in an awed silence.

"You know," he said, dropping down beside me on the lawn, "I've been worried about you. As a matter of fact, I've decided to devote some time to your problem. How about Saturday night?"

"Sorry," I said mechanically, "Saturday night's the prom." (Sammy always takes me to that.)

"Well, we could start there," Marsh said agreeably. "Eight o'clock?"

"No," I explained, "I have a date—" I stopped. "Feel free"—that's what Sammy had said. Well, why not? I smiled brilliantly at Marsh. "Why not?" I said.

"Good deal." He stood up, spread his smile generously about the group. There was a reverent silence after he had gone.

"Marsh Hammond," Norma said at last, in a quiet voice. "For the prom! Wow!"

"You'd better watch out," Kate said practically, "Sammy is going to kill you. Or Marsh. Or both of you," she added with interest.

"That's right," said somebody else. "You'd better watch out, Laurie; I'll bet Sammy will be wild—"

I sighed. "I hope so," I said simply. "I certainly hope so."

I waited until that afternoon, when we were parked in front of my house after school, to do it. "Sammy," I said, "I don't know quite how to tell you this." I said, "but I saw Marsh today, and—well—he asked me to go to the prom." I turned and looked him full in the face. "Somehow," I said, "I just found myself saying yes."

There was a moment of silence while Sammy looked at me, and I almost thought I saw it—a shadow of actual human emotion in his face. Then he smiled. "Well," he said, "that's good."

"Good!" I screeched, forgetting all my plans. "Good — what do you mean, that's good! We always go to the prom together — or have you forgotten?"

Sammy blinked. "Well, no," he said, "I hadn't forgotten, Laurie. But if you want to go to the prom with Marsh—" He stopped. "You do want to go with him, Laurie, don't you?" he said.

Well, I don't think I have ever been so mad at Sammy before in my life, and I have been awfully mad at him. "Yes," I screamed, "yes, I do! I want to go to the prom with Marsh so much I can hardly stand it!"

I jumped out of the car and rushed into the house. I slammed the door and leaned against it, trembling. Well, I thought finally, when I heard the sound of Sammy's car pulling away, well, that's it, Sammy doesn't love me any more. He not only doesn't care if I go with Marsh—he's glad. You wanted to find out, and now you have.

Dully I plodded up the stairs to my room. Sinking down on the bench that Sammy had made for me in Wood Shop, I stared blankly at my reflection in the mirror.

"Well, Laurie Merritt," I said aloud, "let's face it. There go six of the best years of your life shot to bits."

"What was that, dear?" It was Mother calling out over the noise of the vacuum-cleaner in the hall.

I sighed. "I just said," I shouted, "that I have just lost six of the best years of my life."

"Well, dear," Mother called back over her shoulder, "if I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times, you should be more careful with your things."

A faint smile crossed my face. How wonderful to be like Mother, I thought. Life is a tragedy for those who feel. I sat. After a long time I heard them calling me to dinner.

They were all sitting at the table—Mother, Daddy, Andrea. I slipped into my seat and tried to smile.

"M'm-m-m-m," Daddy said, taking the lid off the platter and making a loud, animal sound. "Fried chicken! Laurie's favorite!"

I picked up my fork and stared at the food on my plate. I put the fork back down. "I cannot eat this poor, dead thing," I said quietly.

"What's wrong with her?" Daddy said.

"Laurie, dear, what is it?" Mother said anxiously. "Don't you feel well?"

"She has had a fight with Sammy," Andrea said calmly. "Pass the mashed potatoes, please."

Daddy laughed in a relieved way and reached for a drumstick. He waved it at me. "Eat up, kid," he said. He took a huge bite.

I sat looking at them all. A person's whole world comes crumbling in about her, and, for everyone else, life goes on. It's brutal, but there it is. Probably right this very minute, I thought grimly, Sammy Hastings was stuffing his ugly face just as if he hadn't ruined my entire life. I took a deep breath. I had, I decided coldly, made up my mind.

For the last time I had given my heart to a man to tear. I had been hurt enough. From now on I would take what I wanted from life. Men would be toys to be used and thrown aside. Marsh Hammond, I thought calmly, would be a good toy with which to start.

I looked at Andrea. "I would appreciate it," I said, "if you wouldn't mention Sammy Hastings to me again. Incidentally," I said, including them all, "Marsh Hammond is taking me to the prom." I picked up my fork. "Pass the potatoes," I said.

The next three days went fast. As I had thought, Marsh was fascinated with the one girl around who could look at him without going into shock. It wouldn't last, but then, I thought coolly, what does? Marsh was with me everywhere—he walked me to class, he drove me home, he came over every night. The girls regarded me in a stunned silence that was almost awe, and I could tell that even Andrea was impressed.

Only Sammy remained unchanged. Whenever I saw him he was as revoltingly lighthearted and cheerful as ever. How, I wondered miserably, could I ever have been so mistaken about a man?

I had a new white nylon net for the prom, and as I dressed I made up my mind that this would be a night to remember. Marsh was easily the most attractive man I had ever known, I reminded myself. Beside him, Sammy's knobby, freckled face was that of a gargoyle. What's more, Marsh was crazy about me. I was the envy of every girl in school. Tonight, I decided, I was going to live.

Well, I certainly tried hard. I wore Andrea's best perfume, I laughed, I danced, I gave it everything I had. Finally, when the dance was over and we had had hamburgers at Carpenter's with the rest of the kids and Marsh had driven up and parked underneath the trees in front of my house, I collapsed against his shoulder, weak with effort.

"Marsh, dear," I said tenderly, "you're a lovely boy. Good night." It's not your fault, I thought sadly, that you aren't Sammy.

Marsh chuckled and put his arms around me. "Laurie," he said softly, "I like you. I like you a lot." The way he said it he might have been making an award. Then he kissed me.

I sighed and shook my head. I just couldn't believe it. "Marsh," I said, "would you mind doing that again?"

Marsh smiled. "Not at all," he said graciously. He kissed me again. I sat quietly, waiting. Finally I put my hands on his chest and gently pushed. He let go. I looked up at him. Sadly, I shook my head.

"Nothing," I said.

Marsh just laughed and put his arms back. This time I had to push harder. (He was a very confident boy.) "Stop!" I said.

I picked up my little pearl-beaded evening bag that Sammy

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



NEW! Just the perm for today's hair styles

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★ to pretty-up ends and neckline
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★ perfect for in-between perms

A way at last to have one of this season's lovely new hair-do's *for just a few shillings*. This Crest Curlette kit will give you up to 15 lovely curls — just enough for "in-between" perms when you simply want to tidy-up the faster-growing back and side sections of your hair, or for adding those touches of glamour just where you want them. And Crest curls really last — stay shiny, supple and obedient for months, thanks to Crest's creamy waving lotion and NEW FOAM NEUTRALIZER.

CREST with FOAM NEUTRALIZER means shinier, more supple curls without fuss or mess.

Crest Curlette has the same wonderful Foam Neutralizer as its "big sister" Crest Kit. A rich foam that clings to the curl and penetrates thoroughly — leaves your hair supple, shinier-than-ever. Crest Foam Neutralizer *fixes* the wave then refreshes your hair . . . faster, more thoroughly, more gently. No drips, no trickles!



Add softness to a sophisticated French-roll by using Crest Curlette to curl a short fringe in front as well as a few curls on the ends. Simply part your hair in the centre, dividing the fringe in half, and place two curls either side. Ideal for those special evenings when you want to put your hair up, smart for the office when you'd like to wear your hair in a chignon or pony tail.



Crest Curlette provides this modern version of the 1925 bob. Wide fringe brushed across the head . . . sides and back turning under and ending in a "flapper" curl over the ear. Requiring only 15 simple curls — 3 for the fringe, 2 over each ear, and 8 at the back — this popular hair style is so easy to manage and requires only a quick brushing to restore it to its "freshly permed" softness.

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SIX TEMPTING DISHES are illustrated above. They are Eggs Benedictine, Prawn Pilaff, Fried Liver with Orange, Kidney Omelet, Beef Salade Nicoise, and Scallops Meuniere.

Gourmet dishes made in next-to-no-time

● All these recipes have been collected with one idea in mind: to make easier the role of the cook-hostess who is called upon to serve a meal to unexpected guests.

NONE of these mouth-watering dishes require much preparation time; indeed, most of them take less than 30 minutes to cook. Yet all are elegant enough to serve at a luncheon or dinner party.

Best of all, perhaps, is the fact that, although quick and easy to make, these recipes have none of the appearance of the dish that is hastily put together. For this reason they will appeal to housewives and working wives who have only a minimum of time in which to cook.

Quantities in each recipe are sufficient to serve 4 people.

Spoon measurements are level.

30 MINUTES to cook and serve . . .

SWEET AND SOUR PORK

Three-quarters to 1lb. lean pork, 1 leek or white onion, 3 slices pineapple, 1 clove garlic, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, ¼ cup oil, 1 red pepper (parboiled) or 2 tomatoes, ¼ cup chicken stock.

Sauce: One tablespoon cornflour, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, ¼ cup vinegar, ¼ cup honey or sugar, 2-3rd cup chicken stock.

Cut the leek into 6 to 8 pieces and blanch in boiling water 4 minutes. Drain and set aside. Make a thick batter of the beaten egg, flour, salt, and milk. Cut pork into ¾in. cubes and coat them thoroughly with the batter. Heat the oil and cook the chopped garlic in it for 1 minute. Then drop in the pork and fry until golden brown.

Drain off the oil, leaving 1 tablespoonful in pan. Then add leek, pepper, and pineapple, each piece cut into six. Add stock, cook for 10 minutes.

Blend sauce ingredients together, add to pan; boil and serve.

15 MINUTES to cook and serve . . .

SCALLOPS MEUNIERE

Three-quarters pound Tasmanian scallops, water, lemon juice, or white wine, about 1½oz. butter, capers, chopped shallots, parsley, lemon juice, 3oz. mushrooms, 2 to 3 tomatoes, shredded.

Poach scallops in water and lemon juice for 5 minutes, drain; place in ramekin dishes. Cook quartered mushrooms in a little butter and add tomatoes. Toss together and add to shells. Drop 1oz. butter in pan, cook 1 to 2 minutes or until butter is lightly browned, then add shallots, capers, parsley, and a little lemon juice and pour over scallops.

30 MINUTES to cook and serve . . .

CREAM OF TUNA AND EGG

One tin tuna fish, 4 hard-boiled eggs, 1½oz. butter, ¾oz. flour, ½ to ¾ pint milk, 2oz. onions finely sliced, 2oz. grated cheese, blanched sweet pepper or fried mushrooms, salt, pepper.

First prepare sauce. Soften onions in half the butter, add remainder of butter and the flour. Mix and pour on the milk. Stir until boiling, season, then draw aside and gradually beat in the cheese, reserving a little for top.

Pour a little sauce into a fireproof dish, flake the tuna, and arrange on the top with the sliced or halved eggs. Coat over remainder of sauce, scatter with cheese, brown under the griller. Garnish with the pepper or mushrooms.

10 MINUTES to heat and serve . . .

PRAWN PILAFF

Six ounces boiled rice (2oz. raw rice), 1 to 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 packet frozen prawns, small packet cooked frozen peas, 1 tomato, diced, 1 carrot, cooked and shredded, 1 small tin sliced mushrooms.

Heat a large frying-pan. Drop in the butter and when foaming add all the other ingredients. Keep on a moderate heat, turning over the contents of the pan with a large fork until all is thoroughly hot.

30 MINUTES to prepare . . .

BEEF SALADE NICOISE

Cold roast beef, cooked beans or peas, cucumber (fresh when in season: if not, use pickled cucumber), anchovy fillets, black olives, tomatoes, French dressing, paprika, garlic, a little cream or yoghurt.

Cut the beef in slices, then shred. Mix with French dressing mixed with a little cream or yoghurt and flavored with paprika and garlic. Place mixture in the bottom of a dish, cover with the beans and again with the sliced cucumber.

Arrange a lattice of anchovy fillets over the top and quartered tomatoes round the edge. Finish with the black olives in the centre of the lattice "diamonds."

This is only one version of a Salade Nicoise. Hard-boiled eggs can be added and one of the other ingredients omitted except tomatoes, anchovy fillets, and olives, which should be included always. The salad can be tossed up in a bowl instead of arranged in a dish. Fish or other meats can be used instead of beef.

12 MINUTES to cook and serve . . .

KIDNEY OMELET

Six eggs, 2 tablespoons water, salt and pepper, 1oz. butter.

Filling: Four sheep's kidneys, 2 onions, 2 tomatoes, peeled and quartered, 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons sherry, ½ pint stock or water.

First prepare the filling: Skin and slice the kidneys, slice onions, cook onions in butter until soft. Add kidney and fry briskly for 3 minutes. Draw aside, add flour, sherry, and stock. Bring to the boil, season, and simmer 2 minutes. Add tomatoes and set aside. Beat eggs with water and add seasoning.

Heat omelet pan, drop in butter, and when foaming pour in the egg mixture. Allow just to set on bottom, stir round, then allow remaining liquid egg to set, spoon in the kidney mixture, being careful to reserve most of the sauce. Fold omelet over and turn at once on to a hot dish. Spoon over remaining sauce.

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By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

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Illustrated: "Nomenia" cutlery by Rodd and water jug by Crusader. They recommend Silvo to clean polish and protect your silverware.

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A641

SKETCH of the house in perspective shows it has the appearance of luxury and charm traditional to this type of architecture. However, it is not an expensive house to build, and would make a pleasant home for the couple with a growing family.

CAPE COD STYLE HOUSE

● This week's home plan has been specially designed to meet the many requests we have received from every State for an American Cape Cod house.

THE charming traditional features of this type of home have been retained, but adapted to Australian conditions.

Steeply pitched roof, dormer windows, and ornamental shutters established the style of the house. They combine successfully with large fixed glass panels in the ground-floor windows as a concession to the modern demand for bright, sunny rooms.

The front entrance is attractive, with a simple panelled door and a wrought-iron lamp on the side wall. It is protected from the weather by an overhanging roof.

The entrance opens into a front vestibule from which there is no direct view into any room. A handsome polished-timber stairway leads to the upper floor, and under the stairs space has been utilised for storage.

Adaptable room

All the living-rooms and one large bedroom are on the ground floor. This downstairs bedroom is a popular feature of a two-story design because it can be adapted to many uses.

It could have a separate entry from the patio, if required for professional use such as a surgery or study.

It would be ideal for an elderly member of the family, as it has privacy from the family bedrooms and is pleasantly apart from the activity of the living-rooms.

Two wardrobe units and an attractive dressing-table are built in. An additional shower could be added under the stairs.

As one large area, the lounge and dining section is spacious, but a room-divider or sliding doors could be used to separate the two, according to personal preference.

A focal point of the lounge is a large fireplace.

The abutting fireplace wall prevents any view into the kitchen from the lounge, even when the connecting door is open.

The fixed working units in the kitchen are grouped together to leave a small meals section in one corner under a side window.

The chimney continues up through bedroom 3, so an additional fireplace would not add greatly to the cost. This bedroom could then be used as a cosy sewing-room or children's play area.

The plan of the upper story shows three bedrooms, bathroom, and a separate toilet. Bedrooms 3 and 4 have bay windows, and irregular shape usual in this type of house.

Readers will be interested to know that the appearance of this home could be retained, and an entirely different interior layout designed to suit their individual requirements.

Our Home Planning Centres will prepare a ground-plan sketch of any proposed layout for a fee of 2/- per square, based on the total area (minimum fee £1/1/-).

Approximate costs of building this home would be:

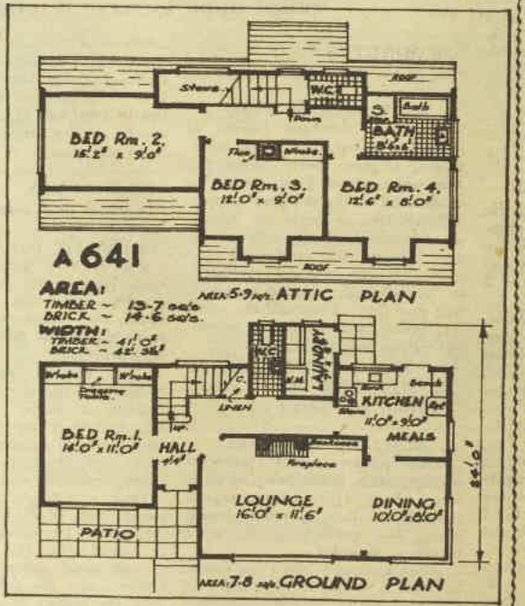
In New South Wales: Brick, £6255; brick veneer, £5675; timber, £4625; fibro, £4355.

In Victoria: Brick, £5575; brick veneer, £5065; timber, £4185; asbestos, £4075.

In South Australia: Brick, £4435; timber, £3115; asbestos, £2990.

In Queensland: Brick, £6225; timber, £4125; fibro, £3975.

In Canberra: Brick, £6355; timber, £4725; fibro, £4455.



FLOOR LAYOUT of the Cape Cod home. The total area of the design is 14.6 squares in brick and 13.7 squares in timber or asbestos. The width is approximately 42ft.

Where to buy home plans

OUR Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to assist all intending home-builders.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. Fee, £7/7/-.

A new standard plan is published every week in The Australian Women's Weekly.

HOME PLAN LEAFLETS are compiled periodically from a selection of our standard plans. The leaflets available at present are "22 Home Plans" and "21 Home Plans," price 2/6 each, plus 4d. postage. Inquire at your nearest Home Planning Centre.

PLANS ARE SPECIALLY PREPARED to any reader's individual requirements or design, or can be modified from any of our standard plans. Fee is £1/1/- per square.

MAIL ORDERS from readers who cannot call at our Home Planning Centres will receive prompt attention. When ordering standard plans by mail, readers should give the code number of the design, the building material to be used on house and roof, and the services available to the land (sewer, gas, electricity, water). Individually prepared plans can also be ordered by mail. Please enclose fee.

The resources of the stores in which our Home Planning Centres are established are available to assist the home-builder. They are:

CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns'.

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'. Also at the Master Builders' Bureau at Miranda.

MELBOURNE and GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

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Scientist 'cooked up' million-pound fibre

● Using an apparatus worth about half-a-crown, an English scientist in 1941 made the first experiment to produce a synthetic fibre that today is a product of a 2000-acre British industrial plant backed by £75,000,000.



ENGLISH SCIENTIST Mr. J. R. Whinfield, who in a week of experiments in 1941 developed a new fibre he called terylene.

THE scientist is textile expert Mr. John Rex Whinfield and the synthetic is terylene.

Burly mountain-climber Mr. Whinfield, who refuses to be mysterious about his work, says that making new synthetic fibres is "like ordinary cookery —you just heat things together."

The things he decided to heat together in 1941 were terephthalic acid—a powdery substance that is a derivative of turpentine—and glycol, the anti-freeze liquid put in car radiators in cold climates.

Scientific discovery is usually a long and patient process. In Mr. Whinfield's own sphere, an American, the late Dr. William Carothers, discovered nylon in 1928 only after years of painstaking and almost heart-breaking investigation.

Mr. Whinfield's story is different. In his "half-a-crown" apparatus, with much the same matter-of-factness as a schoolboy producing chlorine gas in a school laboratory, he mixed terephthalic acid and glycol and heated them to "about three times as hot as bathwater."

"It came out first whack," was his comment. In other words, the chemicals congealed into a solid, opaque mass.

Mr. Whinfield and his assistant, James Dickson, must have felt a moment of triumph. Then they wondered what they had in front of them. A discovery in the best 20th-century manner, or simply a "cake" of acids with all the other elements driven off?

Mr. Whinfield applied heat again. At 250 degrees Centigrade the mixture suddenly remelted and became clear again. This meant that it was a stable composition and no mere residue.

"The works"

Within a day or two, after various tests, Mr. Whinfield extracted a long, thin fibre from his chemical cook-pot. With more tests he found that the fibre was unquestionably tough.

But how stable was it when it came in contact with other substances? Mr. Whinfield remembered other very promising fibres that had withered into sludge when brought into contact with soda.

He and Dickson "gave the new fibre the works." It passed every test with flying colors.

Then the scientist knew that polyethylene terephthalate—the solid, opaque mass —had a great future. He had found a new man-made fibre.

He knew, too, that many people would not have the time to refer to it as "polyethylene terephthalate," so he christened his discovery terylene.

It had taken him almost a week to work out the entire process.

Last year at Wilton, in North Yorkshire, a factory produced 22,000,000lb. of terylene. The plant now is being extended to bring production to 30,000,000lb. a year.

Such is the success of Mr. Whinfield's discovery. It didn't happen all at once. On July 29, 1941, "Terylene" became British Patent 578079 and immediately went on the secret list. Eight years later the first "pilot" plant was set up in England to produce a tentative 1,000,000lb. Since then demand has been incessant.

Terylene is enormously versatile. The Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth tie up with terylene hawsers. Ninety per cent. of the male players at Wimbledon this year wore terylene shorts; the famous Parisian dress designers use terylene fabrics.

Lines, nets

Fishing and tennis nets are made from it, so are curtains, pillows, quilts, and the rigging of ships.

In Australia a Victorian woman won an Australian archery championship using a terylene bowstring; big-game-fishing world records have been established with terylene lines; and Murray River professional cod fishermen use terylene nets.

An English copy-writer went too far when he told the world: "This is the terylene age."

However, Mr. Whinfield's mixture of terephthalic acid and glycol is now very much part of the 20th century.



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RIGHT: The same blouse is teamed with pedal-pushers, the one pocket in the blouse being matched with two in the yellow pants.

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Enriched with Added Vitamin B_1



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* *Known as Peanut Paste in some States.*

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VICKS *Cetamium* **COUGH SYRUP**

The Cough Syrup That Loves Children!

CS-M2-42-A

Continuing

She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not

from page 43

had given me. "Good night," I said.

"Hey, Laurie, wait a minute." Marsh put his hand on my shoulder, and I paused. "Look," he said, "I'm sorry—maybe I rushed you a little. I should have told you first."

"Told me what?" I said absently, wondering what Sammy was doing tonight. He hadn't been at the prom. But, I thought, I bet he's got a date. Probably they want to be alone. Probably they're parked somewhere right now, taking life by the throat—— "H'm," I said, aware that Marsh was talking.

He was smiling at me like Santa Claus. "I've decided," he said impressively, "to ask you to go steady."

"Well," I said, "that's awfully nice of you Marsh, and I appreciate the honor and all, but I'm afraid not."

He didn't seem to hear me. "You might not think it," he was saying seriously, "with my type of guy, but I like to go steady. Always have. There's just one thing" — he looked at me warningly — "when I go steady with a girl, she's mine —all mine."

I looked at him with sudden interest. "Tell me," I said, "what you mean."

"Well," Marsh said, "now take this Hastings guy — he's okay," he said generously. "I've got nothing against him—but he's got to stop hanging around. Like I saw you talking to him at the drinking fountain yesterday after fifth period." He frowned. "I don't like that."

"I'll remember it," I said, fascinated. "Go on."

"When you're my girl," Marsh said, "you're my girl, that's all. My girl doesn't walk to class with other guys, she doesn't get phone calls from other guys, she doesn't dance with other guys." He smiled at me. "Do you dig me?" he said affectionately.

I gazed at him, appalled. And this, I thought, with horror, was what I wanted Sammy to be! I couldn't say a word.

"Now, you live next door to this guy Hastings," Marsh was saying, frowning, "and there's not much I can do about that ——"

"I could speak to Daddy about moving," I offered.

Marsh laughed politely. "But the main thing," he said, "is that my girl is mine — understand?"

I looked at him. "Why don't you just put a collar around her neck," I suggested, "and chain her to a ring in the floor?"

Marsh looked puzzled.

"Who?" he said.

"Your girl," I said, reaching for the door handle. "I'm afraid I haven't got the qualifications." I smiled at him then. "I'm sorry, Marsh. I appreciate it, but we wouldn't get along. And, anyway," I added honestly, "it wouldn't be any use. I love somebody else."

Marsh stared at me. "What?"

"Somebody else," I said. "Another boy. I suppose, I thought, this comes as a sort of shock. "Try to understand," I urged. "I love somebody else."

Marsh was frowning now. "Who is it?" he said crossly. "That Hastings character?"

I sighed. Why deny it? "Yes," I said simply.

Marsh laughed. "Well," he said, "all I can say is, if you're his girl he certainly doesn't act like it. If you ask me, he's trying to get off the hook."

"I know," I said sadly. "I think so, too." To my horror, two large tears welled into my eyes. "Good night," I said hastily. I held out my hand, blinking back the tears. "It's been fun," I said.

Marsh took hold of my hand and shook it solemnly. "You're a kind of a strange girl, Laurie," he said, "but you're a good kid."

"Thank you, Marsh," I said.

"I feel pretty bad about this," Marsh said. "I really wanted to go steady with you. You're different," he said.

"I know," I said, "but it's only because I'm in love with somebody else." I patted him. "You'll be all right. There are two thousand students at Glendale High, Marsh," I said encouragingly, "and half of them are girls!"

Slowly Marsh began to grin. He got out and opened the door. "We'll always be friends, though," he said, as we walked to the door.

"Sure," I said, stepping inside. I'm getting a lot of friends, I thought wanly.

I went quietly upstairs and sat down on my bed. It wasn't any use. I was still in love with Sammy, and nothing was going to change it. "I guess," I thought sadly, "I'll always be in love with Sammy." I walked slowly over and looked at his picture in the moonlight that was coming through the window. I thought about the first time he'd kissed me, and the night he'd given me his class ring. I suppose I ought to give it back, I thought. He might want to give it to somebody else!

> **I cannot discover that anyone knows enough to say definitely what is and what is not possible.**
>
> **— Henry Ford**

It was such an awful thought that I sat down. I closed my eyes, but it didn't do any good. Slowly a well-drawn picture was forming itself in my mind . . . Sammy, with another girl. Sammy's car, pulling up beneath the trees at our favorite spot above the ocean. Sammy —his face intent, absorbed, as he turned towards the girl beside him in the darkness.

I leaped to my feet, I can't stand it, I thought, I simply can't stand it, that's all. Wildly I looked about the room. I'll go away, I thought. I'll — That was when I saw it. The light was on at the Hastings garage. At two o'clock in the morning!

Slowly I crossed to the window and stood looking down. Sammy must be working on his car. Whenever Sammy was upset, he worked on his car. Poor Sammy, I thought, he probably feels guilty about me. He wouldn't want to hurt me, like this. Suddenly, then, I knew what I had to do. Quickly, before I could change my mind, I took one last look at the ring on my finger and then turned and hurried down the stairs. This much, at least, I could do, I decided. I could set him free.

The garage door was open, and I could see Sammy as I hurried quietly up the driveway. He was wearing his overalls that he always wears for working on the car, and they were covered with grease. There was grease on the end of his nose, on his cheek, and it was smeared on his blond hair.

But he wasn't working on the car now, he was just sitting on an orange crate in the corner. He had a handful of something — nuts and bolts, I decided — and he was tossing them, one at a time, into two empty coffee cans on the floor. Puzzled, I crept closer.

Sammy dropped one into one can. "She loves me," he said dully. He dropped one into the other. "She loves me not." He sighed. He dropped another one. "She loves me——"

I stepped forward, holding my breath, a strange, beautiful thought trying to be born in my mind. "Sammy," I said quietly, "what are you doing?"

Sammy looked up. He didn't seem too surprised to see me. "Oh," he said. "Hello, Laurie."

"What are you doing?" I said again.

Sammy smiled at me wanly. "You look good," he said, and I realised I still had on my white formal, and Marsh's orchid. Then I realised something else. Sammy, I saw suddenly, looked awful! His face seemed even bonier than usual, and everything about him drooped. "Have a good time?" he said, trying to go on smiling.

"Sammy," I said, "you look perfectly terrible. What's wrong?"

Sammy shrugged, "Oh, nothing," he said. "It's just that —" He paused. "Well frankly, Laurie," he said, "I think I'm cracking up."

I stared at him. "Cracking up?" I said.

"Well," Sammy said, shrugging, "after all, if you like somebody better, then you like somebody better, that's all. It's not your fault——"

"Sammy," I said clearly, "what are you talking about?"

Sammy looked puzzled. "You and Marsh," he said; "what else?"

"Oh, Sammy," I said, "then you did care, after all. You mean you really haven't been trying to give me the brush?"

Sammy stared at me. "Me trying to give you the brush!" he repeated in a stunned voice. "Man!" he said. "I think I'll just go off alone somewhere and meditate on the sound of the clapping of one hand."

"Well, for heaven's sake," I said, "all these days you haven't done a single thing to stop me. You never got jealous — I thought——"

Sammy shook his head in a dazed way, and then he walked towards me. "Look, Laurie," he said, "you were going for Marsh—what was I supposed to do? I had to let you find out for yourself who you wanted. Otherwise, how would you ever be sure? How would I? And anyhow," he said, "a man can't force a girl to love him—it's no good that way." He shook his head slowly. "Man!" he said. "I've aged!"

I just stood and looked at him then, and suddenly I couldn't see him very well, because there were tears in my eyes. I'd thought Sammy didn't love me because he hadn't been jealous and mad and selfish. And all the time it had been because he did — because he loved me so much, he couldn't get jealous.

"Sammy," I said, "I've been so dumb. I've just been trying to make you jealous of Marsh. You're the only boy I could ever love."

"Man!" Sammy said sickly. "Now she tells me!"

Suddenly, then, I couldn't stand it—the anxious, miserable look on Sammy's face. I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him, white formal and orchid and grease and all. It was just like coming home after you've been away for a long time. Suddenly Sammy raised his head and dropped the rest of the nuts and bolts into one of the coffee cans.

"She loves me!" he said with finality. Then, of course, he kissed me again, and it was all mixed up with grease and oil and the smell of gasoline—and it was wonderful.

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KEBABS WIN £5 PRIZE

● A recipe for Lamb Shish Kebabs featuring an unusual combination of flavors wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.



LAMB SHISH KEBABS are ideal to serve at barbecues and fireside suppers. Interchange flavors with rolls of bacon, baby tomatoes and onions, and pieces of kidney if desired. *See recipe this page.*

CUBES of cooked pork, beef, veal, or chicken can replace the lamb in this prize-winning recipe.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded to an easily prepared recipe for stuffed veal.

All spoon measurements are level.

LAMB SHISH KEBABS

One small eggplant, ¼ cup white vinegar, ¼ cup salad or olive oil, ½ teaspoon salt, 2½ cups cooked diced lamb, 2 green peppers, 2 cups diced fresh pineapple or 1 tin pineapple pieces, ½lb. mushrooms, ¼ cup honey, ¼ cup pineapple juice, extra 1 tablespoon salad oil, extra 2 teaspoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, 4 cups fluffy boiled rice (1½ cups raw rice).

Cut eggplant into cubes, marinate (soak) in the white vinegar and salad oil for 1 hour; drain. Thread pieces of lamb, eggplant, green pepper, pineapple, and mushrooms alternately on to large skewers. Combine honey, pineapple juice, extra oil and vinegar, salt and ginger. Brush foods on skewers. Place under griller, turning frequently and basting with extra honey sauce until well glazed. Serve on bed of rice.

First Prize of £5 to Miss E. Courtman, Box 2, 35 Nelson St., Kalinga, Brisbane.

VEAL BREAST STUFFED WITH SAUERKRAUT

Four pounds breast of veal (cut with pocket), 3 cups sliced apples, 1 cup sliced onions, 3 tablespoons margarine, 1 tin sauerkraut, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, ½-3rd cup brown sugar, 1½ teaspoons caraway seeds, cooking oil.

Saute apples and onions in melted margarine until a light brown color. Add remaining stuffing ingredients, cover and continue cooking over a low heat for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove cover, stir over a high heat until liquid is reduced, then spoon mixture into the veal pocket. Sew up opening or skewer securely. Brush meat with oil and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pour ½ cup cooking oil into a large paper bag (large enough to cover completely the meat), twist closely at the ends. Shake and turn until bag is well oiled. Place veal inside, twist the ends tightly. Place in roasting pan. Bake in a slow oven 3 hours (or may be roasted uncovered). Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Dennis, 13 Bruarong Ave., Frankston, Vic.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish is steak-and-kidney suet roll, a wonderful meal for cold weather and an all-round family favorite. The dish costs 8/- and serves four or five.

STEAK-AND-KIDNEY SUET ROLL

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4oz. finely chopped suet, water to mix, 1½lb. round or topside steak, 1 or 2 kidneys, 1 onion, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, gravy.

Prepare suet crust. Add suet to sifted flour and salt, mix to firm dough with water. Roll out to oblong shape on floured board. Cut steak into 1in. cubes; skin kidney, remove cores, and cut into small pieces. Roll meat in sauces mixed together. Chop onion finely, mix with meat; spread over suet pastry. Season with salt and pepper, moisten edges with a little milk or water, and roll up as for Swiss roll. Pinch ends together, place on greased baking-dish, and bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Serve piping hot with vegetables in season and gravy.

You and your baby

EXPECTANT mothers and mothers of young babies will appreciate the simple, modern, and expert advice given in the parentcraft book "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A., our mothercraft nurse.

It deals with the pre-natal and post-natal care of the mother (including special exercises) and gives detailed advice on the care and feeding of baby from birth to one year.

Also included are chapters on teething, the treatment of childhood fevers, and a diet which will be of use to all mothers, especially those who live in the country where medical advice is not always readily available.

Young fathers as well as mothers will find this book a great help in dealing with the problems which arise during the first few years of childhood.

The fifth enlarged and revised edition of "You and Your Baby" is now on sale from booksellers in the capital cities. It can also be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 15/-, plus 9d. postage. Please print names and addresses clearly when ordering a copy of this book.

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MAKE MEAL TIMES FAMILY AFFAIRS whenever possible. Junior learns manners by watching and listening to his parents, and if you serve him the food he likes — Heinz Junior Foods — he'll eat as quickly as you. Heinz have the largest, cleanest kitchen in Australia in which to prepare their wholesome Baby Foods. You KNOW Heinz Baby Foods are as scrupulously cooked as if you'd made them yourself.

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Over 40 varieties of Broths, Soups, Meats, Vegetables, Sweets, Puddings for young and older babies.



Gourmet dishes made in next-to-no-time

From page 45

25 MINUTES to prepare and cook . . .

CUTLETS POLONAISE

One-and-a-half to 2lb. of best end of neck of lamb (5 bones), approximately 3 to 4 tablespoons fresh white breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chutney, salt, pepper, butter.

Garnish: Two large carrots, 1 onion, 1 leek, 4 or 5 brussels sprouts, ½oz. butter.

Divide neck into cutlets, trim, and beat out to flatten them a little. Fry lightly on both sides, then put on to a tin. Add crumbs to same pan with a little additional fat if necessary. Fry to a golden brown, then add chutney and seasoning. Press this mixture on the top of each cutlet, mark with the back of a knife, and put into the oven for about 7 minutes.

Meanwhile cut the vegetables into thin strips and put them into a pan with the butter. Press a piece of greaseproof paper well down on the vegetables and put the lid on the pan. Cook on slow heat or in oven 6 to 7 minutes.

Dish cutlets, arrange vegetables in centre, pour round a little gravy.

25 MINUTES to prepare, cook, serve . . .

EGGS BENEDICTINE

Four eggs, 4 slices ham, 3oz. rice, 1¼ gills mayonnaise, mustard to taste.

Garnish: One small head celery, 2oz. walnuts, 6 black olives, French dressing.

Cook eggs in boiling water for 5 minutes, and then plunge into cold water for 7 minutes. Cook rice in plenty of salted water, drain, and dry well. Flavor mayonnaise with mustard, thin with boiling water or cream.

Cut the celery into strips and crisp in ice-cold water; stone the olives; blanch, skin, and soak the walnuts. Arrange the rice down the centre of the serving-dish, peel the eggs carefully, wrap each one in a slice of ham, and place on the rice. Spoon over mayonnaise, garnish with celery, walnuts, olives, dressing.

30 MINUTES to cook and serve . . .

LIVER WITH ORANGE

Six small slices of liver, seasonings of salt, pepper, dry mustard, and cayenne pepper, 1½oz. butter, 1 onion, 2 cloves garlic, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and thyme, 1-3rd cup red wine, 1-3rd cup stock.

Garnish: One orange, sugar.

Pilaff: One ounce butter, 1 onion, 5oz. rice, ½ pint stock, seasoning, little grated cheese.

Dust the slices of liver very lightly with seasoned flour. Heat half the butter in a pan and brown both sides of liver. Remove and keep warm. Melt remaining butter in pan, add finely chopped onion and crushed garlic, cook until soft. Moisten with wine and stock, add herbs, simmer 1 minute.

Pour sauce over liver on serving-dish. Cut orange into thin slices with skin on; brown both sides in hot oil, sprinkling with sugar. Garnish the liver, serve with rice pilaff.

Pilaff: Melt half butter, add sliced onion, cover, cook until soft. Add rice; saute a few minutes, stirring all the time. Pour on stock, season. Bring to boil, cover, cook in moderate oven 20 minutes. Stir in remaining butter and cheese.

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Continuing . . . The Dark Enchantment

confess I found it very hard to think of Lead without considerable apprehension.

"Annie, what is all this thing about Edwards — Liane said he'd like her to die."

"Well, that dear, is obviously ridiculous, but he did try to make love to her once. Of course she put the brute properly in his place, but you know how spiteful people can be when they get turned down. Lead likes her on her very best behaviour whenever Edwards is about."

We had no luck in Winfield. When we got back to Hicks Stanton we went down to Kinnismere Row. We knocked on the door of cottage after cottage and Annie asked casually and cheerfully if anyone had seen Liane. But no one had seen her that morning.

"What do we do now?" I asked her and I tried to make the question calm.

"We'll have to get the car out. She must have gone farther afield."

When we got back to Shap Hundred both Perridge and Stevens had drawn a blank and she was not to be found in the grounds. Perridge got out the Jaguar and Annie drove herself. We toured the countryside for miles.

"She could not have come as far as this — she must have gone on foot."

"Lead believes she hitchhikes," Annie answered me. "She never admits it, of course, but she must. She couldn't cover the distances otherwise, and it's easy enough with a face like that. A lot of things might be easy."

"Oh, heavens!" I said. "Oh, heavens!" And then, because I had determined to keep myself calm, "Do these attacks of forgetfulness usually affect her like this?"

"It's pretty much of a pattern," Annie replied.

When we drove into Shap Hundred, Lead's Ford was in front of the door and another car stood beside it. Annie said bitterly, "Edwards!"

Lead came out at once. He had his hands in his pockets. I have never forgotten his face. When we approached him he said to me, "You stupid little idiot!" He spoke under his breath, but I felt as if he had shouted.

Annie came forward. "Now, Lead, we've done our best."

"Major Stewart, I'm terribly sorry." I, too, had my hands in my pockets.

"I don't pay you to be terribly sorry. I pay you to look after Liane. Heaven knows, I don't ask much of you, and you can't even manage that."

It was that part that hurt me the most. He did indeed ask little of me. I should not have gone to sleep. I noticed that he had brought Dick Coles back with him and behind Dick stood the odious Edwards. There was a look of mocking sympathy across his round, bun face.

Annie walked into the hall, saying cheerfully, "Well, let's go into luncheon. It's no good upsetting cook."

As we followed Annie into the dining-room a hand came up and gave my arm a squeeze.

"Cheer up, dear. We've played hunt the thimble before."

I smiled gratefully up at Dick Coles. I don't know how I sat through that luncheon. I kept my eyes away from Lead's empty chair and the space that was left by Liane. Dick Coles chattered mercifully, but Edwards stared furtively at me. I was certain that both he and Dick had overheard my chastisement.

Annie was discussing the latest poaching outbreak.

"They ought to increase the fines. What can they expect if a man has to pay nearly as much for poultry in a shop as he does in court?"

I heard the front door bang and I heard Lead's Ford drive off.

"I'm afraid the major's in for a run for his money today," the odious Edwards said.

Dick Coles broke in, "Miss Godden, next time you come into Ludlow make it on my half-day."

from page 23

"Which day is that?" I asked him, glad of the conversation.

"Whichever day you come in."

"You must be careful of Richard, Harriet. He's a very naughty boy."

"Now, now, Annie. Let her find out for herself."

I was still half listening in the direction of the drive. I was anxious for and yet dreading Lead Stewart's return.

He found her sitting in the church. She had quite a simple explanation. "I couldn't stand Edwards again so soon."

I WAS convinced that Lead Stewart would send for me. When he failed to do so I sought him out. I found him at the piggeries looking on at the work on the sties.

It was drizzling with rain and the earth all but sucked Annie's goloshes off my feet. I approached him a little unhappily. I felt guilty about Liane's disappearance and annoyed at the way he had spoken to me. I felt that he had been dishonest about the job. It was foolish of me to have supposed that it held no responsibilities. It obviously held grave ones, and I did not think that his "just don't let her out of your sight" was a strong enough warning. After this I should not know a moment's peace. She had obviously suffered a bad nervous breakdown.

He looked up, said "Hallo," and looked down again. I found that habit of his disconcerting. It neither gave one his attention nor let one escape it.

"Major Stewart — I want to talk to you about Liane — about today, I mean."

He was scratching the back of a sow with a stick. She seemed to be in ecstasy.

"Did it scare you?"

"Yes, it did a little."

"Good! Teach you a lesson in future."

I put my hands in my pockets and stood back on my heels. He turned to me then, leaning back against the stile.

"I suppose I shouted at you."

"Er—yes."

"Are you angry with me?"

He put his head on one side and gave me a quizzical look. I did not know what to answer. I certainly had been angry. But I said, "I'm sorry it happened in front of Edwards. Annie explained all that to me."

"He's a cocky little swine; it might have been no more than a saucy remark; I wasn't there to witness it myself. He used to be all right, but I'm not too fond of the sight of him now after that trouble over Liane." He tapped his feet with his stick.

"We're in rather an odd position. He comes here quite a lot. He has to come on business. I've got some money tied up in a firm of his. I started him off. He used to work for me at one time, but he's much better off than I am now."

"That must be rather galling."

"Oh, I don't know. He was a nice enough little chap once. I think he just likes to come here and lord it over me."

"Why should he want to lord it over you? If it was you who helped him up?" I found myself resenting Edwards, and I am not easily partisan.

"Oh, it's quite human really. It gives him a chance to show off. It gives him a perverse affection for me."

"Has he got much to show off about?"

"Yes, he has! He's got a finger in lots of pies. He's really quite influential."

I had never heard him so conversational and I felt a little flattered. It was unlike him to discourse on his private affairs to someone he must still have considered a stranger. One would not easily cease to become a stranger to a man like Lead Stewart. But he seemed to want to talk on about Edwards. I realised then that it was because he did not wish to talk about Liane.

"In fact, I think I'm the little blighter's favorite audience. It gives him a great kick to put one over me."

"If he has quite an affection for you, even if it is perverse, why does he say such unpleasant things about your wife?"

He looked up at the sky again then.

"Just can't forgive her, I suppose. He's one of those men who can't stand a rebuff. But I don't think he gossips outside."

Then, with a quick return to authority, he told me brusquely, "Go in; you'll get your feet wet."

I remembered what had brought me out. I said, "Major Stewart, I've decided that I'd rather not stay over my one month's trial."

He answered politely, "All right." But I caught a hint of dejection in the stoop of his shoulders and head.

Having made my decision, I found myself oddly depressed. I went into the drawing-room and discovered my book. I took off my shoes and sat back to read. I heard someone come into the hall. Then the door opened and Dick Coles came into the drawing-room. I looked up as his yellow head appeared and felt round the chair for my shoes.

"Good afternoon," I said.

"Hallo. Don't get dressed for me. Where is everybody?"

"Annie and Liane have gone out, but Major Stewart is down by the sties. Did you want to see him?"

"No. I want to avoid him, bless his rugged heart."

I moved up and he sat down beside me on the sofa. "Would you like some tea?"

"Why is it," he asked, "that an English girl always offers to pour out tea? A French girl would simply accept me as a visiting male and be quite content to leave it at that."

"I hadn't realised you were a male visiting me."

"I didn't expect to find you here, as a matter of fact. I came to worm your address out of Annie."

"Did you think I'd been given the sack?"

"No; but you looked downright alarmed today. I thought you might have sacked yourself."

"I have, as a matter of fact."

"It must be a rotten job, isn't it?"

"Liane is very sweet."

"Oh, yes. She's a wonderful girl, but it must be ghastly for poor old Lead."

I suddenly realised that I might satisfy my nagging curiosity through Dick.

"How long have you known the Stewarts, Mr. Coles?"

"Lead! Oh, I've known old Lead an age. But you're not to think I was at school with him. He's years and years older than me."

He said it so smugly that I laughed. Then I explained, "He simply told me there was nothing to do except not to let her out of my sight. Well, I was at fault there, of course, but he didn't tell me quite how seriously that terrible accident had affected her."

"What accident?"

"Well, the car crash she was in."

"So he hasn't been on the level with you! Poor old Lead; he makes such a thick rod for that straight back of his. There wasn't a terrible accident!"

"But he told me that she was badly concussed herself and that the shock of killing her father . . ."

"She wasn't 'badly concussed' herself. She spent about three days in hospital with a couple of badly sprained wrists." He paused rather cruelly, I thought. "And dear old dad's still alive. Liane was driving all right, and they did pile up, but dad was no more than shaken up." I suppose I must have stared at him. He asked in astonishment, "Can't you see for yourself that she's nuts?"

I stood up. He waved at me. "Sit down. I grant you we've got politicians who sound much dottier than her, but not in the same sort of way. Doesn't she strike you as nuts?"

I couldn't believe it at first. She was distraught and her

To page 52

7722—C

A SURE WAY TO SAVE MONEY

Sunwhite Rice



BUDGET BEATERS

Cook the most exciting meals every night of the week with modern "Sunwhite" packet rice!

Follow the lead of the thousands of Australian housewives who have discovered the formula for turning every meal into a wholesome, delicious dish by combining the large fluffy grains of Riverina-grown rice at the lowest possible cost! ***You'll beat the budget every time*** if you use "Sunwhite" when the recipe calls for rice! It cooks so easily, so quickly — ***makes all meals so economical!***

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY FOR A FREE RICE RECIPE FOLDER!

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Please send me copies of the latest Sunwhite rice recipe leaflets.

NAME

ADDRESS

W W 7722C

SUNWHITE

EGG CURRY WITH RICE

4 hard-boiled eggs; 2 tablespoons butter or margarine; 1 onion; 1 tomato; 1 level dessertspoon curry powder; 1 clove garlic, crushed; ½ pint stock or water; 2 level tablespoons flour; salt, pepper; 3-4 cups boiled, salted, drained Sunwhite rice.

Shell and halve the eggs lengthwise. Fry the onion till golden brown in the melted butter or margarine, add the curry powder and cook 2 minutes. Stir in the chopped tomato, garlic and water and simmer for 15 minutes.

Thicken with the flour blended with a little cold water, cook 2 minutes. Add the eggs and reheat. Place the hot rice on to a large serving dish and pour the egg curry over.

Serves 4 and costs approx. 10d. per serve.



** A Susan Lee Whyte Kitchen-tested Recipe.*

SUNWHITE

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES WITH HONEY SAUCE

1 cup boiled, salted, drained Sunwhite rice; 2 tablespoons melted butter; 1 cup milk; 1 egg; 1 cup S.R. flour; 1 level teaspoon salt; ½ cup honey; 1 cup water; rind and juice of 1 orange; 1 level tablespoon arrowroot; yellow colouring.

Combine the rice, butter, milk, beaten egg and salt, then fold in the sifted flour and stir well. Place in spoonsful into a greased, heated griddle plate or heavy-based frying pan and cook till brown on both sides, turning only once.

Place the honey, water, orange rind and sugar into a pan with the arrowroot and stir till boiling; cook 2 minutes.

Add the orange juice and a few drops of yellow colouring. Serve the griddle cakes on a hot dish with the honey as sauce poured over. ***Serves 4 and costs approx. 7½d. per serve.***



** A Susan Lee Whyte Kitchen-tested Recipe.*

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FOR THE *Thrifty* HOUSEWIFE



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FULL PRICE, 53 GNS.
SLIGHTLY LESS IN QUEENSLAND

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When you choose Singer you buy the world's best sewing machine. Singer is now in its second century of world leadership—your guarantee that Singer does what it claims. And, remember, ten, twenty, thirty years from now you will still be certain of Singer service. Buy wisely, buy for lifetime service, buy the best—Singer.

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Rub-a-dub-dub twins in a tub!



Paul and Bruce, 4-year-old twin boys of Mrs. Birchnoff, are full of life and always on the go. Mrs. Birchnoff says:— "At the end of the day they're worn out—and I am, too! I pour a little Dettol into their bath water and mine. It is most refreshing". You, too, will find a Dettol bath is a real reviver.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals and is the chosen antiseptic of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does . . . (ask him) . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential . . . in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . to disinfect linen and crockery.

Dettol is the safe, **effective** yet gentle antiseptic—a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS



DETTOL

the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC



Continuing . . . The Dark Enchantment

from page 50

forthrightness might have verged on the eccentric, but . . . my mind refused to accept the word he had used. An accident such as Lead had told me about could well have accounted for her lapses of memory. The shock of killing her father might well have temporarily affected her mind, but Dick Coles was telling me the father was living. I was bewildered and stammered a little. "But—but why should Major Stewart have told me a deliberate falsehood?"

Dick Coles burst out laughing. "You ought to live in Quality Street. What a prim little word to use. 'Falsehood!' " It made me think of Fay likening me to an old-fashioned horse-hair sofa. I said coldly, "Then why should he have lied?"

"Listen, kid, don't you know how people fool themselves? He won't face the facts himself. If he doesn't stick to his pathetic little story who else will? Look, Lead'll have my blood for this, but if it isn't me that tips you off it'll be that ruddy Edwards. And I think you ought to know — Lead never told any of your predecessors — and when they found out they pushed off."

He looked at his hands and said levelly, "Liane's crazy. She's bats. She's cracked."

He looked straight at me then. I felt as if he were firing each word into my heart. I could not answer him.

He went on slowly: "Naturally, he doesn't want the whole county to find out he's got a potty wife. I can understand him trying to fob them off, though it isn't easy. Trying to hide a beautiful girl for ever is like trying to hide a bright light on a dark night. The telephone buzzes with invitations — he's pretty unsociable himself, and he's trying to make 'em think she's the same. Said she's shy or something."

"Do they never go out?"

"Oh, lord, yes; but not if he can help it. Annie trots her out to tea, I believe. It's surprising how people don't cotton on. They will in time, of course, but he oughtn't to keep it from people who have a right to know, and you had a right. The trouble is he will keep on kidding himself."

I found my voice: "But I just can't believe she's—she's not—no, I just can't believe she's insane."

"Well, it isn't the usual kind of bats." I somehow resented his using those slang words; it made me feel angry for Lead.

"And sometimes," Dick continued, "it's hard to believe that she's not saner than the whole lot of us put together, but she definitely isn't. Inherited, I believe. Mama was a bit 'up in the clouds.' She's just —well, she's uncanny, she's well, she's not like us, and the sane world calls it bats."

I winced once again at that word. "But did Major Stewart know about this when he married her?"

"Dunno. Perhaps he didn't think she sounded bats. She certainly takes me in at times. He got a special licence somewhere where nobody could come up with any just cause or true impediments, I believe."

"How long ago was that?"

"Oh, about a year ago now, I suppose. They're practically honeymooners still."

I remembered Lead Stewart's expression sometimes when he sat staring at his wife, and I was surprised to find myself the victim of a funny little pain in the heart.

"You needn't be scared of her," Dick answered me. "I believe all she does is run away. Poor old Lead! People don't half let themselves in for something, don't they? But he shouldn't have married a kid half his age. That's asking for trouble, anyhow."

He took a cigarette from his pocket and gave it to me.

I still felt no pity for Lead. I was thinking only of myself; angry that he should have cheated me and unsure what I ought to do.

There were questions I longed to ask Dick Coles, but I had no further opportunity. Lead Stewart came into the room. Dick Coles stood up to greet him, and to my utter horror said to him, "I'm afraid I've been telling Miss Godden some facts about Liane."

What I expected him to do I don't know, but it certainly was not what he did. He simply removed his pipe from his mouth and said quietly to Dick, "You needn't have bothered, since Miss Godden's already given in her notice." Then he walked out of the room again.

I was ashamed at having been caught discussing his private affairs. I was even more appalled at the idea that he might think I had been prying into them. Dick Coles was not put out. "You can't help feeling sorry for him being landed with a packet like that, but I dare say it has compensations. She's certainly pretty sweet."

"I think he should have warned me," I said.

"I tell you, duckie, he doesn't know it. Or if he does he won't admit it."

"But he ought to be trying to cure her. Doesn't she have any treatment?"

Dick shook his head. "He won't go to a doctor. I suppose he's scared they'd prove it."

It was only then that I spared a thought for Lead Stewart.

"Poor man. It's rather awful for him! But why does he want her to believe that her father is dead?"

"Got some bee in that old wooden bonnet of his, I suppose. Well, look here, I'd better be trotting off. I don't imagine I'm any too popular and it's a bit much to hang around."

At the door he blew a kiss to me, "I'm after you, my girl — you needn't think you're shot of me, just because you're shot of old Lead."

I had to summon my courage to tap on Major Stewart's door. He was working on some form of egg chart.

"I think you owe me an explanation if not an apology, Major Stewart."

"I owe you neither."

"Your advertisement was inserted under false pretences."

I had difficulty in holding those reddish-brown eyes. He said gently, "It's no longer your business, is it?"

When he applied himself to the chart again, I also spoke quietly. "It's my business to the extent that I should prefer not to stay to the end of my month's trial after all."

He made no reply as I left the room. I could not think what had happened to me. I found tears in my eyes when I reached the hall and I raced up the stairs as Fay might have done.

I was packing when Annie came in.

"It isn't as bad as it sounds, my dear."

"Annie, I think Major Stewart's been very dishonest."

"Put yourself in his place." I stared at her, trying to do so. "We've been through other channels and they've never turned out a success. We don't need a medical person for Liane. She doesn't want someone like that, she just wants someone with her. She needs a sensible, kindly friend."

"Have you tried many kindly friends before?"

"To be frank with you, we have."

I realised then why the advertisement had disappeared and reappeared again. Why is it that none of them stayed?"

"Well," she said crisply, "they were rather like you, not willing to give it a try."

To page 62

OUR EMBROIDERY TRANSFER



***DAYS-OF-THE-WEEK KITTENS** in easy cross-stitch are featured in our Embroidery Transfer No. 210. A good-luck wish is part of each transfer, which can be used also to brighten other household articles. Monday's kitten would be right at home on a laundry bag! Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.*

BECAUSE IT BANISHES ACNE, PIMPLES and BLACKHEADS . . .

Innoxa 41

SOLUTION



***Mothers!** Teenagers CAN and SHOULD have a clear, flawless skin, free from pimples, blackheads and other blemishes.*

Scientific skin care during adolescence is vital to confidence and happiness. Innoxa Solution 41 corrects over-oily skin conditions, quickly banishes pimples, acne, blackheads and open pores. 13/6



IN 28/9

SCIENTIFIC SKIN CARE FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

Innoxa

SOLUTION 41

Innoxa (England) Ltd., London, Paris, Sydney

Prevent chopped, cracked hands

Kerodex 71

Waterproof protection from harsh soaps, detergents, bleaches, water, acids, alkalines.

UNWANTED HAIRS

Effective Home Treatment

Destroy unsightly hairs permanently by the "VANIX" devitalising treatment. "VANIX" penetrates deep into hair tissues and kills the roots without affecting the skin.

"VANIX"

is only 7/11 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul, Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle; Swifts Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boans Ltd., Perth. Mail orders (9/- including postage) from above, or direct from The "VANIX" Co., (Dept. W) Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Give Baby Lovely Curls



CURLYPET makes baby's hair grow curly . . . removes nasty cradlecap. Get a month's supply of CURLYPET from your Chemist or Store for 4/10.

Curlypet

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Three clever ways to vary a simple recipe

For "Party-Time" Entertaining



FOLLOW this June Clyde's 'kitchen-tested' recipe for the *easiest* cake you ever made . . . a cake that's a dream with cream, nice with any sort of frosting . . . a cake you'll want to whip up often for Sunday night suppers or for 'rush' afternoon teas . . .

Then use the lavish but simple finishes we've illustrated to create from it three excitingly different 'party-time' surprises. First the basic cake is baked in a pan 11in. x 7in. and when cold, should be cut into three, so that each piece is about 3½in. x 7in.



CONTAINS AEROPHOS ENTOLETED FOR PURITY DATE STAMPED FOR FRESHNESS EASY-TO-MAKE RECIPES ON EVERY PACKET

CHOCOLATE SANDWICHES

Cut first piece through centre and then into 6 squares. Join the layers with thick chocolate icing mixed with chopped dates.



BRAMBLE CAKES

Cut second piece into 6 rounds with a 1½" cutter (use left-over pieces for trifle). Brush with lemon-butter coloured red and roll in coconut.



NUT FINGERS

Cut third piece into 8 fingers 1" x 3½". Coat each finger with mock cream or white icing and sprinkle with chopped walnuts.



It's easy to be a Smart Cookie with Mother's Choice Flour

And don't forget that for "party-time" entertaining, or any entertaining, there's nothing like KINKARA tea to make your guests feel welcome. See how they enjoy the first fragrant, flavour-filled cup . . . how they come back for more. KINKARA tea is money-saving tea, too, because weight for weight it gives most cups per pound, as well as most enjoyment.



—it's the most!

June Clyde's BASIC ONE-MIX CAKE RECIPE

Yankee Doodle Cake

PLACE in bowl 2 cups Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour sifted with ¼ level teaspoon salt.

ADD ¼ cup sugar, ½ cup **soft** shortening, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk.

BEAT 2 mins. on Speed 2 of Mixmaster or with wooden spoon.

COOK in greased 7" x 11" pan, in moderate oven, 30 mins.

COOL in pan standing on cake cooler for ten mins. then turn out.

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ELNA the world's FIRST free arm and fully automatic sewing machine

SWISS PRECISION AT ITS BEST



the machine that still leads the world today in simplicity of operation, variety of stitches and quality features

No matter what others claim, the new ELNA Supermatic does more sewing automatically than any other make . . . it's the world's best value. For perfect buttonholes in seconds, simply drop in the buttonhole disc . . . you do not even have to turn for the second row of stitches.

Elna is the first household sewing machine to produce Turkish Hemstitching and Point de Paris—and automatically, too. The ELNA Supermatic simply pours out unlimited glamour stitches that no other machine can make perfectly at normal straight sewing speeds—and just as easily.

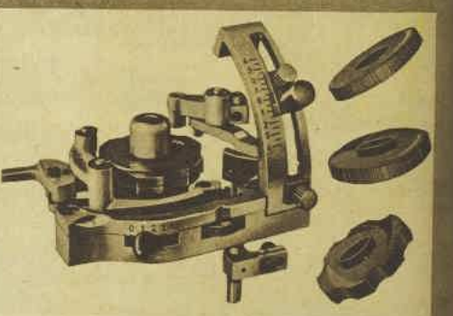
The ELNA Supermatic is designed to do every sewing job efficiently for you, from patching and repairs to the most intricate, fashionable and exclusive embroidery stitches, and automatically, too.

ELNA is never outdated—as new stitch designs become available, you simply add them to your collection.

Elna—it's the world's greatest home-maker with so many exclusive features

- *Elna, the first household sewing machine with the "Free Arm" for darning, mending, etc.*
- *Elna, the only lightweight portable with carry case that opens up to provide a full-sized work table.*
- *Elna has a special precision regulator for the lower thread tension—indispensable for sewing with nylon and other synthetic thread.*
- *Elna is* ***really*** *fully automatic. It sews to the left and the right and, above all, backwards and forwards without your assistance.*
- *Elna is sold and serviced in 106 countries throughout the world. In Australia and New Zealand it is backed by a permanent organisation that will honour the Elna 10-year guarantee and ensure constant service, spare parts and accessories.*

ELNA *Supermatic*



The Elnagraph . . . the revolutionary brain of the Supermatic! Simply drop in one of the Elna discs and the desired stitch pattern appears as if by magic—really fabulous designs. And so easy!

★ ***Call, write or 'phone for FREE literature or special presentation in your home or Elna sales showrooms.***

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ROBERTSON REVERSIBLE SEWING MACHINE PTY. LTD.

453 Pitt Street, Sydney. MA3487 *(right opposite the Hotel Sydney)*

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Striped sweater for a child

● Stripes in four colors make an attractive design in this hand-knit sweater for a little girl. It is ideal both for playtime and for more dressed-up occasions.

KNIT it in any pretty combination of shades you choose to suit a little girl. One suggestion is a background of pale blue with matching basque, neck, and sleeve bands, and with stripes of dark blue, beige, and white.

Materials: 3oz. main color (M.C.) and 1oz. each in 3 contrasting colors (C.C.) Villawool "Horizon" crochet wool (equiv. 3-ply); 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 13 needles; 1 6in. zip fastener; 1 stitch-holder.

Measurements: Chest, 28-30in.; length from shoulder, 15¼in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in. (No. 11 needles).

PATTERN STRIPE

Work in st-st. 4 rows in M.C., 4 rows in 1st C.C., 4 rows in M.C., 2 rows in 3rd C.C., 6 rows in 2nd C.C., 2 rows in 3rd C.C., 4 rows in M.C., 4 rows in 1st C.C., 4 rows in M.C., 4 rows in 2nd C.C., 2 rows in 3rd C.C., and 4 rows in 2nd C.C. 44 rows in patt. rep. (Carry wool up side of work.)

FRONT

Using No. 13 needles and M.C. wool, cast on 80 sts.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2¼in.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in patt. stripe, inc. 40 sts. evenly along 1st row. (120 sts.)

Work even in patt. stripe until work measures 10in.

Place a marker each end of row. Side seams are joined to this point.

Cont. even in stripe sequence until work measures 14in.

To Shape Neck (right side facing): K 54, cast off 12 sts., k to end of row.

Working on last 54 sts. only, place rem. sts. on a stitch-holder, cont. in stripe patt., casting off 4 sts. at neck edge at beg. of next alt. row, then cast off 3 sts. once, 2 sts. twice, and 1 st. once at same edge on following alt. rows. (42 sts.)

Cont. even in stripes until work measures 15in.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 10 sts. at armhole edge on next row and following alt. row, then cast off 11 sts. at same edge on next 2 alt. rows.

Return to sts. left on stitch-holder, join wool at neck edge and work this side to correspond, reversing shapings.

BACK

Work as given for front until work measures 11in.

To Make Back Opening (right side facing): K 60, turn, placing rem. sts. on a stitch-holder work on this side only.

Cont. even in stripe sequence until work measures 15in.

Shape shoulder as given for front, then cast off rem. 18 sts. for back neck.

Return to sts. left on stitch-holder, join wool at placket edge and work this side to correspond with first side, reversing shapings.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. Using No. 13 needles and main shade wool, commencing at left side of back opening (right side facing) pick up and k 79 sts. evenly around neck edge. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Cast off in rib.

ARMBANDS

Using No. 13 needles and main shade wool (right side facing) pick up and k 80 sts. along armhole edge (from marker to corresponding marker). Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Join side seams, including armbands. Press st-st. areas with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew in zip fastener.



SMART IN STRIPES, the little girl at right is also cosy and warm in her woollen handknit slip-on sweater. A main color and three contrasting colors are used to make this sweater.

HAVE YOU TRIED DELICIOUS
EGG Frimsels
made from fresh FARM EGGS



SOLOMONS' Egg Frimsels, for quicker, more appetising, nutritious meals. Try this dish—

"Egg Frimsel" Queen Pudding:
• 4 oz. Solomons' Egg Frimsels • 2 oz. Sugar • 1 Pint Milk • Yolks of 2 Eggs • Strewberry or Raspberry Jam.
Beat eggs and sugar together, add milk and prepared Frimsels, stir well, bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes. when cold cover with Strawberry or Raspberry jam and then with Meringue, bake in slow oven until Meringue is golden brown. Serve hot or cold with stewed fruits and cream. (To prepare Egg Frimsels—boil in salted water 10-15 minutes.)

R. SOLOMON & Co. Pty. Ltd.
136-144 Botany St. Waterloo, Sydney

TANTRUMS A PROBLEM FOR MOTHER

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse.

HOW to deal with the tantrums of her baby or toddler is a problem that often causes the inexperienced young mother much worry.

Tiny babies are capable of intense anger if frustrated.

Tantrums become less frequent as baby develops, but they recur at the crawling or toddling stage, when the child has to be restrained.

Tantrums often occur when a child is over-excited or overtired. The best way to treat a child in a tantrum is to try to beat his outburst of temper with an outward calm. Do not reason with him or scold him.

A leaflet with helpful hints on the management of a difficult child can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for leaflet.

NEW WAY TO SPEED RECOVERY!

Glucona – the sparkling new glucose health drink



Here we see Grandmother well on her way to a quick recovery, thanks to Glucona. Sparkling Glucona sustains strength . . . builds vitality. And, as it is enriched with Vitamin B_1, Glucona gives *full* benefit without using any of the body's own reserves of this essential vitamin.



Mother's worries are over—Glucona has helped him pick up quickly. In the sick-room, Glucona is invaluable. Being rich in pure medicinal glucose, it is a source of nourishing food and energy at all times—*particularly when even light foods cannot be kept down.*



This mother-to-be knows how quickly Glucona soothes and settles stomach upsets, relieves morning sickness, nausea. She keeps it handy in the 'frig—Glucona is even nicer and more refreshing when chilled. So convenient, too! . . . no mixing—no diluting.



Glucona is recommended by the medical profession and enjoyed in hospitals everywhere. As Glucona contains its own Vitamin B_1 combined with the glucose, it starts immediately to build up fresh reserves of energy and stamina — pours new life into you . . . so you recover quicker. Buy sparkling Glucona from your chemist.

HP358

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Kremelta — pure white vegetable shortening—clean frying without odour!

End dirty frying now! Swing to New Kremelta. You'll be delighted with this new pure, white, all vegetable, shortening that cuts clean — melts *fast and fries without odour or "sputtering"*. Kremelta actually brightens the flavour of food whether it is pan fried or deep fried — leaves no fatty after-taste. Next time you fry fish, chips, steak, eggs or bacon use New Kremelta shortening. Remember — Kremelta cooks cleanest of all.

USE **Kremelta** FOR

1. DEEP FRYING
2. PAN FRYING
3. MAKING BISCUITS
4. COOKLESS SPECIALS
5. ICING

For special recipes write to Ruth Archer, P.O. Box 4, Marrickville



Marville — the vitamin-rich margarine!

Gives you better cooking results than you've ever had — spreads smoothly on bread!

Vitamin-rich Marville makes it certain your cakes will be the envy of the neighbourhood. You'll bake rich, moist, fine textured cakes that stay fresh right down to the last tempting slice. No wonder! Marville creams easily and blends perfectly with other ingredients to give a light smooth batter that never goes "flat" or "heavy" — spells success to all your cakes. Try Marville today — it's specially blended for better cooking results, and on the table it spreads smoothly on the newest bread.

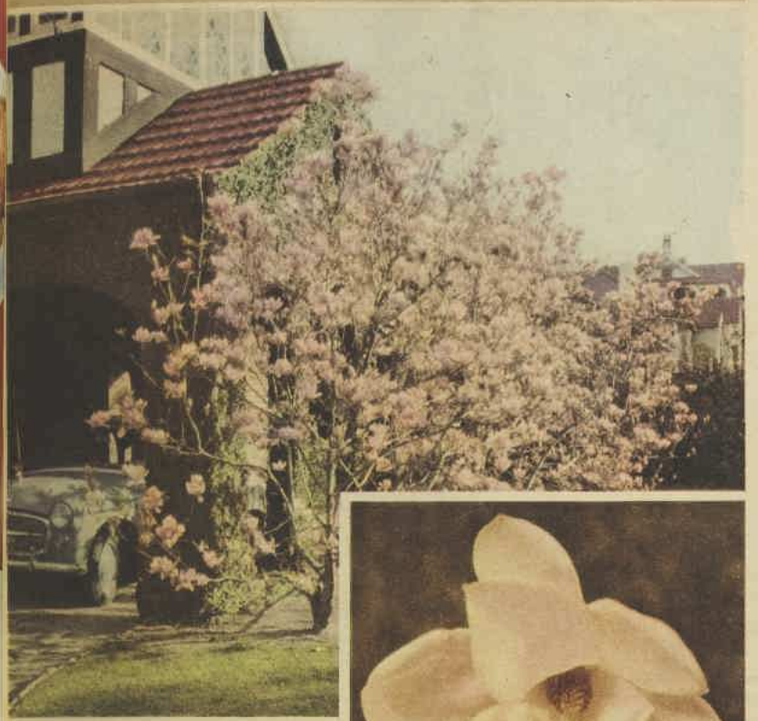
Marville

CREAMS EASILY
GIVES CAKES FINE EVEN TEXTURE
RUBS IN QUICKLY
KEEPS CAKES FRESH LONGER AND SPREADS SMOOTHLY ON BREAD

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THE MAGNOLIAS



MAGNOLIA SOULANGEANA, a prolific bloomer. Its six-inch flowers are usually white inside, brilliant claret or purple outside. Needs a sunny, protected position in lime-free soil. Grows from seed, cuttings, or layers. Inset: flower close-up.

ALTHOUGH there are many trees and shrubs in the family, only about six are common. Of these M. soulangeana, stellata, and fuscata are the most popular.

M. soulangeana does well everywhere south of Queensland. It is a free-blooming, spectacular hybrid and grows to about 12ft.

Most magnolias hate lime, start slowly, and all object to constant cultivation round their roots.

In addition to those shown are M. conspicua (creamy white, tulip-like, and upright), M. campbelli (grows to 80ft., flowers are white and pink), M. kobus (grows to 30ft., white flowers), and others that grow to 100ft. or more.

For garden purposes, the shrubby stellata (star-shaped flowers, white), fuscata (evergreen, small, claret-colored, fragrant flowers), and the soulangeana group are the best. Stellata, kobus, and soulangeana are all deciduous and flower before the foliage appears in late spring.



MAGNOLIA STELLATA grows to 15ft., and is a showy bush with sweetly fragrant flowers, leaves, and bark, and narrow-petalled flowers about three inches in diameter. It blooms with early daffodils.



MAGNOLIA GRANDIFLORA, a popular street tree in Sydney, has large, fleshy, shiny, evergreen leaves, and large, fragrant white blooms nearly 12 inches in diameter. This is regarded as the grandest tree of the family, and is very showy. Grows to about 100 feet in some cool climates, but rarely exceeds 25 to 30 feet in Sydney. Rarely blooms until well established, but does so almost continuously at maturity. Does well in sand, or any medium loam, but is not fussy about soil.



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HORROR IN COLOR

FOX enters the science-fiction field with George Langelaan's "The Fly," a celebrated spine-chiller, decked out in De Luxe color, CinemaScope, and featuring a quarter of a million dollars' worth of surplus scientific equipment bought from the Army and Air Force at bargain prices.

The stars are Al Hedison, of the New York stage (who made such a good impression as Robert Mitchum's assistant in "The Enemy Below"), Patricia Owens, veteran Herbert Marshall, and Vincent Prfce.

Film-Fan-Fare
Conducted by Ainslie Baker





VINCENT PRICE and Herbert Marshall (above) are shown disturbing evidence by young Charles Herbert, a scientist's son, in this scene from "The Fly," a science-fiction thriller.

AL HEDISON (left), as the scientist who pays a terrible price when a fly interferes with the results of his daring experiments in advanced electronics.





HIS hideous fly's head covered, Hedison (left) shocks Patricia when he shows her, for the first time, the ugly fly's leg that has replaced his arm.

STARS Al Hedison and Patricia Owens play the scientist and his wife. To keep their terrible secret, Patricia is forced to kill her husband.

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FILM PREVIEW

MISSIONARY AND MANDARIN

• • • The mandarin and the People's Army commander both loved the English volunteer missionary.



INGRID BERGMAN, as the real-life Gladys Alyward.



CURT JURGENS, as Lin Yan, Chinese Army officer.

THE STORY

"THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS" is based on the true story of an Englishwoman, Gladys Alyward, who, failing to qualify as a missionary, went out to China to work among the sick and suffering without benefit of training or church backing.

She won the devoted admiration of an influential mandarin, the love of a Eurasian Chinese Army officer, and the gratitude of countless Chinese orphan children.

Today Gladys Alyward, who assisted 20th Century-Fox in preparing the screen treatment of her inspiring story, lives on the island of Nationalist Chinese Formosa.



In the early part of the film Bergman is a domestic servant, and here director Mark Robson shows her how he wants a scene to be played.



Scene at a London railway station shows Gladys (left) setting off for China, though refused missionary status.





Entertaini Lin Yan on Gladys, the man darin (the lat Robert Donat) see that they are love, though neithe as yet, knows

Sadly Lin Ya and Glady prepare to sa goodbye. He mu return to the Arm and she to h Chinese orphan

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New Film Releases

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

★★★ THE GIRL MOST LIKELY

R.K.O. musical, with Jane Powell, Cliff Robertson, Tommy Noonan, Keith Andes. In Technicolor, RKO-Scope. Mayfair, Sydney.

THE most pleasant surprise in the light entertainment field this year is this fresh and funny film about a romantic bank girl (Jane Powell) who gets engaged to three men at once.

The men are most agreeably played by Noonan (a high-pressure salesman), Robertson (an easy-going mechanic), and Andes (a wealthy playboy).

The scene where Noonan attempts to sell Robertson a no-deposit house, but with everything as an extra, will be assured of an appreciative audience.

A large and refreshingly natural comedienne, Kaye Ballard, is Jane's girl-friend.

Gower Champion is responsible for the staging of some of the most novel and colorful dance sequences to have reached the screen in ages.

The music and witty lyrics of Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane set a standard that will take some living up to.

Jane plays her part with an energy and enthusiasm that compensate for acting limitations and dolliness.

In a word . . . DELIGHTFUL.

★★★ THIS HAPPY FEELING

Universal comedy, with Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens, John Saxon. In Eastman Color, CinemaScope. State, Sydney.

THE wit and maturity of much of the dialogue surviving from the F. Hugh Herbert play on which it is based is the additional ingredient that lifts this light comedy romance into top screen entertainment.

Director Blake Edwards has coaxed a quite enchanting performance from little Debbie Reynolds as the girl who thinks she is in love with her ageing actor employer, Jurgens.

Jurgens plays the role of the middle-aged matinee idol with a great deal of humor and skill, and a surprising ability to laugh at himself.

Young Saxon (with a hairline down by his eyebrows) is the boy next door who succeeds in making Jurgens feel his age.

A wonderfully comic study is supplied by Estelle Winwood as Jurgens' tippling housekeeper; with Alexis Smith, as his actress girl-friend, giving a commendably frank and mature characterisation.

In a word . . . CHARMS.

THE STORY OF MANKIND

Warner historical extravaganza, with Ronald Colman, the Marx Bros., and 50 star names. In Technicolor. Esquire, Sydney.

CONCEIVABLY the makers may have had the highest humanitarian intentions when they decided to film Van Loon's familiar best-seller.

But the result of their three years' work defies classification.

Suffice to say that Colman, as the Spirit of Man, introduces historical incidents likely to prove the human race worth saving, while Vincent Price, as a top-hatted Devil, trots out those supporting the opposite view.

Irwin Allen, producer and director of this extraordinary film, shows almost complete lack of taste and no sense of humor at all.

These deficiencies enable him to cast Hedy Lamarr as Joan of Arc, Dennis Hopper as a sort of blue-jeans Napoleon, and Cesar Romero as a Spanish envoy at the court of Queen Elizabeth.

However, these minor delights assume their true proportions when Groucho Marx takes the screen as Peter Minuit buying Manhattan from the Indians, and Harpo, as Isaac Newton, is learning about gravity.

In a word . . . WHY?



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Continuing . . . The Dark Enchantment

from page 52

I sensed disapproval in that and I replied with a touch of severity. "You can't really blame them, Annie. He ought to have told them the truth."

"Are you convinced it's the truth?" she inquired.

I packed with little skill but great speed.

I told her, "I'll stay the night in Wolverhampton."

Liane came in at that moment. We stood, one either side of my suitcase. I gave her a fluttery uncertain smile. I was about to make some excuse about having had a telegram from Fay, but remembered how well she detected a lie.

Her steady eyes lay hard on me. She had an extraordinary insight, as if she were able to force a private pathway through to a secret thought. She glanced casually over my luggage and then gave me a sweet, straight smile. "You won't go," she told me. "You're too much in love with Lead."

There was no rancor in the remark, no hint of jealousy, not even any emotion. It was a perfectly straightforward statement.

Annie and I both went to great pains to pay no attention to it. "I'll call Perridge to take down your trunk," Annie said. Liane said nothing, but when she saw me struggling with the lid of my dressing-case she helpfully came and sat on it.

I was troubled in case she should suspect that I was leaving on her account. I would have done anything to spare her feelings.

"Liane, dear, I've liked being here with you, really I have. It's just that I don't feel — well, I don't feel I'm pulling my weight."

She repeated, "You're not really going."

There seemed no point in arguing with her. She gave me a hand downstairs with my dressing-case.

Lead Stewart was waiting to take it from us at the bottom. He wore his overcoat. "I'm going to ring for a taxi," I told him. "There's no need for you to bother."

But my trunk was strapped on to the back of the car. I had said goodbye to Annie, who answered me cheerfully, but the disapproval was still in her face.

To Liane I simply turned and waved. I could not risk having her repeat her queer remarks in front of Major Stewart.

As on the night we came it was raining. He dumped the fawn mackintosh over my knees. Ridiculously I wanted to cry again. I thought, "The sooner I get out of this place, the better. It's sent my nerves to pot." I began to feel ashamed of my hasty departure. It must have looked somewhat hysterical. It would have been more dignified to have lasted out the week.

I FOUND myself on the verge of apologies. "I do hope I've not inconvenienced you." But what a ridiculous thing to say! I had obviously inconvenienced him and given him no time to find anyone else.

Instead, I found myself saying incredibly, "What on earth's the point of telling lies?"

He took his eyes off the road to glance at me. He was silent a few seconds before he asked, "Do you think Liane is mad?"

Without hesitation I answered, "I don't seem to be able to believe it."

"Neither do I," he replied.

We had left Hicks Stanton some way behind. "Good gracious," I said, "you mustn't think of driving me all the way into Wolverhampton. I intended to go by train."

"The local line's none too exciting. You'd hang about for hours."

For no reason at all I thought of the thing I most liked about him. His eyes seemed to draw up his smile from his mouth. "I've not been much use to you, have I?" I asked.

"On the contrary. You've been fine, except for that once and that was Edwards' doing. Liane won't co-operate if she doesn't get on with someone."

I tried to find an excuse for my hasty decision to leave. "There was nothing to do," I complained.

"Quite. She's no trouble if she likes someone."

"What happens if she doesn't?"

"Runs away," he said.

"That's what Dick Coles told me, but why does she want to do that? Why should she run away from you when she loves you!"

"When she goes off on these expeditions her memory has virtually gone. I don't exist, Shap Hundred doesn't exist, nor you, nor Annie, nor anyone. Only her father and Ireland a long time ago."

I drew my breath and held it a second or two before I let it out. "Major Stewart, was there an accident?"

"Yes."

"Was she hurt in it?"

"Not very much."

"But she was driving?"

"Yes, she's a little fiend for speed."

"And her father — wasn't killed?"

"No."

"But then, why did you tell me —" I began and broke off again. "I'm sorry, you've already told me it isn't my business."

I don't think we spoke again until we reached Wolverhampton.

There was some time to wait for the train, so he took me to tea at the Victoria Hotel. I would have preferred him not to wait for me. I had a vague sense of guilt about leaving him in the proverbial hole and I found myself uncomfortably aware of him. The red-brown eyes and his mouth and the camel-hair coat gave me a curious sense of being overpowered.

I felt defenceless and uncertain what there was to defend myself against. He seemed to wear his masculinity as loosely as the old camel-hair coat. It sat on him easily, dynamic yet unobtrusive.

I can't remember at which point we began to talk about Liane again. I interrupted his story immediately, "Patrick Ferris!"

Liane's father was Patrick Ferris, the poet to whose work Lead had referred as "Stuff." He did at least look abashed when I reminded him of it. "I'm not much of a hand at that sort of thing, but I believe in his way he's considered good."

I had thought all people not afflicted with the inconvenience of two heads were aware that Patrick Ferris was considered more than good in "his way."

What I did not know was that he was a drunkard. His wife had died when Liane was born. She and her father lived a bohemian life in a cottage in the mountains. When Patrick Ferris was sober he fed the child. When he was drunk he talked to her. How I envied her that talk. I began to feel that I understood the confusing result that was Liane. Patrick Ferris' work combined a glorious restraint with an oddly contradictory precision.

When he was prostrated and incapable even of speech she ran about barefoot and cooked on an old primus stove. But only when there was anything to cook. She sat up all night with him talking to fishermen. Patrick Ferris never tired of listening to the "sing song" of their words. She went to school in snatches and when she did she ran away. No one seemed to have bothered to send her back. She gloried in running free. She was completely unaccustomed to discipline.

She did exactly what she liked when she wanted to do it. She scarcely knew night from day. If she preferred to roam the countryside by moonlight, Patrick Ferris let her.

When Lead met her, her education had come to a standstill. She'd been taught nothing and she knew nothing except what her father told her. "In my opinion," Lead told me, "she's a child still. She simply hadn't the chance to progress. Her mind is entirely undeveloped. But it's quick."

He leaned towards me, more animated than I had ever seen him. "It's—I don't know how to put it, really, but she doesn't seem to get tied up in the same kind of knots as ordinary people. Her mind seems to get right through to something as if she can bypass the nervous complications that choke most of us up.

"She's sort of — free — well, like a kid; there are no inhibitions, nothing to get in her way and twist up the truth. It's a completely uncomplicated nervous system. But her ignorance is appalling. Every morning I try to instruct her."

I understood then the curious hours of seclusion.

"I'm trying to make her aware of the world. I read to her out of the papers; I explain to her what's going on— I want her to keep her end up socially, and I really think it's good for her mind.

"I don't find it easy. It's so difficult to spare the time. Now, that's something you could do for me."

LEAD stopped, remembering that we were waiting for my train. He continued again, less excitedly, but he held a quiet conviction still: "She's making extraordinary strides, and I feel if I can give her the opportunity she missed, in a couple of years she'll catch up — and probably leave the rest of her age group behind."

I kept hearing Dick's voice in my head, "I tell you, Duckie, he doesn't know it, or, if he does, he won't admit it."

I asked him in an iron-hard voice, "Major Stewart, do you believe that concussion is responsible for Liane's condition?"

He hedged: "Well, I don't think it helped."

"Did she have these fits of forgetfulness before the accident?" He gave me a hang-dog, reproachful look. He hated me for that question. Then he raced into speech: "Look, why don't you listen instead of probing? I tell you, this girl is unnaturally bright; she's not unnaturally dull—she's exceptionally bright."

"Did she or did she not have concussion? Dick Coles told me she didn't. She just had a couple of badly sprained wrists."

"Dick Coles can go to blazes."

His savageness was almost obscene.

At one point I had been feeling a lump in my throat. There was a terrible moment of pathos in listening to the blind obstinacy of this man who refused to believe that his wife was — "She's crazy, she's cracked, she's bats. Inherited, I believe." But the moment mysteriously disappeared.

I found myself asking quite casually, "So you think it's just a question of backwardness? A mind with no chance to grow up? Just a pure case of lack of development?"

"Yes, yes; exactly that." His eyes were as bright as Liane's in excitement.

"But what about Patrick Ferris? He certainly doesn't lack thought, and you say they discussed things together."

"He doesn't lack thought of a type. Liane's full of his outlook on life. He thinks you need nothing but fresh air and trees. If I let her go back to him, all my work would be lost. She'd fall into the same old life again."

"Isn't there a danger of him writing to her?"

Lead Stewart shook his head. "He's desperately hard up and can't do without liquor. I pay him not to write.

"You just can't imagine the way they lived. That cottage of theirs used to fill up with mist. There were scarcely any panes in the windows and the door used to hang off its hinge. It was never much more than a shepherd's hut. There were no lights and they'd run out of candles—they'd frequently run out of food. He doesn't make much out of that — that poetry he writes and what he gets he drinks.

To page 63





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Continuing . . . The Dark Enchantment

from page 62

"His hut was right up a mountain, like a lump of sugar on a shelf. It looks over the village of Talla. About the only way to get down in winter was to sit on your bottom and slide. It wasn't fit to live in from the start, but Liane still pines for the freedom of it. That's why she tries to get back. She won't believe it's in ruins and that everything has changed.

"I can't seem to get it into her mind that it's one thing for a kid to run about barefoot and live on scraps and get lifts into town on the village boys' backs—but it isn't a life for a girl. Ferris isn't capable of caring for her. When he's not working he's prostrate. I believe he's hardly ever sober now. She wouldn't run wild again for long, someone would——"

"Put her in a home?" I suggested. The word hurt him. I saw it hurt him.

"Well, certainly take care of her forcibly. And then what freedom would she have? I must preserve the blessing of freedom for her. There's not a thing wrong with Liane, other than what I told you—that no one's ever told her how to make use of her brain. She knows only what she feels and sees. When she was fourteen they moved to Dublin—they lived even more sordidly there, and I think she still hankered for Talla."

"How did the car crash come about?"

"Oh, *that*, that was my fault. I was a fool. I—I hadn't quite grasped the situation when I met her first. I let her take the wheel of my car. I think one or two Dublin lads used to take her out for a flip now and again. Somebody certainly taught her to drive. But how she ate up those Irish roads! She put us in the ditch."

"And you told her her father had died from it?"

"Yes, later. Not until we were married. I wanted to prevent her from trying to get back."

"Wasn't it cruel to let her think she killed him?"

"I thought the shock might stop her trying to use the car again."

"I see." I took the cigarette he offered me and waved it a little impatiently at him for a light. His animation was spreading to me.

"So you think if you train her, if you teach her how to make use of her mind . . . if you send her 'to school' so to speak . . ."

"Yes, yes, I have no doubt of it. I'm certain she'd catch up in no time. Don't you agree she's intelligent?"

"I certainly do. I couldn't believe it when Dick said—" I hurried on, "and she has got extraordinary powers of perception—no wonder, with a father who writes like that! But, provided we see that she comes to no harm, provided we go on teaching her what she doesn't know, I agree with you that we've a chance." I had slipped quite unconsciously into the use of the word "we."

I don't think either of us mentioned the fact that we were not driving towards the station after all.

When we got back to Shap Hundred we met Liane in the hall with a candle. She was on her way to bed. She gave us an unaffected smile. To me she said over her shoulder, "I made Annie put the bottles back in your bed."

Even then I saw nothing ominous in Liane's being proved right about my return. I was convinced I had come back to help Lead to save her. I should have heard Dick's voice again, "Kid, don't you know how people fool themselves?"

.

I just don't know what happened to me. I am not usually so insensitive. My only excuse is that I must have felt newly responsible and anxious not to let Lead Stewart down. I suppose I failed to see that it was my own personality which had altered and not Liane's. In my eyes she became different because of what I had been told about her, and I treated her as if it was she who had changed.

In point of fact she remained herself and was undoubtedly my superior in intelligence during those awful days. I became neurotically determined to "keep an eye on her." Whereas before I had lived my life as quietly beside her as she had lived hers beside mine, I began to think of her as my "charge." I supervised her every moment. I behaved as if I were guarding a convalescent child.

I was ready with a warm smile if ever the poor girl caught my eye and my hand was always there to assist her across the street. I was managing, cheerful, and arch with her. She must have considered me one of those hideously overbright "Nannies." I wince when I think of it now, particularly when I remember how patiently she bore with me.

I even caught myself referring to the poor girl as "we."

"How did we sleep last night?" I would ask her merrily the minute she appeared at breakfast. It's incredible that I shouldn't have been warned by her reply, "I can really only answer for one of us, can't I?"

AFTER our two hours' instruction in the morning I would end up with an encouraging smile, "Well, we've been a good girl today—I know someone who's going to be pleased with us!" I must have been sickening, and if I'd bothered to look at her I should have seen it in her eyes.

As it was I persecuted her with my bubbling attentions, believed I was earning my money, and serving Lead Stewart well.

Her rebellion broke out at a cocktail party. Lead asked me to accompany Liane. He detested such things himself, but he felt we should not refuse all invitations for her in case the county began to talk.

Dick was right. There was no doubt that his friends were curious about her. He kept most of them away from the house, but they must have wondered more than a little about her. He assured me that she was wonderful socially. My instructions were to remain at the party an hour and then bring her home in the car. I took such pleasure in his confidence in me.

"She'll be all right with you," he smiled.

"Oh, yes," I answered cheerily, "she'll be all right with me." And I trotted off to make roguish remarks about what "we" were going to wear.

She said, "I have already chosen, thank you."

She had chosen a black moire dress severely cut. With it she wore a blue mink stole and a tiny clinging hat. I see no point in describing my own appearance after hers.

I had never been out with my "charge" in public before. I was filled with a rising panic. Supposing she made one of those astonishingly outspoken remarks? Supposing she had one of her lapses of memory and went round asking the way home to Ireland? Supposing I let her disgrace Lead Stewart and through me the "whole county" came to know he had a "potty wife"?

She was unaffected and charmingly poised, but she disowned me the minute she entered the room. I was keeping too obvious an eye on her. I certainly tried to cling to her side, talking rather brightly, and quite often talking her down. I was afraid she would say something to make eyebrows rise. I laughed stupidly at everything she said. I was so anxious that everything she said should be taken as a joke. I sounded half-witted, not she.

She moved away from me if I addressed her and I was obliged to cover up with yet more inane laughter, hoping her treatment of me would go unnoticed. Had I not behaved so ridiculously there would have been nothing to notice at all.

As it was she finally turned to me, "Would you mind not following me about, please?" She said it quite gently and smiled, but I snapped into silence, mortified. There was a short, embarrassed silence from the admiring circle about Liane. Then she continued an animated conversation about cars with a young man in a green tie.

I fell back, pretending to take an interest in a revolting potted plant. I could have thrown my arms about Dick Coles. He advanced upon me grinning, "Hallo, I heard you'd been talked into staying. That's why I'm here tonight. I got a sitter-in at the bar."

"I'm so glad to see you," I said.

"Well, that's a start." His glance went across to Liane, "Put her back up, haven't you?"

"No, of course not, we're getting on famously." Then I broke down, "How did you know, you didn't hear what happened, did you?"

"I just don't like the signs. That's how she looks when Edwards annoys her. What did she do, slap you down?"

"Verbally, yes. I can't understand it. We used to be such friends."

"Well, forget it. How would you take to pub life?"

"I really haven't thought."

"Then think. Oh, goodness, there's that dreadful Farrows-Brown girl!"

Dick was pulled away from me and I was left talking to a woman well below my height. I was forced to look down into her eyes when she talked. She had sly ones, full of mean little secrets, and I felt as if I were prying into them. I was not listening to what she said. I was remembering how Lead had told me that Liane refused to co-operate with anyone she disliked.

Dick rescued me again. "Look, sweetie, when do I see you?" I was alarmed at the thought of his going. "Have you really got to leave me so soon, Dick?"

"'Fraid so, love. Me barsitter's the fidgety type. Anyway, it's half-past eight."

"Good heavens, I told Major Stewart we'd be back at half-past seven." A glance round the room showed that all the non-lingerers had already gone.

"If you have any trouble just ring old Lead." I felt that I should have rather died than do that. Dick kissed the tips of my fingers and left.

Our host and hostess were at the far end of the room. I reached Liane's side and whispered to her that it was time for us to go.

"I'm not coming home with you," she said.

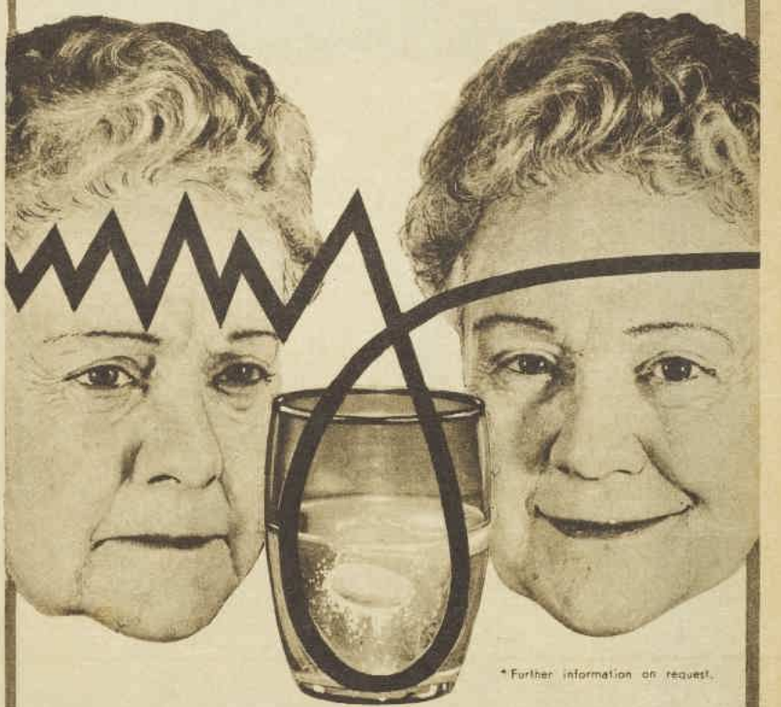
I felt as if that evening had burned a white hole in my mind. In the night I remember it now. Even the lingerers

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began to go. In their ones and twos and their threes they went home, and Liane with her sweet serenity stolidly refused to move.

Our host and hostess were pointedly waiting to dine. Several people offered us lifts, but I felt it impossible to let her out of my sight and she refused any form of transport which included me. I made inane excuses. "We've got our own car," I explained, "but I think Mrs. Stewart's afraid to drive with me, I'm really not terribly good."

She contradicted pleasantly, "You know that's not true; you're a wonderful driver."

I could have wept with humiliation. It was half-past nine and we'd been asked from six to eight. There were six of us left in the room. Our host had shown signs of collecting the glasses; our hostess could not keep her eyes from the clock. Their son and their daughter looked bewildered and bored.

Conversation was fading fast. I imagined the things they might say of us afterwards and prayed that they might not think we'd stayed on in the hope of getting more drinks. "Liane," I said severely, "we're keeping Commander and Mrs. Streeter from their dinner, and Major Stewart will be furious with us."

"He may be angry with you," she said. "He never gets angry with me." There was only one thing to do: Admit my failure and telephone Lead. He listened intently while I explained, then simply put down the receiver on me. But in twenty minutes he arrived.

Immediately she saw him Liane picked up her blue mink stole and moved gracefully to the door. Lead made a calm apology, oddly enough using my excuse: "I'm afraid my wife doesn't trust herself on the road with anyone except me since her accident."

Liane repeated, "Miss Godden's a wonderful driver."

What on earth must those Streeters have thought?

Of one thing I was quite certain: whatever they thought, they blamed me. They were pleasant enough saying goodbye to Liane, but there was an atmosphere when it came to my turn. They probably believed I was cutting her out with Lead Stewart. No doubt they thought a charming girl like Liane must have had some very good reason for making such a stand. I could have crept out on my hands and knees. Dick told me that gossip was rife afterwards.

Liane sat in the front of the car with Lead. Her hair shone softly in the nape of her neck. He seemed to be angry with neither of us, and all I received was a puzzled look of disappointment.

They were discussing me as if I were either stone deaf or not present at all.

"What's happened, Liane? You told me you liked Miss Godden."

"Yes, I used to."

"Well, what's she done to change your mind?"

"Turned into one of those ghastly, cheery school marms."

Once again she was stating a simple fact and there was no animosity in her voice. It gave me an unpleasant picture of myself over the past few weeks as the overpowering nursemaid, "jollying" her along. She had every right to dislike me for it, but I was angry, nevertheless. I resented her fiercely. It must have been the first of many attacks of agonising jealousy. I, who had always referred to jealousy as a degrading waste of time! But the fact that Liane should present herself to the world as a lovely, crystalline, intuitive creature while we were saddled with the task of keeping her retarded intellect a secret seemed a cheat on her part.

People laughed at her uncanny frankness and undoubtedly thought it wise. I felt that she wound herself round Lead Stewart with her looks and her utter dependence on him. I saw her as a kind of diamond-bright leech on his shoulder. He must for ever placate and humor her, for ever be watching and protecting her. I spoke my ill-feeling aloud. I did an unforgivable thing. I leaned over and tapped his shoulder. "Major Stewart, I should prefer you not to discuss my qualifications with someone in your wife's mental state."

Liane turned round and looked at me. Then she said, "Oh, but I'm better, aren't I, Lead? I don't run away nearly so much."

He answered her, "You're fine," but he made no remark to me.

I sat back, sickly ashamed of myself. I had ruined that close ease we had found together in our talk at the Victoria Hotel. And it was disgraceful to have talked like that in front of the girl herself.

I went straight to my bedroom and I wept. I had not let myself go so severely since the night that my father died. I wondered if Lead would give me the sack. It was then that I first began to suspect what it would mean to me never to see him again.

He never mentioned the incident to me, but he must have discussed it with Liane. She came into my room in the morning and sat on the end of my bed.

"Lead says you aren't a school marm."

I had slept very badly and my eyes were still swollen. "I was trying to do my best for you," I explained.

"But it's the sort of doing best I can't stand."

I sat up in bed and looked at her then. She had a restfulness about her which is hard to explain. I remembered that this girl had told me that I loved her husband before I suspected it myself. I searched her face to see if she resented it. But I don't think she was capable of resentment. Either she liked or she disliked, and I believe that once she really liked me.

I hoped she did not know how much I loved him. I was frightened of the discovery myself. I had certainly never experienced anything like it before. I think I had come to accept Fay's valuation of me as someone unable to feel.

It was bewildering, this sudden revolution within oneself: this urgent longing of the body was alien to my trim and tidy mind. I was not used to being mastered by instinct.

I felt defenceless in the grip of my powerful sensation of physical love for Lead.

I have often wondered at which point I made up my mind to kill Liane. I must have decided subconsciously, for by the time I was conscious of the decision the idea did not strike me as new. It seemed as if everything leading up to it was simply a confirmation of it.

It might have been in that first moment of shameful jealousy when she called me a bossy school marm in the car. It might have been when she sat on the bed and explained with that eerie honesty.

"Lead wants me to try to get to like you again; you see, we've had some shockers before you, and you're quite the best of the lot."

It could have been shortly afterwards when I saw them in each other's arms for the first time. They were in the dark passage that ran to the kitchen, near the inevitable laundry basket. I think I was the one who suggested that it might be moved. The suggestion was approved, but never adopted. I saw his mouth find her lips and stay on them.

I stepped back in embarrassment. There was no way of escape except to hide in the doorway of the cold, stone-flagged pantry. I remember staring balefully at a long line of cheeses. They had to be turned, or something curious, at a certain phase of the moon.

Lead's arms were hugging her to him, and as they talked they swayed.

I could see the lines that ran down from the side of his mouth and those strongly marked eyebrows of his. I could hear Liane's softly clear voice: "I said just what you told me to say to her."

"Be an angel," he said, "and put up with her. You don't think I want her, do you? I want you all to myself." He was nuzzling her hair with his chin. "But the harder you try the sooner we'll be able to send her packing." It was then that he took her face in his hands and chuckled. "And she really is the best we've had. She's not half so bad as old Foxy."

"Or Sneaky Sue," giggled Liane.

"Or big-bottomed Beatrice," laughed Lead.

I closed my eyes and wondered what they had christened me.

When I opened them they were walking away, Liane's pale head on his shoulder. But I don't think my decision was made just then.

It might have come from Edwards, or Dick Coles, or even from Lead Stewart himself.

Or it might have been made that evening when I myself took the girl in my arms. I went into her bedroom and found her crying. I recall that the door swung gently on its hinges with strange little seagull cries. The wind had a habit of knocking on doors, and it spoke in the crooks and the crannies of that house.

A single candle was lighting the room. I decided to use Liane's directness: "I've just heard you talking about me. I'm glad I'm better than big-bottomed Beatrice. What name have you got for me?"

"We haven't thought one up yet."

I suppose it was from Liane that I learned the real essence of truth. Compared to her, I was apt to skirt round it. But I began to pick up her straightforwardness. I asked her what had made her cry. "He made me promise not to play you up—but how can I? I can't even promise him. Do you really think I'm mad?"

It was then I took her in my arms. "I never heard of such a thing." I quoted Dick Coles as much as I could; the favorable side of his opinion, of course. "You're saner than the whole pack of us put together."

"But in the car you said I wasn't."

She turned her face into my shoulder and cried into it. My own voice was none too steady, but I kept to my new rule of frankness. "That was because I was jealous of you."

"Because you're in love with Lead?"

That was difficult. I did

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hesitate there, but I answered crisply, "Yes, I expect so. You won't tell him, will you, Liane?"

"Good gracious, no! He'd be cross. He doesn't like women in love with him. He says they become a beastly nuisance."

I doubt if any two people, much less women, have ever had that uncluttered relationship that we had together. From then onwards we had no inhibitions. We simply said what we thought.

She let her head lie on my shoulder and the gentle candlelight slipped into her eyes. "Edwards thinks I'm barmy."

"Edwards is a frustrated, nasty little man."

"So does Dick Coles, and he didn't make any passes at me."

"Dick hasn't got half your intelligence. You're not mad, Liane; you're just — well, you're a little unusual."

"I must be. No one else runs away from the people they love. I try so hard to do all that Lead tells me. And, oh, Harriet, he's so kind; he's so kind! I think, 'This is my home, not Talla,' but sometimes I'm just not me any more, and then I'm not there to remind myself."

"Now, look, darling, do you sense these feelings coming on? Do you get any warning?"

The head shook against my shoulder and the gold hair spilled about.

"We must try," I told her, "to get some sort of warning. There are bound to be signs. I'll get to know them and watch for them."

She seemed relieved to hear that. "Yes, I wish you would. You see, each time I do it it hurts Lead so much. He thinks it's because I don't love him enough."

"But you do love him, don't you?" I prompted.

"Oh, yes, of course," she said, "but not as much as you."

I must have looked shocked. She sat round then and tried to explain to me. "It's all so like being back at school again. You mustn't do this and you mustn't do that. It's not only the lessons on 'world affairs,' I don't mind those, but they seem to go on all the time. Lead watches me, Annie watches me, you watch me. Nobody watched me at Talla."

I remembered what he said in the Victoria Hotel. "But Liane, dear, it wouldn't be the same at Talla now. You were a child when nobody watched you. But it's just because they didn't that someone has to teach you now."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," she said. Then she looked up and appealed to me, "Harriet, please try to help me. Please, please try."

"We'll work at it together," I promised her, "and we'll soon get you perfectly well."

"Oh! Harriet! Wouldn't Lead be pleased!"

It couldn't—oh! surely it couldn't have been in that moment that I made my subconscious decision to kill her?

.

It seems odd that among such turbulent memories one should be able to recall picking the first snowdrops. But I can close my eyes and see them now: their white spread broken by the perky yellow of the aconites under the lordly cedar ruffled by the wind. Liane and I picked bunch after bunch of them, and they smelt of everything that is tender and young and sweet.

The farm life impinged very little on the house itself. Even the noises of it seemed far away from the quiet dreams of Shap Hundred. I suppose it was because I was so personally absorbed with Liane and my own particular problem forbade me to think of Lead Stewart at all, much less try to understand his activities.

It was only in the kitchen at morning coffee, or when the bailiff called in for a drink in the evening, that Lead's working life made any impression on me. I connected him only with Liane.

I knew that he had introduced many modern improvements into the home farms, but farm phrases were double Dutch to me. Liane seemed to understand them. For me, such

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things as sourage, boeing after singling, planting unsprouted seeds by machinery, after harvest "till" being put to the end of the furrow, and the intricacies of dung loading and lifting jobs belonged to another world.

I did try to look intelligent in discussions about the disadvantages of "puddle heavy land" and the high overhead charges of hedging, brushing, and ditching, and I did hear that Aberdeen-Angus were considered more economical than Herefordshires because one didn't get all the weight in the head! But, apart from that, I realised, and I fear, so did Lead, that my knowledge of farming was on the nursery scale: Mary had a little lamb.

LEAD had a fair-sized breeding flock of pedigree ewes, and his shepherd sometimes allowed myself and Liane to visit the lambing pens. He was a doleful little man, but Lead assured me that the gloomier the shepherd the more reliable. I don't think he told me why. But old Burridge certainly loved his work and was twenty-four hours on duty during lambing-time. It wasn't until he gave us permission to bring a pair of feeble twins to be bottle-fed by the warmth of the stove that I felt myself part of Lead's life.

He stood over us and laughed at me. "I believe this is the first time you've realised you're on a farm!"

I wasn't pleased by that. I did not like him to think me a fool, but I knew he was delighted with me over Liane. She was really doing very well. There were times when I genuinely forgot that there was supposed to be anything wrong with her.

I suppose that's what took me off my guard again. I was too preoccupied with my own barricade against the truth. I was building it busily brick by brick. I was determined to submerge my feelings for Lead. By ignoring them I might dismiss them. But it was a nerve-racking fight to quell them.

The desire to touch him was so great at times that I kept my hands pressed to my sides. I could imagine them rebelling against me, flying out on their own to catch him to me. I had nightmares about losing control and forcing myself into his arms. When I had been alone with him, I sat back quite drained of strength from the sheer effort of trying to subdue my feelings.

The best thing I could have done to help myself would have been to pack my bags a second time and go. But I told myself that determination to put him out of my mind was the better cure. I was also telling myself that it was my duty to remain with Liane. What is still more pathetic I managed in the end to convince myself that this was my real reason for not leaving Shap Hundred and escaping the torture of Lead.

I had learned to be frank with Liane, but I had not yet learned to be frank with myself. I saw to it that I went to sleep at night exhausted, I ignored my troubled dreams, and in any spare moments I had I read, sewed, or wrote long letters to Fay. I remember her first shocked reaction when I told her about Liane.

"If that girl's cuckoo, you're to come home at once." Dear Fay, she still called it home. "She might get worse and strangle you; those neurotic types often do."

I wrote back at once to tell her indignantly that Liane was not "cuckoo," and the least neurotic person I had ever known. She was just someone in whom the sense of time and place had temporarily slipped. She was still a child in some respects, and her mind had not been given the opportunity to advance.

Fay replied promptly, "That sounds cuckoo enough for me."

Dick Coles gave me a supercilious look when I repeated the same theory to him. "You've certainly swallowed old Lead's propaganda."

I was with Dick when my barricade broke down. We both had an afternoon off. We were sitting on a stile above West Hill watching the coldly clear colors of January flickering over the valley below. The gulls were inland and a grey, swooping line of them were following a plough team at work in a field.

"It's an awful thing to have to admit, but I love you," Dick told me with considerable gloom. When I laughed he said disagreeably, "Well, you aren't my type. I like a cuddlesome little sexy bundle. What I don't like is tall, cool girls full of common sense."

"You'd better avoid us in future." I smiled at him.

"No. I'm stuck with you. I'm the dreary, faithful type."

His hair blew about absurdly in the wind. His teeth were good and his laugh had a nice, easy sound. When he lifted me down he kissed me. I did my best to respond to him. I thought if I could it would prove to me that Lead Stewart was left behind. I could not respond. Dick pushed me away.

Even so, it was not then that my barricade was blasted. It was not until we turned down a side street by the Stretfield market place that I was shocked into admitting defeat.

Lead Stewart was coming out of a dress shop. I took it for granted he was doing some commission for Liane. I took no notice of the woman he turned and spoke to on the steps. I got a fleeting impression only of someone, neither young nor old, smart in that way which some businesswomen have of appearing impeccably groomed.

I wound down the window to wave to him. I was astonished when Dick Coles stopped me. "Tact, dear, tact!"

"Tact?"

"Well, poor old lad, give him a chance."

I snapped, "Major Stewart is not old. He's only thirty-nine."

"Wears well, doesn't he?" Dick grinned.

I demanded, "What's the less about saying 'Hallo'?"

"Nothing, provided you don't pick a tactless moment."

I looked round at once, but we had turned the corner and Lead and the woman were out of sight.

"What's wrong," I asked Dick, "with seeing him come out of a dress shop?"

"Beryl McEwan, the girl friend, runs it, and it's her afternoon off. She lives above it. Got it?"

"The girl-friend!" I don't usually spill my emotions easily, but I certainly showed no control of them then. I must have looked as if it were the first time that I had ever heard that men sought female companionship. I suppose it was my first sharp taste of jealousy which turned me into such an unbearable prude at that moment.

Normally I was able to hear of an illicit relationship without behaving as if I belonged to a bygone age. I fear it was a sense of personal grievance against Beryl McEwan which caused me to be so shocked at the mere thought of infidelity.

"Who on earth brought you up?" Dick inquired. "Queen Victoria?"

How I resented Dick's grin. I should have liked to have struck it off his face. I repeated like an idiot, "Girl-friend!"

"Now, dear, no miaowing. She isn't as old as all that. After all, if thirty-nine isn't old, thirty-seven's two years younger!"

"Why does he have a girl-friend?"

Dick gave me a startled look. "It must have been you that brought Queen Victoria up."

"But I don't see why he should need a girl-friend when he's married to Liane."

"Probably because of it. Beryl McEwan's an interesting woman — bit hard and gimpy, but she's jolly amusing, you know."

My attack of jealousy was almost physical. I was shaking from it, and everything I had

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felt for Lead turned a somersault as I sat listening to Dick's light voice. I felt I had been doubly cheated. He had tricked me by not telling me Liane's true condition, and tricked me into breaking my heart for him over it.

All my sympathy for him flew out of the window like a discarded toffee paper and went scampering down the street. My "sacrifice" in staying on, as I had persuaded myself into thinking of it, seemed purposeless and banal. My discomfort in remaining in a house with a man who had such a disturbing effect on me seemed pointless if his love for his wife didn't make it worth while. Were there ever such depths of self-deception?

I had once resented Liane for her clinging dependence on him. I now raged against him as a lascivious brute who had taken advantage of her helplessness, tired of her, and deserted her for the local tart. For it was certainly as such that I thought of the unfortunate woman I had glimpsed in the doorway.

Dick Coles was defending him. "He's known Berry McEwan for ages, and you can't blame him for wanting a bit of relaxation. I suppose she lets him get his troubles off his chest."

"And where," I asked primly, "is Mr. McEwan?"

"What a prude you are! Who cares? I think he's dead."

"Have you encountered this woman?"

I must have been insufferable, but he answered lightly, "You and your fuddy-duddy language! 'Encountered' indeed! Yes, I've met her, she's a customer of mine. I quite like her."

I hope I'm never capable of such hatred again. By the time we got back to Shap Hundred I had built quite a picture of the woman McEwan. Oddly enough I can't call her anything else even now. The modest little dress shop had turned into a house of ill repute. I had neither the sense nor the grace to laugh at myself, I was so indignant on behalf of — Liane!

It never once occurred to me that it might be an innocent friendship, that it might indeed be a comfort to Lead Stewart to discuss his problems with someone from whom there was no need to hide them.

I could scarcely say "good night" to Dick. He took a close look at me then. "Oy! Oy! Oy! It's not hard to see which way the wind's blowing you!"

Liane and Lead were in the morning-room. She was sitting on his lap, a sight which inflamed my disgust. It seemed to double his treachery. They got up when I entered, and Liane came and kissed me. It was a habit she had got into recently. "Hallo, Harriet, had a nice time?"

"Yes, thank you, dear." I believe my voice was full of sympathy!

He was hearing the "lesson" I had given her that morning. He liked to see how she progressed. His eyebrows shot up in their triangle and his eyes literally soaked up his smile. I really believed I detested him then.

"How's young Coles? Where did he take you?"

"He's fine and he took me to Stretfield," I said.

I challenged his eyes accusingly, but the shaft misfired.

"Lovely old place, isn't it? I hope he showed you round the church."

I was determined to make him uncomfortable. I took off my gloves from the fingertips. I asked in a slow and heavy voice, "And where have you been this afternoon?"

Liane had climbed back on his lap again. "He's been to Stretfield, too. It's Berry McEwan's day."

I, who despise all weepy women, could hardly get out of the room before the onslaught of my tears. I knew now that he went every week. Of course! He was late home for dinner every single Wednesday and frequently failed to appear for it at all. That Liane was a party to it made it doubly sordid to my mind.

No wonder she was so unmoved when she told me that she knew I loved him. She was probably used to that sort of thing. Wednesday was "Berry McEwan's day," but to whom might not Thursdays and Fridays belong?

I was sitting on the laundry basket trying to control myself when the odious Edwards passed by. He was calling on Lead and he always came in through the kitchen.

"Hallo! All on your own?"

"Obviously."

"Been a naughty girl?"

"Don't let me detain you, Mr. Edwards."

He bent down annd examined my wet face. "Now, now, don't let it get you down." There might have been someone at the back of his head blowing his eyes up with a pair of bellows, they stood so far out from his face. "After all, he's only got himself to blame."

"What are you talking about, Mr. Edwards?"

"Well, I'd be daft if I couldn't see you're upset. We've all felt like that for him at times. It's not nice to see somebody breaking his heart."

"I don't think Major Stewart's in the smallest danger of having his heart broken."

"That's all you know. But what's the good of kidding himself? It's not going to get any better, it'll only get worse. He might just as well face it now as some day."

"What has he got to face?"

He jerked his chin towards the hall and the morning-room. "That little lark in there. It murders him keeping her here. If he put her in a good home—well, then if there's no hope for her he won't have to sit round and watch it, and if there is—well, it's daft not to take the chance. I reckon he ought to for her sake. And you can't keep it quiet for ever—folks'll soon catch on."

I stood up, dusting down my dress. "I see nothing out of the ordinary about Mrs. Stewart, Mr. Edwards."

I went to pass him, but he stopped me, "Ever seen her on one of her 'trips'? You wouldn't have any doubts then. You should see what he goes through. I mean to say, no man can stand that lark for long."

"I saw her the day she preferred to sit in the church rather than have luncheon with you."

"That wasn't a 'trip.' You wait, my girl, she'll scare you."

"You've a personal grudge against her, haven't you? If I were Major Stewart I'd sue you for slander."

"Just wait," he said. "Just wait."

I took myself up to my room. I imagined the tap on the door to mean Annie bringing in my hot-water bottles and I called out a lethargic "Come in." It was Lead Stewart. He seemed a little lost in the stiffly trim room. His own was a mess of papers, pipes, dog combs, and half-used horse liniments. His old dog came lumbering in behind him.

"Liane says you're upset about Berry McEwan."

I cursed Liane's eerie powers of perception. For a second I thought she had broken her promise and told him how I felt about him, but a glance at him disproved that. He wouldn't have appeared in my room if he'd known. He was the type of man to avoid embarrassment at any cost.

I fumbled unnecessarily with one or two things on my dressing-table and gave the dog a sweet from my drawer. "Where did she get such a silly idea?"

"From the look on your face. I never noticed it, of course. I never do." That was not calculated to stimulate me. "She says you disapprove."

"It's not my business to approve or disapprove."

"No, it's not, but it doesn't seem to be stopping you." When I was silent he continued awkwardly. "Berry McEwan's my oldest friend. I've business in town every Wednesday, so naturally I visit her."

"Naturally."

"Look here, I'm not sure I like the tone of your voice."

"Then must you stay and listen to it?"

He went out and slammed the door. I was obliged to let the dog out after him.

Those Wednesdays seemed to chase one another. They really seemed brutally close. I don't know how I managed to sit through dinner, either when he did or did not appear. I don't know which was worse. When he did appear, never until we were practically finished, he always had some little gift for Liane.

I stared sedately down at my plate. How he didn't pick me up bodily and throw me out of the house, I'll never know. I must have given off an atmosphere of coldly resigned disapproval. He was not to know that I sat in a fever of active resentment against the woman McEwan because she was blessed with what I longed to have.

When he did not appear I watched the door. Annie once scolded me sharply, "Harriet, dear, your soup's getting cold."

Liane said, "She's waiting for Lead."

I had an insatiable curiosity about the woman McEwan and even stooped to pumping Liane. She was writing a letter, a task she disliked, but it was our private form of occupational therapy, for it made her collect and retain her thoughts. She was delighted to break off and talk.

"What's who like? Berry? Oh, she's not your sort."

"Whose sort is she then?"

"Lead's." That was no comfort at all.

"What do you call my sort, Liane?"

"Well, nicely brought up, and bothering so much about what people think. Berry just lets everyone go hang. She wears slacks and jeans when she's not in the shop. She's kind of easy to talk to, she doesn't make people feel they might do the wrong thing."

"Do I?"

"Sometimes."

"How?"

"Oh, I don't know, but you're rather a 'lady.' So's Berry, but she doesn't mind." It was an unpleasing mirror to have held to one's face. Was that what Lead Stewart thought of me? Refined and over careful. I shuddered at such a thought. "Lead simply loves going to see her. He says you can completely unwind with her and use any language you like!"

She frowned over her letter again, "Look, Harriet, must I tell Aunt Janet I loved that scarf she sent for my birthday? I hate it."

"Yes, you must. Liane, doesn't it bother you?"

"But she might send me another one like it next time."

"Then you'll have to say you love that one, too. Don't you mind, Liane?"

"What? About Lead liking Berry so much? Why should I?" She turned her long bright eyes on me. It suddenly struck me that she might not know—I might have over-estimated her powers of understanding. I could be poisoning that gently clear mind. I gave her a lecture on the uses of white lies instead.

The third Wednesday I found insupportable. Throughout dinner my imagination was persecuting me. I could picture the intimate little supper together; the effortless companionship of "very old friends." I could practically hear their gentle little lover-like jokes which exclude so efficiently anyone else. When I came to more prurient details I felt a claustrophobic desire to escape. I got up from the table, I ran into the hall, and cannoned straight into Lead.

He was carrying a brown-paper parcel, no doubt another little gift for Liane. "You look," he told me evenly, "as if someone had just shattered your faith in the stork."

If one can screech under one's breath, I screeched. "How dare you play on people's sympathy! You haven't any right to it—you're wallowing in your 'tragedy.' It gives you a chance to go off the rails and have all your friends say you can't be blamed. Well, go and put your miserable little bit of conscience money on that poor little unsuspecting creature's plate!"

I did. I said all that to him! He got hold of my shoulders and shook me—so hard that I bit my tongue. I wriggled away and ran upstairs. It was becoming my most frequent action in those days. Lead hurled the parcel after me. It caught me on the left ankle as I tripped up the last three stairs. He was a cricketer and had a good aim. It was a complete volume of Patrick Ferris' works and it was a present for me.

I did the next thing which was becoming most natural to me—flung myself on to the bed. Oh! That unfortunate bed! I could feel its affronted Victorianism. It didn't approve of scenes.

This time I was sure it was Lead at the door. It was not. It was Liane. She sat herself beside me and I felt her light hand on my hair. I simply lay there, resigned. I thought her intuition would guide her. I expected her to place her unerring psychic finger straight on the painful spot.

But her smooth face was puckered. She looked unhappily perplexed. "Harriet, do you think Lead would be happier with Berry than with me?"

To be concluded

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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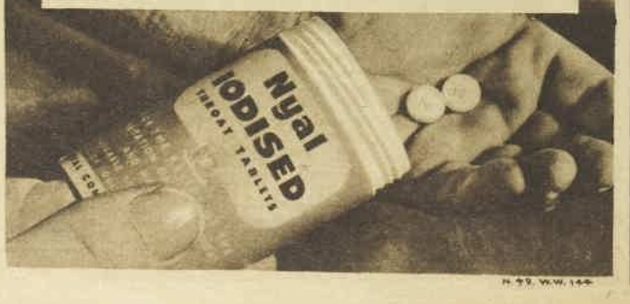
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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning August 4

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21 — APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, violet. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck on a busy corner.

★ You meet an old flame, run into a new friend, or find an article of value when you least expect it. Developments which follow could lead to a romantic date or a cash reward. Distinction may come to one of your family. A new associate proves congenial. Social activity reaches a high point, with applause for special effort on your part.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21 — MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck through a neighbor.

★ Someone who lives near you relays a welcome message from the one-and-only, or a visitor next door takes you on a glamor date. If you shop, look first in your own district before going elsewhere. Those who have domestic problems, especially a minor illness in the household, will soon find the atmosphere more cheerful. You have periods to relax.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21 — JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Gambling colors, blue, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a short journey.

★ You will have to chase after what you want, possibly making several trips before you complete your errand. Your chief danger lies in going off at a tangent and neglecting the main issue. Follow up any lead that promises quick action. Snap decisions may work out well. If in love, there is an unexpected outing which the man in your life will arrange.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22 — JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a business deal.

★ Keep a little money in reserve to buy something that delights your heart. If applying for a job, give careful attention to your appearance. If in love, you plan your glory-box, make wedding plans, or arrange practical details. If a homemaker, it may be more satisfactory to buy an article than to attempt to make it yourself.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23 — AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in personal relationships.

★ Affection, tact, and patience work miracles; your ability to influence others is at an all-time high. You can now be on the best of terms with the beloved, your family, or associates in your business or social life. Almost any new venture should succeed as opposition fades away. Favors granted now will be returned with interest. Avoid nervous tension.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in bringing happiness.

★ For many this will be the high point of the year as fund-raiser or organizer of social work. If working, a small bonus or additional amenity may be welcomed. The home-maker is likely to be occupied with a major project, like painting the kitchen. If young, there is the first faint dawn of a love affair. Friendships, generally, prosper.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck through clubs.

★ Lonely Librans will join a group and find social enjoyment. Others may start a group. Whatever its purpose, it will enrich your life. Those who tackle a new skill or polish up a neglected one will be rewarded with rapid progress. Teenagers make new girl and boy friends; at least some of these friendships will be permanent, bringing happy hours.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, rose. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in the evening.

★ Days may be filled with hard work, concentrated thinking, plans practical and impractical, but evenings bring happy surprises, popularity, a new outlook. This division between work and play will help you to dance to an ever faster tempo. Look for ideas wherever you happen to be, turn every occasion to account. Your prestige rises.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck across distance.

★ Some cross distance to meet their fate in a handsome stranger, others receive news from loved ones far away. Changes of plans, hopes, and wishes are on the cards; but, once adjusted to the new set-up, you will be glad of the change in routine. The personal angle may influence financial affairs, so that you are able to raise your standard of living.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a surprise.

★ The unexpected enters into whatever plan you attempt to carry out. If you adjust yourself quickly to new conditions you should benefit from each turn of events. Be ready for surprise visitors, invitations, suggestions; study ways to improve home or property. If in love, there may be sudden changes in partnership plans.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, green. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in teamwork.

★ You will find yourself organizing a big job. Get a crowd of the family together to help. Give others full credit, but continue to guide any effort along the lines you have laid down. Be willing to suppress personal wishes for the common good. At the same time, you are likely to win a desired position or receive an advantageous offer.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, mauve. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in self-improvement.

★ This is the time to embark on a beauty campaign. Good resolutions in regard to diet and exercise will be easier to keep. The amateur dressmaker has success in refurbishing her wardrobe. A new hairdo may give you a new personality. Practise deportment to add charm and grace. The man in your life will be intrigued and admiring.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Fashion PATTERNS

F4595. — One-piece dress designed with an empire-inspired bodice. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F4861. — Chic one-piece dress with the waistline wrapped by a contrasting sash. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

F4895. — Trapeze-line late-day coat. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



F4885. — New-again, two-piece jumper-suit features a semi-fitting tailored top and slim skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F9432. — Beginners' pattern for a child's easy-to-make pyjama suit. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2⅛yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F4651. — Attractively designed two-piece maternity suit. The pattern includes short and three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¼yds. 36in. material for short sleeves and 3¾yds. 54in. material for three-quarter sleeves. Contrast for collar ¼yd. 36in. material and for bow ¼yd. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 772—SPRING SUIT

Two-piece suit with a smartly styled jumper top and white pique accent is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed cotton cambric. The color choice includes grey and lemon, coffee and green, aqua and lemon, and blue and red. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 48/6, 36 and 38in. bust 49/9. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

No. 773—JUNIOR BLOUSE

Tailored shirt-blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in spun rayon. The color choice includes light beige and dark beige. Sizes: 6 to 9 years, 10/3; 10 to 12 years, 11/3; 13 to 15 years, 12/3. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 774—JUNIOR PINAFORE

Attractively styled pinafore is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed summer breeze cotton. The color choice is blue and white only. Sizes: 4 years, 15/6; 5 to 6 years, 17/3; 7 to 8 years, 18/9; 9 to 10 years, 19/9. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 775—SHORTIE PYJAMAS

Pretty two-piece pyjamas are obtainable cut out ready to make in printed summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes aqua and red, red and lemon, pink and green, and pale and mid green, all printed on a white ground. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 29/3, 36 and 38in. bust 31/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 776—WHITE PIQUE HAT

Smart easy-to-make hat is obtainable cut out ready to make in white pique. The bow trim is striped cotton to match one-piece dress No. 777. Price 15/3. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 777—ONE-PIECE DRESS

Summer dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in striped crease-resisting cotton. The color choice includes blue and white, pink and white, mauve and white, and coffee and white. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 55/9, 36 and 38in. bust 57/6. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

• *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*



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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is searching for PRINCESS NARDA, who, unknown to Mandrake, has been captured by two scouts of an alien race from another planet. These weird little men, of a highly advanced technology, have landed in a rocket ship and are trying to discover whether "earthmen" can be subjected to their superior mental powers. They find their "thought-blocks" will paralyse animals, and now they have Narda also under their power. However, their real mission is to find a "man," then report to the rocket fleet. Mandrake, unsuspecting, rides towards the scouts. NOW READ ON.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

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M3

The Body Beautiful

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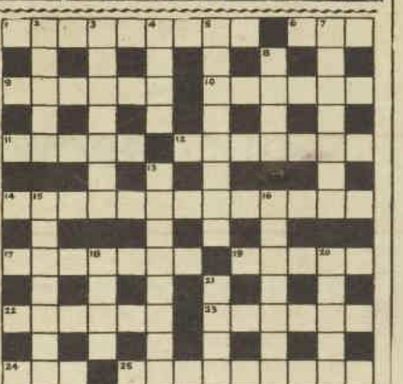
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. This room is not for boring exercises (5, 4).
6. Part of a curve in a spectacular charmer (3).
9. In the middle in the soluble matter of starch (6).
10. Dwelling place of two Shakespearian gentlemen (6).
11. A joint for a peer (5).
12. Meantime bury him would say a cockney (7).
14. Their customers are always fleeced (5, 8).
17. Such horse is not fit to ride on (7).
19. Lower a fundamental principle (5).
22. Monkey-bread tree (6).
23. No wicket without them (6).
24. There is one sick in a million and you find it in a thriller (3).
25. Postpones the end in the middle for guardians (9).

DOWN

2. Cuban dance for a graduate whose head is full of spirit (5).
3. One lard (Anagr. 7).
4. Terminal of the arm below the wrist (4).
5. Sell the centre of a sweet-scented flowering shrub (8).
7. He lives from his investments (7).
8. The Toff re-enters and becomes inwardly unconventional (4).
13. Bring together what a lamb sees (8).
15. Bag for a perfect goal-keeper (4-3).
16. Ricochet with our bend (7).
18. Pipe with a small cask on its top (4).
20. A short police officer or a not very important actor (5).
21. You must cross the water to reach this land (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

"A girl's not made of money"



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